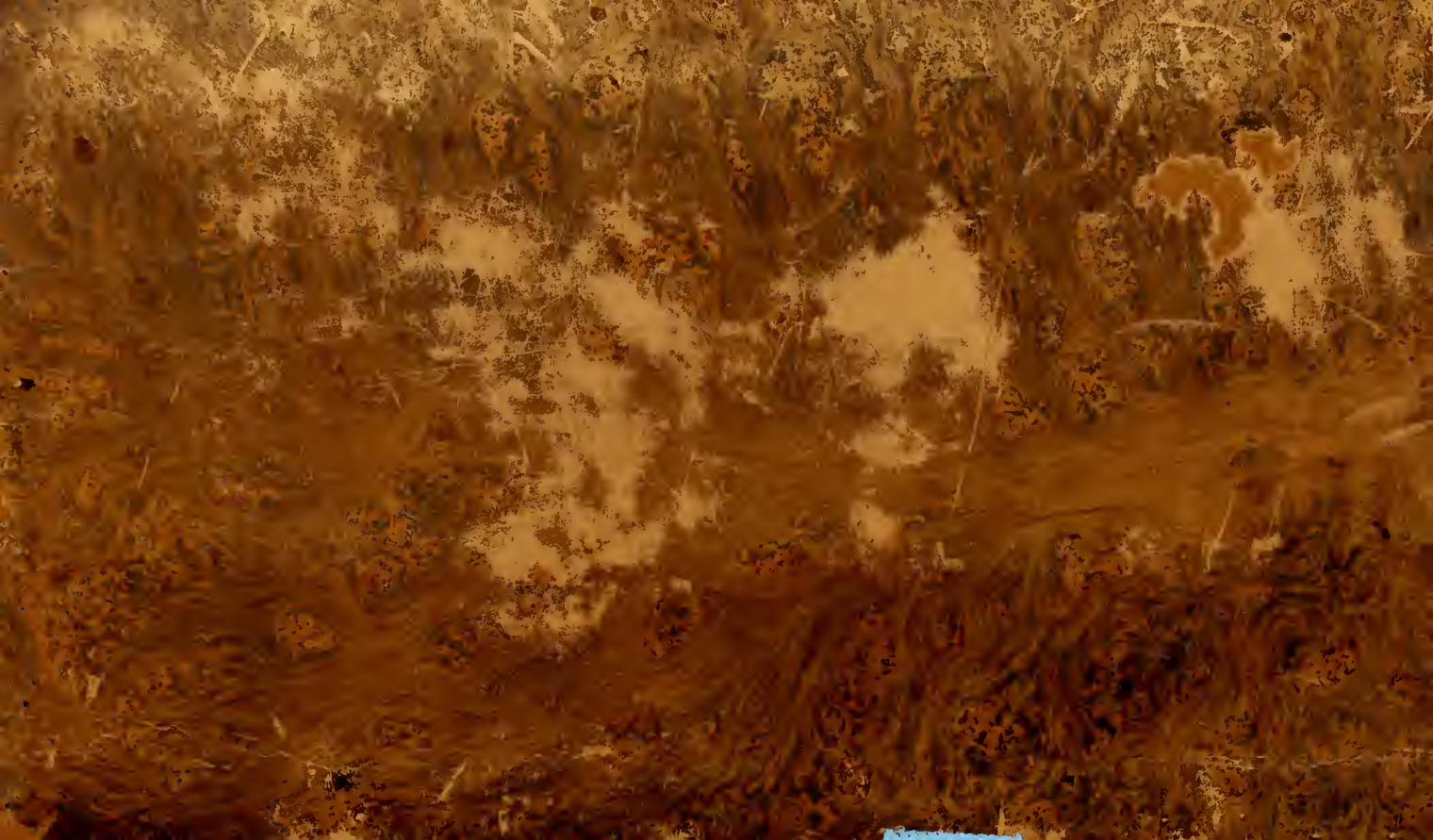

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THE

WORKS

OF

VIRGIL,

In LATIN and ENGLISH.

The ÆNEID Tranſlated
By the Rev. Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT;

The ECLOGUES and GEORGICS, with Notes on the Whole,
By the Rev. Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

With ſeveral NEW OBSERVATIONS,
By Mr. HOLDSWORTH, Mr. SPENCE, C. HEYNE, and Others.

ALSO,
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By Mr. WARBURTON.

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On the Character of IAPIS,
By the late Dr. ATTERBURY, Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

AND,
Three ESSAYS on Paſtoral, Didactic, and Epic POETRY,
By Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

The THIRD EDITION, with conſiderable Improvements.

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M,DCC,LXXVIII.

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TO THE

HONOURABLE

Sir GEORGE LYTTELTON, Bart.

ONE OF THE

LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF THE TREASURY.

SIR,

CENSURE is so seldom softened by apologies, that perhaps it may be useless for me to declare my consciousness of inability to do justice to the most perfect of poets, in the following translation. When I first entered upon this work, I sometimes imagined, that I heard the voice of Virgil addressing me with the humanity of his hero;

Quo moriture ruis? majoraque viribus audes?
Fallit te incautum pietas tua! ——

for indeed nothing but my affection for the author could have engaged me in so arduous an undertaking.

Whoever considers the degree of delicacy and correctness to which the Eclogues of Virgil are polished; together with the ease and wonderful harmony of his numbers; will be convinced of the extreme difficulty of transfusing into another

tongue, beauties of ſo refined and ſubtle a nature. It requires no ſmall command of language, to be able to carry on Paſtoral Dialogues, without ſinking into vulgar idioms, to unite ſimplicity with grace, and to preſerve familiarity without flatneſs. A ſtyle too highly elevated would be nauſeouſly unnatural, and one too proſaic and plebeian, would be inſipid and unaffecting. And to keep a juſt mean, is perhaps as difficult in writing as in life.

There are few images and ſentiments in the Eclogues of Virgil, but what are drawn from the Idylliums of Theocritus: in whom there is a rural, romantic wildneſs of thought, heightened by the Doric dialect; with ſuch lively pictures of the paſſions, and of ſimple unadorned nature, as are infinitely pleaſing to ſuch lovers and judges of true poetry as yourſelf. Theocritus is indeed the great ſtore-houſe of paſtoral deſcription; and every ſucceeding painter of rural beauty (except THOMSON in his Seaſons,) hath copied his images from him, without ever looking abroad upon the face of nature themſelves. And thus a ſet of hereditary objects has been continued from one poet to another, which have been often made uſe of without any propriety either as to age or climate.

But Virgil never borrowed an idea from his Sicilian maſter, without beautifying and heightening it with the luſtre of his language. And perhaps

haps it may be obſerved in general, that if the Romans ever excelled their Grecian maſters in the graces of diction, which however was ſeldom the caſe, it was owing to their exerting all their powers, in dreſſing up thoſe thoughts and ideas that were ready found to their hands. The mind can attend but to one object at once, with any vigour and intenſeneſs: and if it be big and dilated with the conception and creation of new images, has ſcarce leiſure to adorn them with that pomp of ſtudied expreſſion, which the writer that coolly copies them, can beſtow upon them.

Indeed of all authors, either ancient or modern, Virgil ſeemeth to be the moſt perfect in his ſtyle; I mean in the poems he lived to finiſh. There is a profuſion of the moſt daring metaphors and moſt glowing figures, there is a majeſty and magnificence of diction throughout the Georgics, that notwithſtanding the marvellous harmony and grandeur of the Greek verſification, is ſcarcely excelled by Homer himſelf. Our author's terms and epithets are choſen with ſuch propriety, elegance and expreſſiveneſs, that, as Mr. Addiſon finely obſerves, We receive more ſtrong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themſelves: and find our imaginations more affected by his deſcriptions, than they would have been by the very ſight of what he deſcribes. We may juſtly therefore apply to him what Ariſtotle thought ſo high a commendation of

Homer: that he found out LIVING WORDS. If the arrows which are *impatient* to deſtroy, and the ſpears that *thirſt* to drink blood, are ſo deſervedly admired in the Iliad, Virgil doubtleſs merits equal praiſe, for giving life and feeling, love and hatred, hope and fear, wonder and ambition, to plants and to trees, and to the very earth itſelf: and for exalting his favourite inſects, by endowing them with reaſon, paſſions, arts, and civil government. To uſe Ariſtotle's expreſſion, *Every thing in this poem hath manners*, and all the creation is animated.

But alas! ſince this is the caſe, what muſt become of a tranſlator of the Georgics, writing in a language not half ſo lofty, ſo ſounding, or ſo elegant as the Latin, incapable of admitting many of its beſt and boldeſt figures, and heavily fettered with the Gothic ſhackles of rhyme! Is not this endeavouring to imitate a palace of porphyry with flints and bricks? A poem whoſe excellence peculiarly conſiſts in the graces of diction is far more difficult to be tranſlated, than a work where ſentiment, or paſſion, or imagination, is chiefly diſplayed. So that I fear we can receive but a faint notion of the beauty of the Georgics from any Engliſh verſion of them. An engraving may indeed faithfully repreſent the ſubject, but can give no idea of the *colouring* of one of Titian's landſcapes. Beſides, the meanneſs of the terms of huſbandry is concealed and loſt in a dead language,

and

and they convey no low or deſpicable image to the mind; but the coarſe and common words I was neceſſitated to uſe in the following tranſlation, viz. *plough and ſow, wheat, dung, aſhes, horſe and cow*, &c. will, I fear, unconquerably diſguſt many a delicate reader, if he doth not make proper allowances for a modern compared with an ancient language; and doth not frequently recollect,

——— *verbis ea vincere magnum*
Quam ſit! et anguſtis hunc addere rebus honorem.

So juſt is the obſervation of Boileau, that a mean or common thought expreſſed in pompous diction, generally pleaſes more than a new or noble ſentiment delivered in low and vulgar language; becauſe the number is greater of thoſe whom cuſtom has enabled to judge of words, than whom ſtudy has qualified to examine things. In ſhort, the Georgics are the higheſt flight of Virgil, and the maſter-pieces of his genius, excepting always the fourth book of the Æneid. Some of the tranſitions with which they are adorned, are the boldeſt and moſt daring imaginable, and hold very much of the enthuſiaſm of the ancient lyrics; and I think one may venture to affirm, that this poem contains more original unborrowed beauties, and is more perfect in its kind as a Didactic, than the Æneid as an Epic poem. Of this laſt work, give me leave to ſay, that I have ever obſerved, perſons of elevated and ſublime imaginations are more captivated with the Iliad, and men of elegant and

tender minds with the Æneid. He that peruſes Homer, is like the traveller that ſurveys mount Atlas; the vaſtneſs and roughneſs of its rocks, the ſolemn gloomineſs of its pines and cedars, the everlaſting ſnows that cover its head, the torrents that ruſh down its ſides, and the wild beaſts that roar in its caverns, all contribute to ſtrike the imagination with inexpreſſible aſtoniſhment and awe. While reading the Æneid is like beholding the Capitoline hill at Rome, on which ſtood many edifices of exquiſite architecture, and whoſe top was crowned with the famous temple of Jupiter, adorned with the ſpoils of conquered Greece.

If the deſign of the Æneid was to compliment Auguſtus, and reconcile the Romans to the government of the Julian family; if, as Mr. Pope was uſed frequently to ſay, *it was evidently as much a party-piece, as Abſalom and Achitophel*; you, Sir, are too warm a lover of liberty and the virtue of ancient Rome, not to cenſure the poet as an abject flatterer; unleſs you will allow the validity of the uſual excuſe for his conduct; that as the commonwealth maxims were no longer practicable, and a change in the government was unavoidable, after the laſt ſtruggle for liberty at Philippi had ended ſo unfortunately, and even the virtuous Meſſalla had thought it no ſhame to ſubmit to the conqueror, Virgil believed it would be the beſt ſervice he could then do his countrymen, to endeavour to ſoften their minds towards ſo mild and gentle a

maſter as Auguſtus, out of whoſe hands it was impoſſible for them to extort the power he had uſurped. And that ſome change in the conſtitution of Rome was abſolutely neceſſary, ſeems to be the opinion of that admirable writer and penetrating politician, the preſident Monteſquieu: It muſt be acknowledged, ſays he, that the Roman laws were too weak to govern the republic, when it was arrived at its height: experience has proved it to be an invariable fact, that good and juſt laws, which raiſe the reputation and power of a ſmall republic, become improper and uſeleſs to it, when once its grandeur is eſtabliſhed, becauſe it was the natural effect of ſuch laws to make a people great, but not to govern them when made ſo. He adds afterwards with his uſual pregnant brevity, Take this compendium of the Roman hiſtory: they ſubdued all the nations by their maxims; but when they had ſo far ſucceeded, their republic could not ſubſiſt any longer: the plan of their government muſt be changed, and maxims contrary to the firſt, being then introduced, they were diveſted of all their grandeur.

As to the poetical faults of the Æneid I believe they are but few. What may ſeem the moſt liable to cenſure in the conduct of this poem, is the making Dido a far more intereſting and ſtriking character than Lavinia, upon whom the whole action turns. But this circumſtance is ſurely excuſable, if we reflect how great a ſtroke of art the

poet has exhibited, in aſſigning this origin of the inveterate enmity betwixt the rival powers of Rome and Carthage; who were ſo often engaged in thoſe important and bloody contentions of which Lucretius ſpeaks ſo ſublimely;

Omnia cum belli trepido concuſſa tumultu,
Horrida contremuere ſub altis aetheris auris,
In dubioque fuit ſub utrorum regna cadendum
Omnibus humanis eſſet terraque marique.

L. iii. 845.

And farther; thoſe who cenſure Lavinia as a tame and inſipid character, ſhould conſider the retired nature of female education among the ancients; for if VIRGIL had painted this beautiful young princeſs any otherwiſe than full of modeſty and reſervedneſs, ſilent and obedient to her parents, he had falſified the manners of the age of which he wrote: in which the fair ſex were not permitted to make that conſpicuous figure in life they have ſince done, to the great ornament and improvement of human ſociety.

There are two particulars more, which perhaps will not ſo eaſily admit of an excuſe. One is, a manifeſt want of variety of characters in the Æneid, where the few that are introduced are not ſufficiently diverſified: Homer's Achilles, Ajax, Diomede and Hector, are all brave; and Ulyſſes and Neſtor are wiſe; but then each of theſe heroes is *brave* and is *wiſe*, in a manner eminently different from the other. "The characters of Virgil (ſays Mr.

Mr. Pope) " are far from ſtriking us in this open " manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and " undiſtinguiſhed, and where they are marked moſt " evidently, affect us not in proportion to thoſe " of Homer. His characters of valour are much " alike; even that of Turnus ſeems no way pecu- " liar, but as it is in a different degree: and we " ſee nothing that differences the courage of " Mneſtheus from that of Sergeſtus, Cloanthus, " and the reſt." Perhaps it may be urged, that the character of Æneas, which is entirely of our poet's own formation, and in which wiſdom, piety, and courage are ſo happily blended and tempered with each other, may in ſome meaſure atone for this deficiency.—The other ſeeming blemiſh is, that in reading the laſt ſix books, one cannot forbear pitying Turnus, who undoubtedly ought to have been drawn with ſome fault or other to have excited our averſion, or raiſed our indignation. But to ſee a valiant young prince, robbed of a miſtreſs whom he paſſionately loved and who returned his paſſion, and to whom he was even betrothed; nay to behold him murdered, while he fights to maintain his claim to her, by a perfect ſtranger, who has nothing to plead for his conduct but the gods and oracles; are circumſtances that while they prejudice the reader againſt Æneas, deeply intereſt him for Turnus. It were to be wiſhed the poet had either given the latter ſome unamiable quality, or elſe had repreſented Lavinia as averſe to the match. All that can be ſaid in

defence of this proceeding is, that the preſent readers of Virgil judge of it in a manner different from the Romans to whom he wrote; who probably looked on Turnus as juſtly puniſhed for having broke the ſolemn truce agreed to in the twelfth book, and for fighting againſt the will of Heaven; and moreover might view this gallant prince in an unfavourable light as he oppoſed the eſtabliſhment of that perſon in Italy,

—— Genus unde Latinum
Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae.

Thus am I raſhly endeavouring to pick out ſeeming blemiſhes and defects in this admirable writer, while I ſhould be making ſome apology for undertaking the following tranſlation, after ſo many perſons of eminence, and particularly Mr. Dryden, for whoſe name and writings I have the ſincereſt veneration and love. But I muſt at the ſame time beg leave to obſerve, with truth, and I hope with modeſty, that in his verſion of the Eclogues and Georgics, which is certainly inferior to his Æneid, there are ſo many groſs miſtakes, ſo many careleſs incorrect lines, and ſuch wild deviations from his original, as are utterly aſtoniſhing in ſo great and true a genius. But inſtead of the invidious and diſagreeable taſk of pointing out theſe paſſages at length, I chooſe rather to ſay in thoſe generous words of Mr. Pope on a ſimilar occaſion, "that "nothing could have made Mr. Dryden capable of "ſuch miſtakes, but extreme haſte in writing; "which

" which never ought to be imputed as a fault to " him, but to thoſe who ſuffered ſo noble a genius " to lie under the neceſſity of it."

And I have ſtill a weightier reaſon for not ſpecifying theſe blameable paſſages; which is, that I am apprehenſive, an equal, or perhaps a greater number of my own lines, might be produced on the ſame occaſion. Juſtice obliges me to add, that even in the midſt of theſe lowneſſes and inequalities of Mr. Dryden, his native ſpirit and vigour, the *veteris veſtigia flammae*, frequently break forth: and I have deeply felt how difficult it is to work after ſo great a maſter on the ſame ſubject.

Give me leave to intrude on your patience a moment longer, to ſpeak of Mr. Pitt's verſion of the Æneid. I am very well informed that Mr. Pope, notwithſtanding his juſt affection and even veneration for Mr. Dryden, regarded Mr. Pitt's as an excellent tranſlation. It is lucky for me that ſome of Mr. Dryden's errors in this part of the work have been lately pointed out by a very candid writer, and one who entertains the higheſt opinion of his genius, to whom, ſays he, our Engliſh poetry is more obliged for its improvements than to any other writer, excepting only Mr. Pope. What I hint at, is one of the chapters upon allegory in Mr. Spence's Polymetis, where that gentleman hath endeavoured to ſhew, how very little our poets have underſtood the allegories of the ancients

even

even in their tranſlations of them; and has choſen to inſtance in Mr. Dryden's tranſlation of Virgil's Æneid, as he thought him one of our moſt celebrated poets. The miſtakes are very numerous, and ſome of them unaccountably groſs. Upon this I was deſirous to examine Mr. Pitt's tranſlation of the ſame paſſages, and was ſurprized to find, that in near fifty inſtances, which Mr. Spence has given of Mr. Dryden's miſtakes of that kind, Mr. Pitt had not fallen into above three or four. A few ſpecimens may not be amiſs, to entertain the curioſity of their ſeveral readers.

1. *Cum tacet omnis ager.* Æn. 4. ver. 520.

And peace with downy wings was brooding on the ground.
Dryden, ver. 752.

Virgil does not mention peace at all on this occaſion; and I do not remember, ſays Mr. Spence, to have met with any one ancient repreſentation of Peace with wings. Pitt only ſays:

O'er all the fields a brooding ſilence reigns.
Pitt, ver. 759.

2. *Jamque rubeſcebat radiis mare, et aethere ab alto*
Aurora in roſeis fulgebat lutea bigis. Æn. 7. 26.

Now when the roſy morn began to riſe,
And wav'd her ſaffron ſtreamer thro' the ſkies.
Dryden, ver. 35.

Mr. Dryden here ſeems to have admitted ſome mixture of the allegory and the reality together: Virgil

Virgil is free both from the ſtreamer, and this faulty mixture; ſo alſo is Pitt;

Now on her car was gay Aurora borne,
And Ocean reddens with the riſing morn. Pitt, 31.

3. *Tum quorum attonitae Baccho nemora avia matres*
Inſultant thiaſis, (neque enim leve nomen Amatae)
Undique collecti coeunt, Martemque fatigant.
Æn. 7. 582.

Then they, whoſe mothers frantic with their fear,
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,
And lead his dances with diſhevell'd hair,
Increaſe the clamour, and the war demand—
Dryden, 803.

As he had before given a ſtreamer to Aurora, he here gives flags to the attendants of Bacchus;

Thoſe too whoſe mothers by the queen were led,
When fir'd by Bacchus, to the woods ſhe fled,
(Such was her int'reſt in the realm) declare
For open arms, and breathe revenge and war.
Pitt, 735.

4. Cybele in another place is drawn by the tygers of Bacchus inſtead of her own lions.

Alma parens Idaea deûm, cui Dindyma cordi,
Turrigeraeque urbes, bijugique ad fraena leones.
Æn. 10. 253.

Hear thou, great mother of the deities,
With turrets crown'd, on Ida's holy hill,
Fierce tygers rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will.
Dryden, 356.

Great

Great guardian queen, of Ida's hills and woods,
Supreme, majeſtic mother of the gods!
Whoſe ſtrong defence proud towering cities ſhare,
While roaring lions whirl thy mighty car.

Pitt, 366.

5. *Hic, ubi disjectas moles, avulſaque ſaxis*
Saxa vides, mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum,
Neptunus muros, magnoque emota tridenti
Fundamenta quatit; totamque ab ſedibus urbem
Eruit—— Æn. 2. 612.

This exalted paſſage Mr. Dryden has thus tranſlated:

Amid that ſmother, Neptune holds his place,
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,
And heaves the building from the ſolid baſe. 829

Where it is to be obſerved he has diveſted Neptune of his trident, and equipped him with a Gothic mace. That Pitt hath reſtored the god his proper *inſignia*, is much the leaſt part of his praiſe in this ſublime paſſage:

Where yon' rude piles of ſhatter'd ramparts riſe,
Stone rent from ſtone, a dreadful ruin lies,
And black with rolling ſmoke the duſty whirlwind flies:
There Neptune's trident breaks the bulwarks down,
There from her baſis heaves the trembling town.

Pitt, 812.

6. ———— *Paterque Sabinus*
Vitiſator, curvam ſervans ſub imagine falcem.

Æn. 7. 179.

In

In tranſlating this paſſage, Mr. Dryden hath made Sabinus lean his head upon his pruning hook, which as it would appear abſurd in a ſtatue or picture, cannot be proper in a poetical deſcription.

There ſtood Sabinus, planter of the vines,
On a ſhort pruning hook his head reclines,
And ſtudiouſly ſurveys his generous wines.

Dryden, 249.

Sabinus there who preſt the foaming wine,
Extends the hook that prun'd the generous vine.

Pitt, 221.

7. One great occaſion of faults in Mr. Dryden in relation to the imaginary beings of the ancients, is owing to his not being ſufficiently acquainted with (or not recollecting) their particular qualities, rank and dignity; and this makes him ſometimes vary from his original.

Ecce furens animis aderat Tirynthius, omnemque
Acceſſum luſtrans, huc ora ferebat et illuc,
Dentibus infrendens. Ter totum fervidus irâ
Luſtrat Aventini montem; ter ſaxea tentat
Limina nequicquam; ter feſſus valle reſedit.

Æn. 8. 228.

The wretch had hardly made his dungeon faſt,
The fierce avenger came with bounding haſte;
Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold,
And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd;
He gnaſh'd his teeth, and thrice he compaſt round
With winged ſpeed the circuit of the ground.

Thrice

Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
And panting thrice desisted from his pain.

Dryden, 304.

Scarce had the fiend let down th' enormous weight,
When fierce the god came thund'ring to the gate;
He gnash'd his teeth with rage, the passes try'd,
And roll'd his eager eyes on ev'ry side;
Now here, now there, a fiery glance he threw,
And thrice impetuous round the mountain flew;
Thrice strove to storm the massy gates in vain,
And thrice, o'er-spent, sate panting on the plain.

Pitt, 360.

8. *Non tulit Alcides animis: seque ipse per ignem*
Praecipiti jecit saltu: qua plurimus undam
Fumus agit, nebulâque ingens specus aestuat atrâ.

Æn. 8. 258.

The wrathful god then plunges from above,
And where in thickest waves the sparkles drove,
There lights; and wades thro' fumes, and gropes his way,
Half sing'd, half stifled till he grasps his prey.

Dryden, 344.

This last particular is great in Virgil, and little in Dryden; and fitter for the herdsman hero (as he calls him in the beginning of the story, 279) than the chief of all th heroes who were deified for having acted in this world for the good of mankind. Let us see Mr. Pitt's translation.

With that the vengeful god in fury grew,
And headlong thro' the burning tempest flew;
Fierce on the fiend, thro' stifling fumes he came,
Thro' streams of smoke and deluges of flame.

ver. 331.

In

In fine, if my partiality to Mr. Pitt does not miſlead me, I ſhould think he has executed his work with great ſpirit, that he has a fine flow of harmonious verſification, and has rendered his author's ſenſe with faithfulneſs and perſpicuity; but my teſtimony can be of little conſequence in this caſe; and there is no reaſon to doubt but he will ſtand by his own intrinſic merit; which the public hath already ſufficiently approved.

I thought it proper to premiſe theſe few reflections, on Virgil, on Mr. Pitt, and myſelf, before I ventured to give the following tranſlation into your hands; I dared not ſay,

—— *in* Metî *deſcendat judicis aures*,

till I had endeavoured to point out the peculiar difficulties attending this performance, and had obviated any charge of envy, or even of emulation, in attempting it after Mr. Dryden. I have only to add, that among other reaſons why I could wiſh this work may reach poſterity, one of the greateſt is, that it may be known, I enjoyed the favour and friendſhip of Sir GEORGE LYTTELTON.

I am,

SIR,

Your obliged and obedient ſervant,

Jan. 1, 1753.

JOSEPH WARTON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

1753.

THE design of the following volumes is to give a poetical translation, and a correct edition of Virgil's works, illustrated with explications of the difficult, and observations on the beautiful passages. For which purpose, his best critics and commentators have been consulted and made use of, but never quoted without acknowledgment. Besides these assistances, I must inform the reader, that Mr. Spence hath promoted this undertaking with that warmth and readiness with which he always serves his friends, by communicating to me a great number of manuscript notes of the late Mr. Holdsworth, author of Muscipula, &c: who by residing many years in Italy, and by making Virgil his constant companion in his travels, had an opportunity of being very exact in his observations on his favourite author. Many of them, that are local, and relate to the soil, the climate and customs of Italy, will I believe be found extremely curious and useful. Mr. Spence likewise obliged me with several excellent remarks of his own, made when he was abroad, that were never yet published, and with some few of Mr. Pope's. His Polymetis also hath greatly enriched the following collection.

*lection. I must not neglect to return my thanks to Mr. Warburton, for giving leave that his most learned and ingenious dissertation on the sixth book of the Æneid might be here inserted; which the reader will find much altered and enlarged with several valuable additions. Mr. William Whitehead hath contributed to the usefulness and beauty of this work by giving it what Virgil has long wanted, a design for the shield of Æneas. He hath added a dissertation on this subject, wherein are some curious remarks on the Roman history, which it is not strange that he should understand, who has made one of its greatest heroes appear so nobly on our * stage. To my learned and ingenious friend Mr. Samuel Johnson I am very much obliged; not only for his elegant essay on Pastoral Poetry, but for several most judicious remarks and observations scattered thro' the whole. It was thought proper not to omit in this edition, Bishop Atterbury's celebrated conjecture, concerning Iapis, in the twelfth book of the Æneid. It may be necessary likewise to take notice here that Mr. Pitt has borrowed about sixty lines from Mr. Dryden, and I myself about a dozen, and a remark or two in the life of Virgil. I am indebted also to Mr. Benson for some observations, and for six lines of his translation of the two first Georgics. For the rest I am answerable; and I hope those readers that are able to judge, who are likewise ever most inclined to pardon, will excuse the smaller faults and inadvertencies that will necessarily happen in the course of so long a work.*

* In his tragedy called the Roman Father.

I begin

I begin now moſt ſenſibly to perceive the force of that ſaying of a French author: "*When a man writes,* "*he ought to animate himſelf with the thoughts of* "*pleaſing all the world; but he is to renounce that* "*hope, the very moment the book goes out of his* "*hands.*"

* * *

In this edition are now firſt added, ſeveral remarks and obſervations, taken from an edition of Virgil, publiſhed at LEIPSIC, 1771, *in four volumes, octavo, by the learned and ingenious* CHRISTOPHER. GOTT. HEYNE. *The title of* EXCURSUS, *which he has given to ſome of the longer of theſe obſervations, is here preſerved. And it was thought to be no objection to the inſertion of them, that ſome of them contained remarks contradictory to what had been before advanced in theſe volumes. In criticiſm, there will ever be an uſeful variety of opinions.*

THE LIFE OF VIRGIL.

WE have an eager desire to be thoroughly acquainted with the minutest circumstances in the lives of those who have made themselves greatly eminent. It is probably owing to this curiosity, that the writings of old Montagne, notwithstanding his excursions and irregularities, are found so amusing and delightful. Plutarch observes, that the true genius, and characteristical turn of men's minds, are best to be gathered from the small and seemingly inconsiderable particulars of their lives and fortunes. It were to be wished antiquity furnished us with any light of this sort with regard to our celebrated Poet. But we have very few materials to gather from; only some scattered remarks of old commentators and grammarians, and a life written by Tiberius Donatus, (by some falsely supposed to be St. Jerom's master) whose authenticity Ruæus hath taken great pains to explode and destroy. What can best be depended upon seemeth to be as follows.

PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO was born on the fifteenth

day of October in the year of Rome 684, in the conſulſhip of Pompey and Craſſus, at a village called Andes, now Petula, not far from Mantua. His father's name was Virgil, according to the opinion of Servius and Probus; for if he had been called Maro, as Donatus affirms, our Poet's name muſt have been, according to the cuſtom of the Romans, Publius Maro Virgilius.

His father was undoubtedly of low birth and mean circumſtances, but by his induſtry ſo much recommended himſelf to his maſter, that he gave him his daughter, named Maia, in marriage, as a reward of his fidelity. Our Poet, diſcovering early marks of a very fine genius, was ſent at twelve years old to ſtudy at Cremona, where he continued till his ſeventeenth year. He then removed to Milan, and from thence to Naples, being the reſidence of ſeveral teachers of philoſophy and polite learning, and proſecuted his ſtudies with great induſtry and intenſeneſs, carefully peruſing the moſt elegant of the Greek and Roman writers. But phyſic and mathematics were his favourite ſciences, and to which he principally attached himſelf: and to this early tincture of geometrical learning were owing, that regularity of thought, propriety of expreſſion, and exactneſs of conducting all ſubjects, for which he is ſo remarkable. He learnt the Epicurean philoſophy under the celebrated Syro, of whom Cicero ſpeaks twice with the greateſt encomiums both of his learning and virtue.

His acquaintance with Varus, his firſt patron, commenced by his being fellow-ſtudent with him under this philoſopher, for whom Virgil ſeems to have had a warm affection and eſteem.

There is an epigram remaining, addreſſed to Syro, written with ſo beautiful a ſimplicity that one may ſafely pronounce it the work of Virgil: who being afraid his father and family would be turned out of their eſtate at Andes, endeavoured to find a retreat for his parents,

and

and caſt his eye upon a little farm that Syro poſſeſſed in the country.

Ad Villam Scironis.

Villula, quæ Scironis eras, & pauper agelle,
Verum illi domino tu quoque divitiæ;
Me tibi, & hos unà mecum, quos ſemper amavi,
Si quid de patriâ triſtius audiero,
Commendo, in primiſque patrem; tu nunc eris illi
Mantua quod fuerat, quodque Cremona prius.

After Virgil had compleated his ſtudies at Naples, Donatus affirms, that he made a journey to Rome; that by his extraordinary ſkill in the diſeaſes incident to cattle of all kinds, he recommended himſelf to Auguſtus's maſter of the horſe, who procured appointments for him in the royal ſtables; that Auguſtus having a colt preſented to him by the Crotoniates which promiſed uncommon ſwiftneſs and ſpirit, Virgil immediately pronounced that he came from a ſickly mare, and would be good for nothing, which proved the caſe; and laſtly, that the emperor hearing of his extraordinary penetration and diſcernment, ſent for him privately to enquire concerning his own parentage, whether he was really the ſon of Octavius or not. But Ruæus and the moſt judicious critics have rejected and refuted theſe ſtories as highly fabulous, improbable, and impertinent; and are of opinion that he did not appear at Rome, and was not known to Auguſtus till long afterwards. Perhaps 'tis ſafeſt to ſteer betwixt theſe two oppoſite opinions, and to ſay, that our Poet might probably pay a viſit to Rome, and be introduced to Auguſtus, though not by the methods Donatus has aſſigned. At leaſt, Ruæus ſeems to lay too great a ſtreſs on that paſſage in the firſt Eclogue,

Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic noſtræ ſimilem——

And again,

Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi cauſa videndi?
Libertas——

For tho' Virgil is ſaid to repreſent himſelf under the perſon of Tityrus, yet this ignorance of the largeneſs of the city might be counterfeited, and thrown in, as a natural ſtroke of paſtoral ſimplicity, and may perhaps be juſtly conſidered as a ſentiment rather beautifully poetical than ſtrictly true.

We cannot imagine that ſuch an exalted genius as Virgil was bleſt with, could lie long unactive and unexerted. We are told accordingly, that in the warmth of early youth, he framed a noble deſign, and boldly intended to write a poem on the Wars of Rome; but after ſome attempts, he was diſcouraged from proceeding, by the roughneſs and aſperity of the old Roman names, which horridly diſguſted ſo delicate an ear. That great maſter of verſe (ſays a lively writer) found it difficult to put ſuch harſh words, as Vibius Caudex, Tanaquil, Lucumo, or Decius Mus into his poetry. Some of the names of towns could abſolutely find no place in heroic meaſure. They were almoſt as frightful as Boileau's Woerden, or the hideous Wurts, of whoſe name he ſo woefully complains as quite ſcaring his muſe.

Des villes que tu prens les noms durs et barbares,
N'offrent de toutes partes que ſyllabes bizarres:
Et qui peut ſans fumir aborder Woerden,
Quel vers ne tomberoit au ſeul nom de Henſden?
Wurts, *l'eſpoir du païs, et l'appui de ces murs,*
Wurts—*Ah quel nom, Grand Roi, quel Hector que ce*
Wurts? Epitre 4.

Not only ſo, but 'tis probable he was deterred from an undertaking above his years, by the reaſon aſſigned by our Engliſh Boileau,

When

When firſt young Maro ſung of kings and wars,
Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears,
Perhaps he ſeem'd above the critic's law,
And but from nature's fountains ſcorn'd to draw;
But when t' examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were he found the ſame;
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign;
And rules as ſtrict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.

Captivated with the native beauties of the Idylliums of Theocritus, and ambitious of introducing a new ſpecies of poetry among the Romans, our poet from henceforward ſeems to have bent his whole thoughts to imitate and rival the ſweet Sicilian: And having tranſplanted Paſtoral into his own country, it flouriſhed as ſucceſsfully, as the cherry-trees which Lucullus conveyed from Pontus.

Of theſe compoſitions 'tis highly probable that intitled Alexis was his firſt performance. Dr. Martyn thinks it might have been written in the year of Rome 709, when the Poet was in his twenty-fifth year, which was a little while before Cæſar was aſſaſſinated in the year 710. Julius Cæſar might have read this beautiful imitation of the Ἔρωτες of Theocritus, and been ſtruck with admiration of the promiſing genius of its author. Poſſibly the Palæmon was his ſecond performance; it is a cloſe imitation of the fourth and fifth Idyllia of Theocritus.

May I venture to mention the Silenus as the next compoſition in order of time? This fine piece of philoſophy is ſaid to have been publicly recited on the ſtage by Cytheris, a celebrated comedian, remarkable for a ſweetneſs and propriety of ſpeaking, inſomuch that Catrou imagines that expreſſion in the tenth Eclogue, *Quæ legat ipſa Lycoris*, does not only ſignify that he may write ſuch

verſes as may touch or affect Cytheris (repreſented by Lycoris) but ſuch as may be fit for a perſon of a marvellous ſweetneſs of voice to pronounce. Let us hear Catrou's opinion with regard to this ſixth Eclogue. It is not from this verſe

Prima Syracoſio dignata eſt ludere verſu,

that I conjecture that this Eclogue ought to precede that of Tityrus. It is for another reaſon, that I am going to produce. It is true, that the author of the life of Virgil ſeems here to contradict himſelf. He affirms, in one place, that the Tityrus was the firſt Eclogue which the Poet compoſed. "It appears, ſays he, that Virgil had "not compoſed any Eclogue before the Tityrus, from "the fourth Georgic; where he diſtinguiſhes his Buco-"lics by the Eclogue of Tityrus,"

Tityre te patulæ cecini ſub tegmine fagi.

He adds beſides, that the Poet ſpent three years in compoſing his Bucolics, *Bucolica triennio perfecit.* That is, if one can believe it, that Virgil began his firſt Eclogue about the year of Rome 713, and finiſhed the laſt after the year 715. The ſame author alſo relates, that the Silenus was recited by Cytheris, before a full audience, in the preſence of Cicero. This laſt fact cannot poſſibly be true, ſuppoſing the Tityrus was Virgil's firſt performance in this kind. Cicero was dead when our Poet compoſed the Tityrus. In ſo manifeſt a contradiction, I incline to the ſide of the ſtory of Cytheris, which is atteſted by Servius. As for the conjecture formed by the writer of Virgil's life, that the Tityrus was his firſt Eclogue, it is grounded upon a very frivolous argument. The quotation from the fourth Georgic, which is the only ſupport of it, proves only, that Virgil, in the edition of his Bucolics, had placed the Tityrus in the front. It is

ſaid

ſaid alſo, that Virgil made all his Eclogues in three years. Therefore Cicero could not hear any one of them. But, in the original it is *perfecit*, that is, he perfected them; he made them fit to appear. Thus this Eclogue might have been prior to the Tityrus, and Cytheris might have recited it in the preſence of Cicero.

I beg to add a conjecture purely my own, and ſubmit the deciſion of it entirely to the learned. Cicero having heard this Eclogue, cried out in an ecſtaſy of admiration, that the author of it was

——— *Magnæ ſpes altera Romæ*,

the ſecond great hope of Rome, eſteeming himſelf, ſay the commentators, to be the firſt. I underſtand the words in a far different ſenſe. The ſubject of this piece, we ſhould remember, was an account of the Epicurean Philoſophy both *natural and moral*, which had been but lately beautifully illuſtrated by Lucretius; an author whom Cicero was ſo eminently fond of, as to reviſe and publiſh his work. Upon hearing therefore the beautiful verſes of Virgil on the ſame ſubject, Cicero exclaimed to this purpoſe; *Behold another great genius riſing up amongſt us, who will prove a ſecond Lucretius.* This interpretation at once takes away the imputation of vanity of which Cicero has been accuſed for uſing theſe words, making the *Spes altera* refer entirely to Lucretius. And beſides, the expreſſion of *Spes* neceſſarily implies ſomething *future* and *increaſing*; whereas Cicero was at that time arrived at a maturity of fame and abilities: neither do I perceive the propriety of the connexion, in joining an eminent poet with an eminent orator. 'Tis obſervable that Virgil inſerted this hemiſtich afterwards in the twelfth book of his Æneid, and applied the words to Aſcanius.

Dion Caſſius relates, in his forty-ſeventh book, that in the year of Rome 712 the Triumvirs, Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, erected and conſecrated a temple to Julius

Cæsar in the forum, carried about his statue in solemn procession with one of Venus in the Circensian games, decreed supplications to him on the news of any victory, and ordered he should be worshipped as a god. In allusion to the death and deification of Cæsar, Virgil composed the fifth Eclogue. He introduces two shepherds lamenting the death of Daphnis, a Sicilian shepherd; he represents the cattle abstaining from their food for grief, the very wild beasts lamenting, the fields withering, Apollo and Pales leaving the plains, the nymphs mourning around his body, and Venus herself bitterly lamenting,

Cum complexa sui corpus miserabile nati,
Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia mater.

For Venus is undoubtedly the Mother here mentioned, and not the city of Rome, as Ruæus imagines.

This opinion may be confirmed by a parallel passage in the Metamorphoses. Ovid there represents Venus terrified at the approach of Cæsar's death; she discovers all the fears and tenderness of a mother; intercedes with the gods for his preservation; smites her own breast, and endeavours to hide him in the cloud in which she had preserved Paris and Æneas;

——*Quod ut aurea vidit*
Æneæ genetrix, vidit quoque triste parari
Pontifici letum; & conjurata arma moveri
Palluit:——
Tum vero Cytherea manu percussit utrâque
Pectus, & Æneaden molitur condere nube.——

I cannot forbear observing the peculiar beauty of the epithet *miserabile* in Virgil——This single word points out the mangled body of Julius Cæsar in almost as lively a manner as Antony's artful speech in Shakespear;

 Look!

Look! in this place ran Caſſius' dagger thro'—
See, what a rent the envious Caſca made—
Through this the well-beloved Brutus ſtabb'd;
And as he pluckt the curſed ſteel away,
Mark, how the blood of Cæſar follow'd it!

Julius Cæſar, Act 3. *Sc.* 6.

In the latter part of the paſtoral, the Poet changes the ſcene into joy and triumph, which makes a noble contraſt to the beginning. He repreſents Daphnis admitted into heaven, pleaſure and joy overflowing the plains, the very mountains breaking forth into ſongs, altars erected, and ſolemn ſacrifices performed to him as to Ceres and Bacchus. Auguſtus muſt have been infinitely pleaſed with this exquiſite piece of flattery.

The fatal battle at Philippi was fought at the latter end of the year 712, which at once put an end to all glorious ſtruggles for the liberty of the commonwealth, the *patriot-murderers*, Brutus and Caſſius, having reſolutely ſlain themſelves upon the defeat of their army, leaving Cæſar and Antony victorious. One cannot forbear wiſhing there had been ſome Virgil to have lamented the death of the incomparable Brutus, as well as that of the tyrant Julius Cæſar, who, notwithſtanding his many amiable and exalted qualities, was no better than the enſlaver of his country. After this action the veteran ſoldiers began to murmur for their pay, and Auguſtus, to reward them, diſtributed amongſt them the lands of Mantua and Cremona. Appian relates, that when the lands were divided among the ſoldiers, great numbers both young and old, and women with their children, flocked to Rome, and filled the forum and temples with bitter lamentations, complaining they were driven from their lands and houſes as if they had been conquered enemies. Virgil was involved in this common calamity, applied to Varus or to Pollio, or both, who warmly recommended him to Auguſtus, and procured his

his patrimony for him again. Full of gratitude to Auguſtus, he compoſed the Tityrus, introducing in it two ſhepherds, one of them complaining of the diſtraction of the times, and of the deſtruction the ſoldiers had committed among the Mantuan farmers, the other rejoicing for the recovery of his eſtate, and promiſing to honour the perſon who reſtored it to him as a god.

——— *Illius aram*
Sæpe tener noſtris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.

But our Poet's joy was not of long continuance; for we are told that when he returned to take poſſeſſion of his farm, he was violently aſſaulted by the intruder, and would certainly have been killed by him, if he had not made his eſcape by ſwimming haſtily over the Mincio.

Upon this unexpected diſappointment, melancholy and dejected, he returned to Rome to renew his petition; and during his journey ſeems to have compoſed the ninth Eclogue; which appears to have been haſtily made up, out of ſeveral little fragments of poems, and imitations of Theocritus he had by him. One ſtroke in it is too artful to be omitted. He adviſes the ſhepherd to conſult no more the old conſtellations and ſigns as they were wont to do, but to look up to a brighter ſtar, the Julium Sidus,—alluding to the famous comet which is ſaid to have appeared ſeven days after Julius Cæſar's death, and was fancied by the vulgar to be Cæſar's ſoul converted by Venus into a blazing ſtar. Suetonius ſpeaks of it in the following manner: *In deorum numerum relatus eſt, non ore modo decernentium, ſed et perſuaſione vulgi. Siquidem ludis, quos primo conſecratos ei hæres Auguſtus edebat, ſtella crinita per ſeptem dies continuos fulſit exoriens circa undecimam horam. Creditumque eſt, animam eſſe Cæſaris, in cœlum recepti, & hâc de cauſâ ſimulacro ejus in vertice ſtella additur.*

In the year of Rome 714, Virgil compoſed the celebrated

brated Eclogue intitled uſually, but perhaps falſly, Pollio, as it related to the birth of his ſon Salonius. But Catrou has endeavoured to ſhew that this is a groſs miſtake, and that the ſubject of it is the birth of young Marcellus, who was afterwards adopted by Auguſtus. The ſubſtance of his opinion is as follows; which will give us ſome inſight into this intricate affair.

Cæſar did not remain long in quiet after the compleat victory which he obtained over Lucius, and Fulvia the wife of Antony, who had raſhly taken arms againſt him. This turbulent lady fled to her huſband, and incited him to make war upon Cæſar. Antony inflamed with rage, ſteered his courſe to Italy; and began a moſt furious and dangerous war. But the news of the death of Fulvia, whom he had left ſick at Sicyon, coming opportunely, gave a favourable opportunity of ſettling a peace between theſe mighty rivals. Cocceius, a common friend to both, went between them, and projected a reconciliation: The conſul Pollio appearing on the part of Antony, and Mæcenas on the part of Cæſar, to arbitrate the differences between them. The arbitrators propoſed, that as Fulvia, the wife of Antony, was juſt dead, and Marcellus alſo, the huſband of Octavia, half ſiſter to Cæſar, Octavia ſhould be given in marriage to Antony. This being agreed to, cauſed an univerſal joy: and the whole army expreſſed their joy by ſhouting all that day, and the following night. Octavia was with child at the time of this marriage. Therefore as this great lady, who was alſo a perſon of a moſt unſpotted character, was the cement of ſo bleſſed a peace and union between the two great Triumvirs, who were upon the point of tearing the world in ſunder by their diviſions, Virgil was not backward in teſtifying his joy for ſo happy an event. The Sibilline oracles had foretold, that a child was to be born about this time, who ſhould rule the world, and eſtabliſh perpetual peace. The Poet ingeniouſly ſuppoſes the child, with which Octavia

tavia was then pregnant, to be the glorious infant, under whoſe rule mankind was to be made happy; the golden age was to return again from heaven; and fraud and violence was to be no more. This is the ſubject of that Eclogue, of which the uſual title is Pollio. In this celebrated poem, the author, with great delicacy, at the ſame time pays his court to both the chiefs, to his patron Pollio, to Octavia, and to the unborn infant. It is dedicated to the great Pollio by name, who was at that time conſul: And therefore we are ſure of the date of this Eclogue, as it is known that he enjoyed that high office in the year of Rome 714.

In the year of Rome 715, Pollio, who was now in high favour with Auguſtus, marched againſt, and ſubdued the Parthini. During this expedition, Virgil addreſſed to him one of his moſt beautiful Eclogues, the Pharmaceutria, an imitation of one with the ſame title in Theocritus. Catrou groundleſsly imagines Auguſtus to be the perſon intended by the fine compliment at the beginning, becauſe this prince attempted to write a drama called Ajax, in imitation of Sophocles. Pollio's character was one of the moſt illuſtrious that ever adorned Rome; he was maſter of many various accompliſhments, that ſeldom ſhine together in one perſon; was a ſkilful and ſucceſsful general;

Cui laurus æternos honores
Dalmatico peperit triumpho:

was an admirable hiſtorian, orator, and poet; Horace joins with Virgil in bearing teſtimony to the excellence of the tragedies he wrote, Od. i. Book 2.

Paulum ſeveræ muſa tragœdiæ
Deſit theatris; mox ubi publicas
Res ordinaris, grande munus
Cecropio repetes cothurno.

In

In which ode one cannot forbear obſerving that the poet, conſcious of the dignity of the perſon he was writing to, has exerted his genius, and warmed his fancy, and has given us ſome of the moſt ſpirited and ſublime images that are to be found in his works :

Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Perſtringis aures ; jam litui ſtrepunt !
Jam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos equitumque vultus ;
Audire magnos jam videor duces
Non indecoro pulvere ſordidos !

Pollio was likewiſe the firſt who erected a public library at Rome, adorned with curious buſto's of the moſt celebrated writers. He had a moſt delicate taſte for the fine arts, particularly architecture and ſculpture : Pliny tells us, that ſome of the capital pieces of the moſt exquiſite Grecian artiſts were in his collection ; particularly, a Silenus, a Neptune, an Apollo, and ſome Bacchanalian Nymphs, all by Praxiteles ; which are particularly mentioned in the fifth chapter of the thirty-ſixth book of his Natural Hiſtory. It was none of the ſmalleſt honours Virgil met with, to be protected and eſteemed by this all-accompliſhed courtier.

In the laſt Eclogue our Author compoſed, he introduces his friend Cornelius Gallus, lying diſconſolately under a mountain in Arcadia, bitterly bewailing the inconſtancy of his miſtreſs, and ſurrounded by all the rural gods, and by Apollo himſelf, who come to ſympathize with him in his grief, and endeavour to adminiſter comfort to him. He had before paid Gallus a high compliment in his Silenus, repreſenting him wandering on the banks of Permeſſus, and met by one of the Muſes, who leads him to the Aonian mountains, where the whole aſſembly of gods and poets riſes up to greet his approach, and Linus gives him the pipe of old Heſiod :

—*Quibus*

——Quibus ille ſolebat
Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos.

Gallus was greatly beloved by Auguſtus, who advanced him from a low condition into the higheſt poſts. But being afterwards made governor of Egypt, he fell into a debauched and luxurious life, abuſed the emperor in his cups, and erected ſtatues of himſelf throughout the province; for which, and other miſdemeanors, being baniſhed by Auguſtus, he fell upon his own ſword, in an agony of grief and deſpair. Donatus relates that Virgil was ſo fond of this Gallus, that the fourth Georgic, from the middle to the end, was filled with his praiſes; and that he afterwards changed this part into the ſtory of Ariſtæus, at the command of Auguſtus. But Ruæus juſtly queſtions the truth of this ſtory. He obſerves that the ſtory of Ariſtæus is ſo well connected with the culture of the bees, that it does not ſeem to have been ſtuck in, but to riſe naturally from the ſubject, and to have been a firſt thought; that it is not probable, that Virgil would beſtow ſo large a part of his work in the praiſe of Gallus, when he had given but a few lines to Mæcenas himſelf, to whom he dedicated the whole poem: and laſtly, that Auguſtus himſelf, according to Suetonius, lamented the death of Gallus; and therefore cannot be thought ſo injurious to his memory, as to envy him ſome empty praiſe.

Thus we ſee Virgil employed the very earlieſt efforts of his muſe, at a time, in other poets,

When pure deſcription holds the place of ſenſe,

to uſeful and prudent purpoſes, to conciliate the countenance of the great, to relieve the diſtreſſes of himſelf and his family, to commemorate his benefactors, to gain the favour and friendſhip of thoſe by whom it was honour and happineſs to be beloved.

And

And now being in his 34th year, he retired to a delightful and convenient privacy at Naples, and laid the plan of his inimitable Georgics: which he undertook at the earneſt entreaties of that wiſe and able miniſter, Mæcenas: not to rival and excel Heſiod, whom he has but little imitated, as he had lately done Theocritus, but on a noble political motive, and to promote the welfare of his country. Great was the deſolation occaſioned by the continuance and cruelty of the civil wars: Italy was almoſt depopulated; the lands were uncultivated and unſtocked; a famine and inſurrection enſued; Auguſtus himſelf hardly eſcaped being ſtoned by the enraged populace, who attributed this calamity to his ambition. This beſt and wiſeſt miniſter therefore, Mæcenas, reſolved if poſſible to revive the decayed ſpirit of huſbandry; to introduce a taſte for cultivation; to make rural improvements a faſhionable amuſement of the great. What method ſo likely to effect this, as to recommend agriculture with all the inſinuating charms of poetry? Virgil fully anſwered the expectations of his polite patron; for the Georgics contain all thoſe maſterly beauties that might be expected from an exalted genius, whoſe judgment and imagination were in full vigour and maturity, and who had leiſure to give the laſt poliſh and perfection to his incomparable workmanſhip.

As to Mæcenas's character, tho' a bad writer himſelf, fond of far-fetch'd metaphors and an affected ſtile, yet was he indiſputably the kindeſt patron the Muſes ever found, in any age or country. Paterculus has given us a portrait of him, painted with his uſual elegance and expreſſiveneſs. *Urbis cuſtodiis præpoſitus C. Mæcenas, equeſtri ſed ſplendido genere natus: vir, ubi res vigiliam exigeret, ſanè exſomnis, providens atque agendi ſciens; ſimùl verò aliquid ex negotio remitti poſſet, otio ac mollitiis pænè ultrà fœminam fluens: non minus Agrippa Cæſari carus, ſed minùs honoratus; quippe vixit anguſto clavo pænè contentus;*

tentus; nec minora conſequi potuit, ſed non tam concupivit. Even the admired Auguſtus was deeply indebted to this favourite, for guiding his taſte and forming his manners. 'Twas he who introduced the poets to his court; inſpired him with a reliſh for polite learning; convinced him of the importance of having his character handed down to poſterity in an amiable light by the beſt writers of his age, and of having his ſtatue made by none but a Lyſippus. That the emperor wanted ſuch a maſter to ſoften and poliſh his temper and behaviour, is ſufficiently teſtified by Suetonius and other authors, who tell us of his natural love of amphitheatrical ſpectacles, and other barbarous entertainments, little accommodated to the intereſt of the Muſes. Horace, in his artful and concealed manner, frequently glances at this, in many paſſages of the celebrated epiſtle in his ſecond book. And Dion Caſſius in particular relates the frank treatment which this prince received from his friend Mæcenas; who was forced to draw him from his bloody tribunal and murderous delight, with the reproach of

Surge vero tandem, carnifex!

I cannot forbear adding a little reflection, which may ſerve, among others, to convince us of the great powerfulneſs of poetry; which is, that we ſhould have entertained a far different notion of Auguſtus, who was in reality a cool, a cruel and ſubtle tyrant, and the perſon who gave the laſt wound to expiring liberty, if Virgil and Horace had not ſo highly celebrated him, and gained us as it were over to his party. But perhaps the reflection does not much honour to theſe two poets.

We are at laſt arrived to the period of time when Virgil began writing his Æneid, in the year of Rome 714, when he himſelf was forty-five years old. His deſign in writing it has been very lately ſo excellently explained

plained by a maſter of claſſical learning, with equal judgment and taſte, that it would be unjuſt not to quote his own words.

" Virgil is ſaid to have begun this poem the very year that Auguſtus was freed from his great rival Antony: the government of the Roman empire was to be wholly in him: and tho' he choſe to be called their father; he was, in every thing but the name, their king. This monarchical form of government muſt naturally be apt to diſpleaſe the people. Virgil ſeems to have laid the plan of his poem to reconcile them to it. He takes advantage of their religious turn, and of ſome old prophecies that muſt have been very flattering to the Roman people, as promiſing them the empire of the whole world. He weaves this in with the moſt probable account of their origin; that of their being deſcended from the Trojans. To be a little more particular; Virgil in his Æneid ſhews, that Æneas was called into their country by the expreſs order of the gods. *N. B.* This is marked very ſtrongly throughout all the firſt part of the Æneid. The very night Troy is burnt, Æneas is ordered to go and build a city in Italy, and to carry his gods to it, by the ſpirits of Hector and Creuſa: Caſſandra had foretold the ſame frequently before: Æn. iii. ver. 185.

Nunc repeto hæc generi portendere debita noſtro,
Et ſæpe Heſperiam, ſæpe Itala regna vocare.

Apollo orders the ſame;

——— *Antiquam exquirite matrem:*
Hic domus Æneæ cunctis dominabitur oris;
Et nati natorum & qui naſcentur ab illis.

Æn. iii. ver. 98.

And his domeſtic gods, more expreſsly; Æn. iii. ver. 167. The ſame orders are given to Æneas whilſt at

Carthage, by the ſpirit of his departed father ; Æn. iv. ver. 351. And laſtly, by the great meſſenger of the chief of all their gods ;

Aſcanium ſurgentem & ſpes hæredis Iüli
Reſpice ; cui regnum Italiæ Romanaque tellus
Debentur ——— ——

Æn. iv. ver. 275.

He ſhews likewiſe that he was made king of it by the will of Heaven, and by all the human rights that could be. Viz. he has an hereditary claim from Dardanus and Jaſius, Æn. iii. ver. 168.—He has a right by conqueſt, Æn. xii. ver. 1.—He has a right by compact, Æn. xii. ver. 175 to 225.—And he has a right by marrying the only daughter of the then king, Æn. xii. ver. 937. and Æn. vii. ver. 50—52. He ſhews likewiſe that there was an uninterrupted ſucceſſion of kings from him to Romulus ; that his heirs were to reign there for ever ; and that the Romans under them were to obtain the monarchy of the world. It appears from Virgil, and the other Roman writers, that Julius Cæſar was of this royal race ; and that Auguſtus was his ſole heir. The natural reſult of all this is, that the promiſes made to the Roman people, in and through this race, terminating in Auguſtus ; the Romans, if they would obey the gods, and be maſters of the world, were to yield obedience to the new eſtabliſhment under that prince. As odd a ſcheme as this may ſeem now, it is ſcarce ſo odd as that of ſome people among us, who perſuaded themſelves that an abſolute obedience was owing to our kings, on their ſuppoſed deſcent from ſome unknown Patriarch. And yet that had its effect with many about a century ago ; and ſeems not to have quite loſt all its influence, even in our remembrance. However that be, I think it appears plain enough that the two great points aimed at by Virgil in his Æneid, were to maintain their old religious tenets ; and to ſupport the new form of government, in the family of the

Cæſars. That poem therefore may very well be conſidered as a work merely political. If this was the caſe, Virgil was not ſo highly encouraged by Auguſtus and Mæcenas for nothing. To ſpeak a little more plainly; he wrote in the ſervice of the new uſurpation on the ſtate; and all that can be offered in vindication of him in this light is, that the uſurper he wrote for was grown a tame one; and that the temper and bent of their conſtitution was ſuch, that the reins of government muſt have fallen into the hands of ſome one perſon or another; and might probably, on a new revolution, have fallen into the hands of ſome one leſs mild and indulgent, than Auguſtus was at the time when Virgil wrote this poem in his ſervice. But whatever may be ſaid of his reaſons for writing it, the poem itſelf has been highly applauded in all ages, from its firſt appearance to this day; and tho' left unfiniſhed by its author, has been always reckoned as much ſuperior to all other epic poems among the Romans, as Homer's is among the Greeks. It preſerves more to us of the religion of the Romans, than all the other Latin poets (excepting only Ovid) put together: and gives us the forms and appearances of their deities as ſtrongly, as if we had ſo many pictures of them preſerved to us, done by ſome of the beſt hands in the Auguſtan age. It is remarkable that he is commended by ſome of the ancients themſelves, for the ſtrength of his imagination, as to this particular; tho' in general that is not his character, ſo much as exactneſs. He was certainly the moſt correct poet, even of his time; in which all falſe thoughts and idle ornaments in writing were diſcouraged: And it is as certain, that there is but little of invention in his Æneid; much leſs, I believe, than is generally imagined. Almoſt all the little facts in it are built on hiſtory: and even as to particular lines, no one perhaps ever borrowed more from the poets that preceded him, than he did. He goes ſo far back as to old Ennius;

and often inſerts whole verſes from him, and ſome other of their earlieſt writers. The obſoleteneſs of their ſtile did not hinder him much in this: for he was a particular lover of their old language; and no doubt inſerted many more antiquated words in his poem than we can diſcover at preſent. Judgment is his diſtinguiſhing character; and his great excellence conſiſted in chooſing and ranging things aright. Whatever he borrowed he had the ſkill of making his own; by weaving it ſo well into his work, that it looks all of a piece: even thoſe parts of his poem, where this may be moſt practiſed, reſembling a fine piece of Moſaic; in which all the parts, though of ſuch different marbles, unite together; and the various ſhades and colours are ſo artfully diſpoſed, as to melt off inſenſibly into one another."

Polymetis, Dial. 3. pag. 18.

An event happened about this time too remarkable to be omitted *. Auguſtus, either cloyed with glory, or terrified by the example of his predeceſſor, or to gain the credit of moderation with the people, or poſſibly to feel the pulſe of his friends, deliberated whether he ſhould retain the ſovereign power, or reſtore the commonwealth. Agrippa, who was a very honeſt man, but whoſe view was of no great extent, adviſed him to the latter: but Mæcenas, who had thoroughly ſtudied his maſter's temper, in an eloquent oration, gave contrary advice. That emperor was too politic to commit the overſight of Cromwell, in a deliberation ſomething reſembling this. Cromwell had always been deſirous of the power, as he was afterwards of the title of King; but by a too vehement allegation of arguments againſt it, he, who had outwitted every body beſides, at laſt outwitted himſelf,

* See the author of Virgil's life, prefixed to Dryden's tranſlation. This ſtory ſeems to have been feigned by the grammarians, and later rhetoricians.

by

by too deep diſſimulation: for his council, thinking to make their court by aſſenting to his judgment, voted unanimouſly for him againſt his inclination, which ſurprized and troubled him to ſuch a degree, that as ſoon as he got into his coach he fell into a ſwoon. But Cæſar knew his people better; and his council being thus divided, he aſked Virgil's advice. Thus a poet had the honour of determining the greateſt point that ever was in debate, betwixt the ſon-in-law, and favourite of Cæſar. Virgil delivered his opinion in words to this effect: The change of a popular into an abſolute government, has generally been of very ill conſequence: for betwixt the hatred of the people, and injuſtice of the prince, it of neceſſity comes to paſs that they live in diſtruſt and mutual apprehenſion. But if the commons knew a juſt perſon, whom they entirely confided in, it would be for the advantage of all parties that ſuch a one ſhould be their ſovereign. Wherefore if you ſhall continue to adminiſter juſtice impartially, as hitherto you have done, your power will prove ſafe to yourſelf, and beneficial to mankind. This excellent ſentence, which ſeems taken out of Plato (with whoſe writings the grammarians were not much acquainted, and therefore cannot reaſonably be ſuſpected of forgery in this matter) contains the true ſtate of affairs at that time: For the commonwealth maxims were now no longer practicable; the Romans had only the haughtineſs of the old commonwealth left, without one of its virtues. And this ſentence we find, almoſt in the ſame words, in the firſt book of the Æneis, which at this time he was writing; and one might wonder that none of the commentators have taken notice of it. He compares a tempeſt to a popular inſurrection, as Cicero had compared a ſedition to a ſtorm a little before.

Ac veluti magno in populo cum ſæpe coorta eſt
Seditio, ſævitque animis ignobile vulgus,

Jamque faces ac ſaxa volant, furor arma miniſtrat:
Tum pietate gravem & meritis ſi forte virum quem
Conſpexere, ſilent, arrectiſque auribus adſtant:
Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet.

Auguſtus was eagerly deſirous to peruſe the poem as far as it had been carried; he entreated Virgil to communicate it to him by ſeveral letters in the warmeſt manner. Macrobius in the firſt book of his Saturnalia, has preſerved to us one of Virgil's anſwers to the emperor; *Ego verò frequentius a te litteras accipio——De Æneâ quidem meo, ſi mehercule jam dignum auribus haberem tuis, libenter mitterem. Sed tanta inchoata res eſt, ut pæne vitio mentis tantum opus ingreſſus mihi videor; cum præſertim, ut ſcis, alia quoque ſtudia ad id opus, multoque potiora impartiar.*

Prevailed on at laſt by theſe importunities, Virgil recited (and 'tis remarkable that he read his verſes with a wonderful ſweetneſs and propriety) the ſixth book to Auguſtus; and his ſiſter Octavia, who had juſt loſt her ſon Marcellus, the darling of Rome, and the adopted ſon of Auguſtus, would needs be one of the audience to alleviate and divert her ſorrow. Let us indulge a thought that is naturally pleaſing, for a moment! Virgil, reading the fineſt part of the Æneid to the Lord of the whole earth, attended by his ſiſter, and perhaps Mæcenas, Horace, and other favourites! He had artfully inſerted that beautiful lamentation for the death of young Marcellus, beginning with,

O nate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum——

but ſuppreſſed his name till he came to the line,

Tu Marcellus eris;————

upon hearing which Octavia could bear no more, but, ſuddenly ſtruck with ſurprize and ſorrow, fainted away.

When

When ſhe recovered, ſhe made the poet a preſent of ten ſeſterces for every line, which amounted in the whole to above two thouſand pounds ſterling. A reward equal to Octavia's generoſity, and not above Virgil's merit!

The Æneid being brought to concluſion, but not to the perfection our author intended to give it; he reſolved to travel into Greece to correct and to poliſh it at leiſure. It was on his undertaking this voyage, that Horace addreſſed to him that affectionate ode;

Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic Fratres Helenæ, lucida ſydera,
Ventorumque regat pater,
Obſtrictis aliis præter Iapyga,
Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis,
Reddas incolumem precor,
Et ſerves animæ dimidium meæ.

It was during his ſtay in Greece, that, in all probability, he added that fine introduction to his third Georgic, one of the ſublimeſt paſſages in all his works: the numbers alſo are particularly majeſtic;

Et viridi in campo templum de marmore ponam
Propter aquam——
In medio mihi Cæſar erit, templumque tenebit.
Illi victor ego, & Tyrio conſpectus in oſtro,
Centum quadrijugos agitabo ad flumina currus——
In foribus pugnam ex auro ſolidoque elephanto,
Gangaridum faciam, victoriſque arma Quirini:——
Addam urbes Aſiæ domitas, pulſumque Niphatem;
Fidentemque fugâ Parthum, verſiſque ſagittis:——
Stabunt & Parii lapides, ſpirantia ſigna,
Aſſaraci proles, demiſſæque ab Jove gentis
Nomina, Troſque parens, & Trojæ Cynthius auctor.

This paſſage contains a magnificent allegory, in which

the poet intimates, that when he returns from Greece he would perfect and publish his Æneid: for this is the superb temple he intends to erect in honour of Augustus,

——*Monumentum ære perennius,*
Regalique situ pyramidum altius. HOR.

The emperor was the chief divinity of the temple; his ancestors were all to have their statues erected in it, (that is) were to be the principal actors in the Æneid; and his victories, like Basso Relievos, were to adorn the glorious work. CATROU was the first who hit of this interpretation, which adds an infinite beauty to the passage.

Nature seems to have thought, that for one person to have produced two perfect poems, would have been too great a portion of fame and felicity for humanity to enjoy. Augustus, returning victorious from the East, met with Virgil at Athens, who thought himself obliged to wait upon the emperor back to Italy. But he was suddenly seized with a fatal distemper, which, being increased by the agitation of the vessel, he had scarce time to land at Brundusium, where he died on the twenty-second day of September, in the fifty-second year of his age. What can give one so high an opinion, both of his modesty and genius, as his earnestly requesting on his death-bed, that his Æneid might be burnt, because it had not received his last corrections and improvements! which, to speak the truth, the last six books apparently want. But Mr. Upton is of opinion, that he ordered his divine work to be destroyed, not because it wanted perfection as an epic poem, but because it flattered the subverter of the constitution.

Tully says somewhat severely, *Adhuc neminem cognovi poetam, qui sibi non optimus videretur.* Tuscul. lib. 1. *I never yet knew any poet, who did not think himself the best of his profession.* This sarcasm can be applicable to none but those trifling wits, who owe their complacency to

to their indelicacy and inſenſibility. Larger ſouls are not ſo eaſily ſelf-ſatisfied. Raphaël frequently declared, that in none of his performances he had ever expreſſed his notion of a perfect beauty. And Virgil's behaviour rather puts one in mind of what the ſame Tully ſays elſewhere, that in none of his works or orations, he was able to come up to that high idea of eloquence he had conceived in his mind. Auguſtus interpoſed, and would not ſuffer a poem that was to conſecrate his name to immortality, to be deſtroyed; it was then bequeathed to Varius and Tucca, with a ſtrict charge that they ſhould make no additions; which they ſo exactly obſerved, as not to fill up even the hemiſtichs which were left imperfect. He died with ſuch ſteadineſs and tranquillity, as to be able to dictate his own epitaph in the following words,

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope; cecini Paſcua, Rura, Duces.

His bones were carried to Naples, according to his earneſt requeſt, and a monument was erected at a ſmall diſtance from the city.

He was of a ſwarthy complexion, tall of ſtature like his own Muſæus; of a ſickly and delicate conſtitution, afflicted with frequent head-achs, coughs, and ſpittings of blood; very temperate and abſtemious in his diet, very regular, ſober, and chaſte in his morals. 'Tis a falſe opinion, that he was ſlovenly and ungraceful in his habit and perſon*. He was ſo baſhful, that he frequently

* See the following paſſage in *Polymetis, Dial.* 21. *pag.* 325. It ſeems to have been a vulgar opinion among the moderns, (at leaſt, among the modern commentators) that Virgil was a rough-looking, ſlovenly man. To overturn this opinion, I ſhould not alledge Urſini's gem, which has ſo often been called a head of Virgil: both becauſe there is a great deal of reaſon to think,

quently ran into the ſhops to prevent being gazed at in the ſtreets of Rome; yet ſo honoured by the Romans,

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think, that it is falſely attributed to him; and becauſe we have pictures of Virgil drawn at full length, and much leſs to be diſputed. What I mean are two pictures, placed before two of his Eclogues, in one of thoſe old manuſcripts of his works, in the Vatican library. You ſee him there repreſented with a ſweet, modeſt countenance, and dreſſed particularly neat. Theſe pictures, if you will allow of their authority, (and I know of no other that can pretend to near ſo good an one) may ſerve perhaps to give us the true ſenſe of an expreſſion in Statius, and to ſave a paſſage in Horace from the miſrepreſentations of his commentators. Statius, in ſpeaking of Virgil, applies the epithet of *torvus* to him; whence ſome have been apt to imagine, that Virgil had a ſtern or ſour look. But if one ought to truſt more to this picture than to the commentators, we ſhould perhaps underſtand that expreſſion of his writings rather than of his perſonage, with which it will by no means agree: whereas if it be applied to his works, it may ſignify the dignity and majeſty of them, which will agree with the context, and the occaſion on which Statius uſes that expreſſion, as much as in the other ſenſe it would be foreign to both. The paſſage I had in my eye from Horace, is where that poet is ſpeaking of a man who had ſome little faults, mixed with more material excellencies, which might well enough conceal them, at leaſt to every good-natured obſerver. The faults or defects he mentions are, that he was a little too paſſionate, ſomewhat ungenteel in his converſation, and ill-dreſſed. Here, ſay the commentators, one ſees an inſtance of the ſly way that Horace had of touching on the faults of his beſt friends, even whilſt he is commending them; and the friend here touched upon they will have to be Virgil. The lines are as follows:

Iracundior eſt paulo; minùs aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum: rideri poſſit, eò quod
Ruſticius tonſo toga deſluit, & male laxus
In pede calceus hæret———

Hor. Lib. i. Sat. iii. 32.

that

that coming once into the theatre, the whole audience roſe out of reſpect to him. His voice was muſical, and his elocution marvellouſly proper, and pathetic. He was of a thoughtful and melancholy temper, ſpoke little, and loved retirement and contemplation, and was an enemy to thoſe talkative impertinents, from which no court (not even that of Auguſtus) could be free. He had a heart full of tenderneſs and ſenſibility, and formed for all the delicate feelings of love and friendſhip. His fortune was not only eaſy, but affluent: he had a delightful villa in Sicily, and a fine houſe and well-furniſhed library near Mæcenas's gardens on the Eſquiline hill at Rome.

But ah! Mæcenas is yclad in clay,
And great Auguſtus long ygo is dead,
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for poets on to play:

ſays an exquiſite poet, who wanted ſuch encouragement as Virgil met with; and who adds, in a noble ſtrain, that, if he had been encouraged,

Thou kenſt not, Percie, how the rime ſhould rage!
O if my temples were diſtain'd with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wild ivy-twine,
How I could rear the muſe on ſtately ſtage,
And teach her tread aloft in buſkin fine,
With queint Bellona in her equipage!
Spenſer's October.

Juvenal ſays finely, that we ſhould have wanted the ſtrongeſt paintings, the nobleſt ſtrokes of imagination in all the Æneid, if Virgil had not been bleſs'd with the comforts and conveniencies of life.

Magnæ mentis opus, nec de lodice parandâ
Sollicitæ, currus & equos, faciesque deorum
Aſpicere

Aſpicere, & qualis Rutulum confundat Erinnys.
Nam ſi Virgilio puer, & tolerabile deſit
Hoſpitium, caderent omnes ex crinibus hydri,
Surda nihil gemeret grave buccina——

Sat. vii. ver. 71.

He uſed to reviſe his verſes with a judicious ſeverity, to dictate a great number of lines in the morning, and to ſpend the reſt of the day in correcting them, and reducing them to a leſs number. He compared himſelf to a ſhe-bear which licks her cubs into ſhape. This was alſo the practice of our great Milton. His behaviour was ſo benevolent, gentle, and inoffenſive, that moſt of his cotemporary poets (even the *genus irritabile vatum*) tho' they envied and maligned each other, agreed in loving and eſteeming him. Yet that age, polite as it was, could have furniſhed ſome heroes for a Dunciad, a Bavius, a Mævius, and a Corvilius Pictor, who joined in traducing our Poet. But as an equivalent, Horace addreſſed two odes to him, and frequently mentions him with particular tenderneſs and eſteem. In his entertaining journey to Brunduſium, whither he went to meet Mæcenas, Cocceius, Capito Fonteius, and other accompliſhed wits, he tells us,

Plotius & Varius Sinueſſæ Virgiliuſque
Occurrunt; animæ quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit, neque queis me ſit devinctior alter:
O qui complexus & gaudia quanta fuerunt!
Nil ego contulerim jucundo ſanus amico.

Lib. i. Sat. 5.

I have often thought what a delightful evening this cluſter of poetical friends muſt have ſpent at Sinueſſa!

With regard to the characteriſtical difference between Virgil and Homer (on which ſo many fruitleſs and furious diſputes have been raiſed) it may with truth be affirmed, that the former

former excelled all mankind in JUDGMENT, and the latter in INVENTION. Methinks the two Poets (ſays Mr. Pope) reſemble the heroes they celebrate; Homer, boundleſs and irreſiſtible as Achilles, bears all before him, and ſhines more and more, as the tumult increaſes: Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undiſturbed in the midſt of the action, diſpoſes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. Or when we look on their machines, Homer ſeems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, ſhaking Olympus, ſcattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens: Virgil like the ſame Power in his benevolence, counſelling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

By way of concluſion to this life, I will add ſome beautiful verſes, which I wonder to find omitted in all our late editions; as their purity and ſimple elegance may juſtly induce one to ſuppoſe they came from the hand of Virgil.

DEDICATIO ÆNEIDOS.

AD VENEREM.

Si mihi ſuſceptum fuerit decurrere munus,
O Venus, O ſedes quæ colis Idalias!
Troius Æneas Romana per oppida digno
Jam tandem ut tecum carmine vectus eat;
Non ego thure modo aut pactâ tua templa tabellâ
Ornabo, & puris ſerta feram manibus;
Corniger hos aries humiles & maxima taurus
Victima ſacrato tinget odore focos;
Marmoreuſque tibi diverſicoloribus alis
Interior picta ſtabit amor pharetra;
Adſis, O Cytherea! tuus te Cæſar olympo,
Et Surrentini littoris ora vocat.

P. VIRGILII

P. VIRGILII MARONIS VITA PER ANNOS DIGESTA.

V. C. Varr. 684. Cat. 682.

M. Licinius Craſſus. Cn. Pompeius Magnus Coſſ.
a. C. 70. Virgilii I.

His Coſſ. et quidem Idibus Octobribus, natum eſſe Virgilium tradunt ad vnum omnes. Conſentiunt et in hoc, Andes, agri Mantuani vicum, ei natale ſolum fuiſſe. De patre eiusque nomine vt et de matre multa ineptiunt Grammatici. Patrem Virgilium Maronem, matrem Maiam fuiſſe dubitari nequit. Nomen et Virgilius et Vergilius ſcribitur. Sed videamus de ſingulis.

Coſſ. laudatos non modo Pſeudodonatus diſerte memorat, et Phocas v. 20. 21. verum etiam Hieronymus in Chronic. Euſeb. p. 151. et p. 40. (ed. 1658.) *Virgilius Maro in pago, qui Andes dicitur, haud procul a Mantua, naſcitur, Pompeio et Craſſo Coſſ.* cf. Scalig. Animadu. p. 152 b. Nam Graeca reſpicienda non ſunt, in quibus p. 259 ſequenti anno adſcriptum eſt: Βιργίλιος ἐγεννήθη. quod idem ſequuntur Chronicon Paſchale ſ. Faſti Siculi p. 184. C. Idatius Faſtis Conſular. a. 685. Apud eundem Hieronymum ad Olymp. 177, 3. is annus recte refertur. Phlegon Trallianus in Olympicorum et Chronicorum collectione apud Photium Biblioth. XCVII. p. 267, 25. ed. Rothomag. vbi de Olymp. 177, 3. καὶ Οὐεργίλιος Μάρων, ὁ ποιητὴς, ἐγεννήθη τότε τῷ ἔτει, εἰδοις Ὀκτωβρίαις.

Andes Hieronymus l. l. et Donatus aliique memorant.

Andino

Andino vico, inquit Probus, *qui abeſt a Mantua millia paſſuum III.* Situs huius vici incertus eſt. Mantuani tamen eum eſſe contendunt, qui nunc duo millia paſſuum ab vrbe diſſitus, vulgo dicitur Petolo. v. Cluver. Ital. ant. p. 257. Ex more tamen ſatis frequenti inter veteres, de quo vel Catulli exemplo conſtat, qui, in inſula Benaci Sirmione natus, Veronenſis appellatur, Virgilii origines ad Mantuam ipſam referuntur, vt ab ipſo poeta factum eſſe videtur Ge. III, 10. alia aliorum loca v. ap. Cluuer. l. l. *Venetum* appellat apud Macrobium Euangelus, Sat. V, 2. ſed cum irriſione, vt ſcilicet tanto magis eum a cultu Graecarum litterarum alienum fingeret; niſi ſecundum poſterioris Venetiae fines dictum exiſtimes, qui ad Adduum vſque flumen extendebantur. Phocas Grammaticus in Vita Virgil. 21. *Vatem Etruſcum* appellat, et v. 5. *Aemula Virgilium tellus niſi Tuſca dediſſet.* Poſſit id ad origines Mantuae referri; ſed vix tam docte ſcribere voluit Phocas.

De Idibus Octobr. non modo ex Phlegonte l. l. verum etiam ex Martiale XII, 68. conſtat: *Octobres Maro conſecrauit Idus.* Adde Auſon. Idyll. V, 26. A viris doctis eas inter dies feſtos habitas fuiſſe, cum ex illis locis apparet, tum Silii Italici exemplo apud Plin. Epiſt. III, 7. *multum vbique — imaginum, quas non habebat modo, verum etiam venerabatur; Virgilii ante omnes, cuius natalem religioſius quam ſuum celebrabat.* Natum Virgilium, cum Sol ex Virgine in Chelas receptus eſſet, h. in locum Librae deinceps deſtinatum, Phocas v. 21. 22. memorat. Auguſti aeuo Sol Libram adibat Kal. XII Octobr.

De ſcriptura nominis digladiati ſunt inter ſe cum veteres tum recentiores Grammatici. Lapides et codices vtrumque exhibent. Etiam Graeci modo Οὐιργίλιος modo Οὐεργίλιος ſcribunt: et *Vergilius*, Mediceus, Pierii Romanus, et vetuſtiſſimum Fragm. Aſpri apud Benedictinos *Nouv. Tr. de Diplomat.* T. III. p. 152. Ceterum vide, ſi tanti eſt, Corrad. in Vita Virgilii pr. adde quos

laudat

laudat Fabric. Biblioth. lat. Vol. II. p. 226. Burmann. V. C. Anthолog. T. I. p. 399. Pierius, Cerda, Burman. ad Virgil. Ge. IV. extr. Ruaeus Vita Virgilii pr. Nomini in veteribus nonnullis libris *Parthenius* additur.

Parentes Virgilius honeſtos quidem, quales nobiles noſtros villaticos, ſed tamen obſcuros et in agro ſuo colendo vitam agentes habuit. Vnde ductum illud ap. Macrob. V, 2. *Vnde enim Veneto ruſticis parentibus nato, inter ſiluas et frutices educto, vel leuis Graecarum notitia litterarum*; cum ironia dictum, vt ſignificet, immo vero longe maximam ſcientiam ei fuiſſe. Quod autem figulum patrem eſſe narrant, id vereor ne inepti monachi a filio carmina fingente duxerint: vti altera narratio de patre mercenario non aliunde nata, quam quod Tityrum in prima Ecloga Virgilii patrem nonnulli tradiderant.

V. C. 689.
L. Aurelius Cotta. L. Manlius Torquatus,
a. C. 65. *Virgilii* $\frac{5}{6}$.

Q. Horatius Flaccus naſcitur VI. Id. Decemb. Sueton. in ei. Vita.

V. C. 696.
L. Calpurnius Piſo. A. Gabinius.
a. C. 58. *Virgilii* $\frac{12}{13}$.

Hieronymus in Chron. Euſeb. p. 151 ad Olymp. 180, 3. adeoque h. a. *Virgilius Cremonae ſtudiis eruditur.* Aliter Donatus § 6. Profectum tamen hinc eſſe videtur, quod recentiores nonnulli ſcriptores de ludo litterario publico, qui Romanorum tempore Cremonae floruerit, memorant, v. c. Ludou. Cauitellius Cremonenſ. Annal. p. 1262. A. T. III. Theſ. Ant. Ital.

De magiſtris Virgilii vix quicquam certi tradi poteſt. Quae ſiue Grammaticorum fidei, ſiue doctorum virorum coniecturis debentur, ad Donatum reiecta ſunt ad § 7 et 79.

Ceterum

Ceterum etsi de magistris Virgilii et disciplina non satis constet, et eum obscuro loco natum esse satis appareat, liberali tamen institutione eum vsum et cum viris doctis et elegantibus versatum esse, tota ingenii eius in carminibus expressa venustas satis prodit. Ex humili enim et sordida vita et consuetudine nemo facile generosi poetae spiritus sumit.

V. C. 699.

Cn. Pompeius Magnus II. M. Licinius Crassus II.

a. C. 55. *Virgilii* $\frac{15}{16}$.

Hoc anno virilem togam sumsit Virgilius, si verum est, quod a Donato § 6. memoratur, iisdem, quibus natus erat, Coss. id factum esse. Et anno fere XV vel XVI ea sumebatur. v. Norisi. Cenotaph. Pisan. p. 115 sq. et passim alios. vt Masson. in Vita Horatii et Ouidii.

V. C. 701.

Cn. Domitius Calvinus. M. Valerius Messala.

a. C. 53. *Virgilii* $\frac{17}{18}$.

Hieronymus Chron. Euseb. ad Olymp. 181, 4: *Virgilius sumta toga Mediolanum transgreditur: et post breue tempus Romam pergit.* At Donatus § 7: *Sed Virgilius Cremona Mediolanum, et inde paullo post Neapolin transiit — se in Vrbem contulit.* Vter verius dixerit, quis definire ausit? Forte ne Romam quidem omnino tum adiit; aut, si adiit, in agrum suum mox se contulit, quod inter belli ciuilis initia factum esse probabile fit.

V. C. 709.

C. Iulius Caesar IV. sine Collega.

a. C. 45. *Virgilii* $\frac{26}{27}$.

Alexin hoc anno scriptum coniicit, primam certe omnium Eclogarum fuisse contendit Martinus in vita Virg. p. XXXIV et ad Ecl. V, 86. Ex verbis enim huius eclogae: *Hac te nos fragili donabimus ante cicuta;*

Haec nos, Formoſum Corydon ardebat Alexin, Haec eadem docuit: Cuium pecus, an Meliboei? eclogam ſecundam et tertiam ante quintam fuiſſe ſcriptam apparet. Videtur autem quinto anno 712 edita eſſe, vt mox videbimus, vt adeo hoc certe anno anterior ſit Alexis. Iam autem Martinus et hoc ponit, Virgilium Caeſari notum fuiſſe, idque haud dubie carmine aliquo, quod ipſum carmen *Alexin* fuiſſe ſuſpicatur, adeoque in hunc annum reiicit; ſequenti enim anno occiſus fuit Caeſar. Vides, vt ſuſpicio ex ſuſpicione necti ſoleat. Eſt tamen Eclogae II cum argumentum tum tota tractatio, quod facile, ſi ſenſum tuum, non opinionem, audias, eiuſmodi, vt non facile, niſi in iuuenile ingenium, cadere poſſit.

V. C. 710.

C. Iulius Caeſar V. M. Antonius.

a. C. 44. *Virgilii* $\frac{26}{27}$.

Idibus Martiis Caeſar occiditur. Varia poſt eius mortem prodigia, inprimis Sol toto anno pallidior. v. Plutarch. Caeſ. extr. Ea commemorat Virgilius Ge. I, 466 ſqq. vbi cf. not. Octauius teſtamento Caeſaris ex dodrante heres inſtitutus et in familiam Caeſaris nomenque adoptatus Apollonia Romam rediit, cum autem Antonium iniquiorem in ſe eſſe videret, Optimatibus ſeſe adiunxit. Apolloniae, quae Epiri vrbs eſt, quo a Caeſare ad Parthos profecturo praemiſſus fuerat, ſubſtiterat, ſtudiisque vacauerat. Sueton. Octau. c. 8.

V. C. 711.

C. Vibius Panſa. A. Hirtius.

C. Iulius Caeſar Octauianus. Q. Pedius ſuffecti.

a. C. 43. *Virgilii* $\frac{27}{28}$.

Bellum Mutinenſe, quo, cum totam Galliam Ciſalpinam, tum agrum Mantuanum, adeoque Virgilii poſſeſſiones valde afflictas fuiſſe neceſſe eſt. Ex V. Kal. Decembr. M. Lepidus, M. Antonius, C. Caeſar Octauianus

tauianus Triumuiros reip. conſtituendae in quinque annos ſe renuntiant, proſcriptorum tabulas proponunt, inter quos a. d. VII. Id. Dec. Cicero occiditur.

In prouinciarum diſtributione, quum Africam, Siciliam, Sardiniam reliquasque eius maris inſulas Caeſar Octauianus, Hiſpanias cum Gallia Narbonenſi Lepidus, reliquas Gallias Antonius obtinuiſſet, v. Appian. Ciuil. IV. p. 953. 954. ager Mantuanus M. Antonii ſorti acceſſerat. Miſerat hic in has terras Aſinium Pollionem, qui vſque ad a. 714. Galliam Ciſalpinam in Antonii fide continuit. cf. inf. ad 713.

Ad hunc porro annum *Palaemonem*, Eclogam III refert Martinus *Life of Virgil* p. XLIV et ad Ecl. V, 86. quoniam in ea Pollio et primus et ſolus poetae laudibus ornatur. Ex iis, quae modo dicta ſunt, coniecturam elegantiſſimi viri alioqui leuiſſimam firmare poſſis, certe hoc impetrare, mature in Aſinii Pollionis notitiam veniſſe poetam, cum is per eos annos in illis Italiae partibus degeret. Cur mihi inter prima poetae tentamina referenda videatur Ecloga III. ea eſt cauſſa, quod iuuenilem meditationem et exercitationem non obſcure prodat; eſt enim ex Theocriteis Idylliis IV et V vnice conuerſa aut adumbrata.

Iulio Caeſari Virgilium innotuiſſe et carum fuiſſe, ex Ecl. V, 52. *amauit nos quoque Daphnis*, contendunt; Daphnidem enim Iulium Caeſarem eſſe volunt. cf. ibid. argument. item Martinum in Vita Virgil. p. XXXIV et ad Ecl. V, 52. Idem vir doctus verſum illum ad ſtudium Caeſaris in Mantuanos referebat, quibus, cum reteris Galliae Tranſpadanae vrbibus, ciuitatem dediſſe memorat Dio XLI, 36.

Lepida Grammaticorum fabula eſt de Ecloga ſexta *in theatro a Cytheride mima cantata*, quam cum Cicero audiret, magnam Virgilii famam praeſagiſſe fertur. v. Donat. § 41. Seru. ad Ecl. VI, 11.

Hoc anno ad XIII. Kal. April. (XX. Martii) Ouidius

dius natus est; nec multo ante Propertius; Tibullus autem iam ante 705 natus erat; quanquam alii eius natales ad a. 690. Propertii autem ad a. 697 referre volunt.

V. C. 712.
M. Aemilius Lepidus II. L. Munatius Plancus.
a. C. 42. *Virgilii* $\frac{28}{29}$.

Triumuiri Caesari diuinos honores decernunt. Kal. Ianuariis in eius acta iurant. Sacellum ei tanquam heroi in foro faciunt, et quae id genus plura apud Dionem XLVII, 18. 19 memorantur. A quo inde tempore *Diui filius* Octauianus dici coepit, de quo nomine satis copiose agit Heins. ad Aen. VI, 793. Anno fere exeunte pugnatur ad Philippos in ea Macedoniae parte sitos, quae olim ad Thraciam pertinebat. Brutus et Cassius se sua manu interficiunt. M. Antonius ad res Asiae constituendas discedit. Octauianus in Italiam redit, ad agros et praemia inter veteranos distribuenda.

Ad Caesaris consecrationem nobiles illi versus spectant Aen. I, 290. 294. *Nascetur pulchra Troianus origine Caesar* etc. et VI, 790. *hic Caesar, et omnis Iuli Progenies magnum caeli ventura sub axem.*

De eadem consecratione seu apotheosi cum agere vulgo existimetur *Daphnis*, Ecloga V. Martino *Life of Virgil* p. XLVI et ad Ecl. V, 86. 20. 52. IX, 10. hoc ipso anno ea scripta fuisse videtur; vt adeo Octauiano Caesari iam tum commendatus esse videri debeat; id quod hoc ipso carmine factum coniicit Martinus ib. p. LI. Si mihi haec coniectura de anno, quo scripta sit Ecloga V. firmanda esset, aliud aliquanto firmius argumentum afferre possem. In IX Ecl. v. 19. 20. *Quis caneret nymphas? quis humum florentibus herbis Spargeret? aut viridi fontes induceret umbra?* haud dubie ad Ecl. V, 20. 40 respicitur; eam itaque nona, quam a. 713 scriptam esse liquido constat, priorem esse, necesse est.

De pugna ad Philippos v. Ge. I, 489 sqq.

V. C.

V. C. 713.

P. Seruilius Vatia Isauricus II. L. Antonius.

a. C. 41. *Virgilii* $\frac{29}{30}$.

Octauianus Caesar Romam reuersus dum veteranis praemia persoluere eosque in agros municipales Italiae a Triumviris promissos deducere instituit, ingentes per Italiam turbas, partim eorum, qui possessionibus suis eiiciebantur, indignatione, partim militum effreni cupiditate et audacia, de qua v. Appian. p. 1082 sqq. Dionem Cass. XLVII, 17. excitari videt. Qua de re v. Argumentum Ecl. I. Latissime autem calamitas illa et ad quamplurimos pertinere debuit, maximaeque fortunarum conuersiones videntur esse insequutae, vnde et Antonius apud Appianum p. 1075 dicere potuit, Octauianum in Italiam isse, si res dicenda sit, tamquam omnem Italiam sedibus suis emoturum, ἀναστήσων τὴν Ἰταλίαν. Vix enim est ex ea aetate poeta, aut scriptor, qui non communi clade afflictum se memoret. Hinc Tibulli *felix quondam, nunc pauper ager*, I, 1, 19-23. cf. IV, 1, 183-190. Propertius de se IV, 1, 129. *Nam tua cum multi versarent rura iuuenci, Abstulit excultas pertica tristis opes.* Valerius Cato in Diris v. 45. *Pertica, quae nostris metata est impia agellos.* Dum Fuluia, M. Antonii vxor, coloniarum deductionem in viri aduentum differendam esse contendit, L. Antonius, Marci frater, Consul, nouas et ipse res molitur, et partim iis, qui praediis et agris suis exciderant, opem suam pollicendo, partim Caesarem ad veteranos criminando, magnum exercitum comparat, bellumque in Caesarem mouet.

In illa agraria largitione (non enim ad aliam trahi posse, quamquam res probatione vix eget, Ruaeus probauit ad Virgilii Vitam 713) etiam Virgilius agros suos paternos amisit. Etsi enim Mantuani nihil in Triumuiros commiserant, magna tamen agrorum suorum parte multati sunt, quoniam, vt aiunt, Cremonensium, qui Bruti et Cassii partes sequuti erant, agri proscripti veteranorum

norum cohortibus, quae eo deductae erant, non sufficiebant. Iam Virgilium Romam profectum Octauiani liberalitate agros suos recepisse, cum autem Mantuam rediisset, nouam veteranorum iniuriam expertum esse, ex Ecloga I et IX satis apparet. Confirmat Martialis VIII, 56. *Iugera perdiderat* (Virgilius) *miserae vicina Cremonae, Flebat et abductas Tityrus aeger oues. Risit Tuscus eques* etc. Videamus nunc ea, quae a Grammaticis, pleraque fide incerta, traduntur.

Si Seruianis laciniis ad Ecl. IX, 7. fides habenda, in his Italiae partibus *Octauius Musa, limitator ab Augusto datus — quindecim millia passuum agri Mantuani* militibus assignarat, *cum Cremonensis non sufficeret; offensus a Mantuanis, quod pecora eius in agro publico aliquando clausissent.* Alphenum tamen Varum metatorem edit alia in iisdem alterius, vt videtur, Grammatici lacinia ad v. 10. *Quod alii dicunt Virgilium ostendere voluisse, quod Mantuanis per iniquitatem Alpheni Vari, qui agros diuisit, praeter palustria nihil relictum sit; sicut ex oratione Cornelii in Alphenum ostenditur:* "Cum iussus tria millia passus a muro in "diuersa relinquere, vt octingentos passus aquae, qua "circumdata est, admetireris, reliquisti." Praeclarus locus, modo non esset mutilus. Asinium Pollionem in his terris cum imperio esse supra vidimus. Et sane hunc distribuendis agris praefuisse, alia Seruianae compilationis loca affirmant: ad Ecl. II, 1: *Pollio, qui eo tempore Transpadanam Italiae partem tenebat et agris praerat diuidundis.* Et Donatus in Vita Virgilii § 36: *Hic* Pollio *Transpadanam prouinciam regebat, cuius fauore, cum veteranis — agri distribuerentur, suos Virgilius non amisit. Facta enim distributione, suos seu Claudio seu Arrio datos recuperauit.* Non facile itaque assequaris, quemadmodum idem negotium ad Alfenum Varum referri aliis in locis possit. Sed forte ea loca rem expedient, in quibus Alfenus Varus Pollioni fugato successisse traditur. Seru. ad Ecl. IX, 29. *Sane blanditur Alfeno Varo, qui, Pollione*

fugato, legatus Transpadanis praepositus est ab Augusto; et ad Ecl. VI, 6. *Alii fuso fugatoque Asinio Pollione, ab Augusto Alfenum Varum legatum substitutum, qui Transpadanae prouinciae et agris diuidendis praeesset, qui curauit, ne ager, qui Virgilio restitutus fuerat, a veteranis auferretur.* Habere nos putabo aliquid, quod sequi possimus, modo Pollionem eo anno fugatum esse probabile fieri poterit. Erat is M. Antonii amicus; et statim a triumuiratus inde pactione V. C. 711. Galliae Cisalpinae ab Antonio praefectus fuerat. (cf. Martin. p. XLIII). hoc anno, 713 Octauiani copias ab Alpium transitu prohibuisse memoratur, v. Appian. p. 1088. et in bello Perusiano eius sit inter duces Antonianos mentio, qui Saluidienum e Galliis Octauiano copias adducentem persequebantur, et L. Antonio suppetias ferre cunctabantur, ibid. p. 1097 sqq. Quum L. Antonius anno sequenti se dedidisset, cum iis, quas habebat, copiis Pollio profectus est, vt Antonio in Italiam venienti occurreret; in itinere Domitium cum copiis sibi adiunxit. v. Appian. p. 1113. 1114. Vellei. II, 76. *Nam Pollio Asinius cum septem legionibus diu retenta in potestate Antonii Venetia, magnis speciosisque rebus circa Altinum aliasque eius regionis vrbes editis Antonium petens, vagum adhuc Domitium — iunxit Antonio.* Potuit itaque inter has rerum vicissitudines fieri, vt Pollio ex agris Transpadanis expelleretur.

Haberet hoc aliquam veri speciem; sed tum in Alfeno Varo nouae difficultates oriuntur, quem nobilem ICtum male nobis Grammatici in haec tempora intrudere videntur. v. argum. Ecl. VI. si tamen satis se vel de quocunque alio Varo ea narratio probauerit, tum alius ex Seruiano centone locus non tam falsi conuincitur, quam innuere videtur, plures in iis regionibus Triumuirorum negotia curasse: ad Ecl. VI. 64. *Gallus—qui et a Triumuiris praepositus fuit ad exigendas pecunias ab his municipiis, quorum agri in Transpadana regione non diuidebantur.* Ceterum vides, hic omnem illam licentiam iam tum viguisse,

quam nos ſuperiori bello novo aliquo militum acumine ad deſpoliandos homines increbruiſſe putabamus.

Virgilium Romam diſcedentem, nam ipſum Romam abiiſſe, ex iis, quae Tityrus de ſe narrat Ecl. I, 20 ſqq. contendunt, vt agros recuperaret, Octauiano Caeſari commendatum eſſe, omnes fere tradunt; ſed alii ab Aſinio Pollione, v. Seru. ad Ecl. IX, 11. Donat. Vit. § 36. alii ab Alfeno Varo, alii a Gallo, vt modo vidimus, cf. Donat. § 30. 96. alii cum Martiale VIII, 56. niſi is craſſius loquutus eſſe videri poteſt, a Maecenate id factum eſſe memorant. Scilicet, vt iam Ruaeo viſum eſt, cum Pollioni primum poeta innotuiſſet, ab hoc Maecenati commendari, huiusque ſtudio in Octauiani amicitiam venire potuit. Sed ſatis eſt, ſi teneas, poetam his viris omnibus mature gratum et carum fuiſſe.

Recuperato agro, Eclogam loco, non tempore primam, ſi ſupra memorata recte ſe habent, ſcriptam eſſe, dubitari nequit. Obtinet tamen vulgaris opinio, anno hoc 713. aetatis 29. eum Bucolica ſcribere aggreſſum eſſe. Quod quidem conſilium poetam Pollionis maxime auctoritate et hortatu ſuſcepiſſe, inter Grammaticos fama tenet. v. Donat. Vit. § 36. Iidem ex loco primo, quem Ecloga Tityrus tenet, omnium etiam tempore primam ſcriptam, et calamitate amiſſi agri adductum Virgilium primum poeticen aggreſſum (v. Phocas v. 67 ſqq. Donatus § 91 etc.) eſſe putabant; ſcilicet vt ne vnus aliquis poeta eſſet, quem non fames et miſeria ad verſus ſcribendos pepuliſſet.

Cum Virgilius Mantuam redux agros ſuos a veteranis qui eos occuparant, vindicaret, nouam iniuriam accepit, vt adeo fuga vitae conſulere neceſſe haberet. Patet id ex Ecl. IX, quam tum Romam, vt aiunt, regreſſus, vt denuo Octauiani opem imploraret, Varo obtuliſſe videri poteſt; quanquam in ipſo carmine nihil ea de re praeter honorificam Vari mentionem v. 27. 35. occurrit. v. Argum. Ecl. IX. Non male hoc Ruaeus ipſa carminis forma, quae ſubitariam operam ſatis prodit, confirmari putat.

Menalcan

Menalcan in eo carmine Virgilium intelligendum esse, iam Quinctilianus monuit Inst. VIII, 6, 47. Veteranus, cuius audaciae et furori Virgilius vix fuga se subducere potuit, ab aliis Arrius centurio, ab aliis Clodius, a Probo Milenus seu Milienus Toro primipilaris fuisse traditur. Sed de his disputationem ad Donatum § 31 reiecimus.

Iniuriam hanc poetam non nisi Asinio Pollione fugato, expertum esse, narratur in Seru. ad Ecl. IX, 11. *quo*, Pollione, *fugato*, *rursus de praediis suis fuerat Virgilius expulsus*.

Si quaeras, qua ratione poeta iterum in agros suos reductus fuerit, Seruium habes Comment. in Bucol. pr. § 14 narrantem: *Postea ab Augusto missis triumuiris, et ipsi integer ager est redditus, et Mantuanis pro parte.* In quam sententiam idem ibid. interpretatur versus 11 sqq. Ecl, IX. Vix tamen illud hoc ipso anno fieri potuit, quo bellum Perusinum exarsit, quo late Italia conflagraret; itaque rebus demum pactione Brundisina a. 714 compositis id esse factum, rectius ponit Martinus p. LI.

Mantuanis autem simul in Virgilii gratiam agrorum partem restitutam fuisse, satis probabile fit ex Ecl. IX, 7—10. cf, Seru. ad. V. 10.

V. C. 714.

Cn. Domitius Caluinus II. C. Asinius Pollio.

Suffecti sub exitum anni: *

L. Cornelius Balbus. P. Canidius.

a. C. 40. *Virgilii* $\frac{30}{31}$.

Bellum Perusinum. Octauianus L. Antonium Perusiamque vrbem deditione accipit. Cum, M. Antonii in Italiam aduentu, maxima omnium, ne bellum recrudesceret, sollicitudo esset, L. Cocceio, communi amico, cum vtroque agente, et Maecenate et Pollione adhibitis,

* Apud Gruter. p. C. 8. Marmor visitur, a. d. IV. Id. Octobr. Cn. Domitio et C. Asinio Coss. inscriptum.

(Appian.

(Appian. p. 1126. Dio XLVII, 28.) pace Brundiſina, amicitia inter Octauianum et Antonium iterum coaluit; ad quam tanto magis firmandam M. Antonius Octauiam, Octauiani ſororem, cuius maritus nuper obierat, vxorem duxit. Mox cum Sext. Pompeius, qui claſſibus mare tenebat, commeatu vrbem intercluderet, fame vrgente, de pace cum Sexto agi coeptum eſt. Iam quae ex his huius anni actis ad Virgilium pertineant, paullo curatius videamus.

Peruſia capta, tota ſimul Gallia Ciſalpina cum reliquis Galliis et Hiſpaniis in Caeſaris ditionem venit. v. Appian. p. 1114 extr. Itaque tum demum Virgilio agros ſuos, poſtquam eos iterum amiſerat, reſtitutos eſſe, credere licet. Teſtificandae ſuae laetitiae gratacque voluntatis cauſſa in Vari honorem, cuius opera ſecundum Ecl. IX, 27 ſqq. ea res perfecta fuerat, *Eclogam ſextam* tum ſcriptam eſſe, opinatur Martinus *Life of Virgil* p. LVI et p. 149. Fuiſſe, qui ſextam omnium primo loco ſcriptam eſſe dicerent, Donatus in Vita § 102 narrat; ſed eos mala primi verſus: *Prima Syracoſio dignata eſt ludere verſu* — acceptione inductos fuiſſe vix dubites. Aliam rationem, quare ante Tityrum Silenus ſcriptus eſſe debuerit, Catroeus ex eo petebat, quoniam ſecundum Donatum et Seruium a Cytheride in ſcena Cicerone adhuc audiente ea recitata fuerit. Sic eam ante a. 711 quo Cicero ex proſcriptione interfectus eſt, editam fuiſſe, neceſſe eſſet. At de Cicerone illam Eclogam recitari audiente, exploſa iam ſupra ad Donat. § 41 eſt fabula.

Ad firmandam pacem Brundiſii inter Caeſarem et M. Antonium factam Octauiam Antonio in matrimonium datam eſſe diximus. v. Dio XLVIII, 31. Appian. p. 1126 ſqq. Erat autem Octauia e priore marito, C. Claudio Marcello, grauida, vt Dio l. l. memorat. Cuius laudatiſſimae feminae, (de qua v. Baylium, nec non Froelichium in Mantiſſa Numiſm. rar. in Gorii Symbolis litt. T. VII p. 123. vbi Tiberii Caeſaris numus cum Octauiae

et

et Auguſti ore exhibetur) conſilio et prudentia cum omnes boni pacem et concordiam tandem ſtabilitam et firmiſſimo vinculo coagmentatam crederent, cumque eius cum Antonio coniugium magna populi laetitia et acclamatione exceptum eſſet, videtur ſane *Eclogae IV* argumentum et ſcriptio ad h. a. referenda eſſe, vt infans ille naſciturus, cuius in eo carmine tam praeclara fata ominatur poeta, nullus alius ſit, quam is, quem Octauia tum vtero gerebat. Quamuis autem difficile ſit dicere, quomodo de Marcelli poſthumo, ſiue is ex Catroei, Martini et Spencii opinione Polymet. p. 189. 86. idem ille M. Marcellus, qui immatura morte V. C. 731 obiit, (ad quem annum vide) ſiue alius minor natu fuit, tot et tanta ad ſummam rerum ſpectantia augurari tum aliquis potuerit; cum tamen infans ille ex Octauiani ſorore natus et ab Antonio aliquando adoptatus, de quo forte iam tum conuenerat, ad ſummas opes peruenturus eſſe videretur, potuit poeta laetitiae publicae impetum ſequi, et rem ſententiis exornare et amplificare, quas poetica ratio ſuppeditabat, inprimis, quum Sibyllinum oraculum, quod ſequeretur, haberet, et Sileno, quae dicebat, tribueret. Hoc certe anno, pace iam confecta, Eclogam hanc ſcriptam eſſe, dubitari nequit; quum Pollioni Conſuli inſcripta ſit v. 3. 11. 12. orbe iam pacato v. 17. Cf. Argum. illius Eclogae vbi et illud notatum, male multos arbitrari, Pollioni filium natum eo carmine poetam gratulari. Secundum hos Hieronymus Chron. Euſeb. MMXXX dixit. *C. Aſinius Gallus, Orator, Aſinii Pollionis filius*, cuius etiam Virgilius meminit, *diris a Tiberio ſuppliciis enecatur.*

Non modo Brundiſinam, verum etiam Puteolanam pacem iam tum confectam fuiſſe, quum ea Ecloga ſcriberetur, Ruaeus cum aliis memorat, vt vere totus orbis pacatus videri poſſet. Enimuero non niſi ineunte anno ſequenti, quum adeo Pollio iamdudum Conſulatu abierat, illa pax eſt compoſita, quum Caeſar et Antonius Pompeium

peium apud Miſenum conueniſſent, v. Dio XLVIII, 31 extr. 36. Nam Appianus temporum ordinem non ſatis accurate ſequitur, quum etiam poſt iſta p. 1135 extr. ea commemoret, quae anno ſuperiore peracta fuerant.

Antequam Antonius aduerſus Parthos proficiſcebatur, exercitus in hiberna deducendi partem aduerſus Parthinos, populum Illyricum, qui loca circa Epidamnum inſidebat, et Bruti cauſſae eximie fauerat, mittit. v. Appian. p. 1135. Praefecerat iis copiis Pollionem, qui rem in iis terris egregie geſſit, et anno ſequente triumphum de Parthinis egit. v. Dio XLVIII, 41. et ib. notam Fabric.

Quo in itinere aduerſus Parthinos cum Pollio eſſet, Pharmaceutria, quae eſt Ecloga VIII. ei a Virgilio miſſa fuiſſe videtur. Namque v. 6. *Tu mihi ſeu magni ſuperas iam ſaxa Timaui, Siue oram Illyrici legis aequoris.* cf. ibi notas. Ruaeus in reditu Pollionis ſcriptum carmen eſſe putabat, id quod verborum et ſententiarum ordini repugnat. Qui enim a Timauo ad Illyricum procedit, is profectionem in Illyricum facere debet, non in Italiam redire. Pollionis etiam iuſſu Eclogam perſcriptam eſſe, v. 11. 12. apparet: *iuſſis carmina coepta tuis.*

V. C. 715.

L. Marcius Cenſorinus. C. Caluiſius Sabinus.

a. C. 39. *Virgilii* $\frac{31}{32}$.

A. d. VIII. Kal. Nouembr. C. Aſinius Pollio ex Parthinis triumphat. Faſti Capitol. Chronic. Euſeb. etc. Eſt is *triumphus Dalmaticus.* cf. Flor. IV, 12. 11. Horat. Carm. II, 1, 15. 16. De captis a Pollione Salonis, Dalmatiae vrbe v. Porphyr. ad e. l. et Seru. ad Ecl. III. 88. IV, 1. VIII, 12. cf. Pighii Annal. h. a. De filio Pollionis, Salonino, ſeu Salonico, qui tamen nullus fuit, ſed nepos, eo nomine, v. Ruaeus ad Ecl. IV. pr.

Dum Pollio in apparatu triumphi cum maxime eſſet, tertiam Eclogam a Virgilio factam ex v. 84 ſqq. *Pollio amat noſtram* etc. ingenioſe colligit Ruaeus, vt de victi-

mis

mis triumphalibus in iis verſibus agatur. Sed vide ſupra ad V. C. 711.

Hoc anno Horatium Maecenati a Virgilio et Vario commendatum eſſe, Sanadonius de coniectura ponit, ex Horat. Sat. I, 6, 55. quod forte maturius factum, ſi Weſſelingii ſententia Obſſ. II, 15. vera eſt, vere huius anni, cum Antonius Athenis Brundiſium appuliſſet, vt condicta die cum Caeſare colloquium haberet, ab Agrippa et Maecenate, qui eo accurrebant, Horatium, Virgilium, Plotium ac Varium adductum fuiſſe. Qua de re v. Horat. Sat. I. 5. *Egreſſum magna* etc. inprimis v. 40. Alii ad colloquii Tarenti habiti tempus a. 717 referunt. v. Maſſon. vita Horatii ad 716. quod et ipſum *verno tempore* incidit. v. Appian. p. 1149. vt adeo Weſſelingio cur adſtipuler, nondum habeam.

V. C. 716.

App. Claudius Pulcher. C. Norbanus Flauus.
a. C. 38. *Virgilii* $\frac{32}{33}$.

Bucolicis hoc anno finem impoſitum et Eclogam adeo X conſcriptam eſſe, Ruaeus cum aliis exiſtimat; ea ſcilicet cauſſa inductus, quod Grammatici intra triennium Bucolica abſoluta fuiſſe memorant. v. Donat. Vita § 36. Phocas v. 95. Sed hominum illorum vanitas cum rerum argumentis tum iis ipſis, quae aliis locis repugnantia tradunt, facile arguitur. Nihil itaque commento illi iam Martinus tribuit in *Life of Virgil* p. LXIV. g.

At idem vir doctiſſimus p. LXIII ad hunc annum, *Meliboeum VII. Eclogam*, cuius alioqui incertum plane tempus eſt, refert, hoc vno argumento vſus, ne is annus prorſus aliquo Virgiliani ingenii monumento vacet.

V. C.

V. C. 717.
M. Vipſanius Agrippa. L. Caninius Gallus.
a. C. 37. *Virgilii* $\frac{33}{34}$.

Ad hunc annum Eclogam decimam referendam eſſe cenſet Martinus, hac de cauſſa, quoniam in eo carmine Gallo inſcripto v. 23 et 47 Lycoris in Gallias abiiſſe et alium amatorem, qui in aliquo exercitu ad Rhenum militabat, ſequuta eſſe memoratur. — *Tua cura, Lycoris, Perque niues alium perque horrida caſtra ſequuta eſt — Tu procul a patria, nec ſit mihi credere! tantum Alpinas, ah dura! niues et frigora Rheni Me ſine ſola vides.* A Iulio inde Caeſare M. Agrippa primus fuit e Romanis, qui Rhenum traiecit; idque initio huius anni factum, quo Agrippa Coſ. erat. v. Dio XLVIII, 49. Mox enim, hoc ipſo anno, a Caeſare in Italiam euocatus Agrippa, claſſique aduerſus Sext. Pompeium fabricandae exercendaeque praefectus fuit. Poſſit quidem aliquis haec alio Dionis loco labefactari putare, vbi anno 715 ineunte Octavianus Caeſar in Gallias, vt excitatos in iis motus ſedaret, profectus eſſe dicatur, lib. XLVIII, 20. cf. c. 28. pr. Appian. p. 1135. Sed primum an exercitum ſecum duxerit, non memoratum invenias, tum nec Rhenum tranſiiſſe aut ad Rhenum quicquam rerum cum geſſiſſe doceas. Quicquid ſit, probabilior haec eſt ſententia, quam illa Scaligeri, ad Hieronym. n. 1960. qui ante caedem Caeſaris Eclogam decimam publice editam eſſe debere putat, dum illam opinionem amplectitur, quintam in Caeſaris necem eſſe ſcriptam, intra triennium autem Bucolica fuiſſe abſoluta. Iam itaque ſi, quantum ſiue ex temporum notatione definire, ſiue coniectura aſſequi poſſis, ordinem Eclogarum ac tempus conſtituere velis, ante eam, quae nunc primo loco poſita eſt, *ſecundam*, *tertiam* et *quintam* ſcriptam eſſe probabile fit. Tum *prima* et *nona* anno 713. Collocat poſt hanc *ſextam* coniectura Martini. Tum anno 714 *quartam*, 715 *octauam*, vulgatam fuiſſe in confeſſo eſt; intra idem forte tempus *nona*,

nona, et 717 *decima* vltimo loco scripta fuit; vt adeo ad temporis rationem ordo hic constitui forte possit:

1	Ecloga	II.	6	Ecloga	VI.
2	—	III.	7	—	IV. 714.
3	—	V.	8	—	VIII. 715.
4	—	I. 713.	9	—	VII.
5	—	IX. eod.	10	—	X. 717.

Laudata et commendata sunt Virgilii Bucolica iam ab iis ipsis poetis, qui eadem aetate viuebant. Propertius ad eorum argumenta alludit El. II, 34, 67 sqq. vbi: *Vtque decem possint corrumpere mala puellam, Missus et impressis haedus ab vberibus. Felix, qui viles pomis mercaris amores! Huic licet ingratae Tityrus ipse canat* h. huic puellae, licet ea ingrata sit, cum tamen amores eius tam paruo emantur, ipse Tityrus canat, qui Galateam amabat, nullo ad peculium fructu, vt Ecl. I, 31 sqq. *Felix intactum Corydon qui tentat Alexin Agricolae domini carpere delicias. Quamuis ille suam lassus requiescat auenam* (igitur tum desierat scribere Bucolica) *Laudatur faciles inter Hamadryades.* Ouidius autem Am. I, 15, 25. *Tityrum* laudat, et Trist. II, 537. *Phyllidis hic idem teneroque Amaryllidis ignes Bucolicis iuuenis luserat ante modis.*

Hoc etiam anno Maecenatis iussu Virgilium Georgica exorsum esse, communis est opinio, quam tamen, si molestior sis, non facile nisi Grammaticorum auctoritate probes.

De tempore absoluti operis paullo certior nobis fides fit ex Georgicorum extr. vers. v. ad 724. Eo consilio poetam de re rustica carmen condidisse, vt hominum animos ad agrorum cultum per bella ciuilia neglectum reuocaret, docti viri coniiciunt. v. Argum. Georgicor.

Eodem anno ab Agrippa, vt recens aedificatae classes tutum receptum haberent, lacu Auerno et Lucrino cum mari commisso, portus Iulius factus est, de quo v. inprimis apud Dionem XLVIII, 50. 51. Huius operis Virgilius meminit Ge. II, 161 — 164 *An memorem portus Lucrinaque addita claustra* etc.

Antonius

Antonius cum classe ex Athenis Tarentum appulit. Tandem Octauia arbitra, Octauius vt eum conueniret, adducitur. Noua inter eos pactio fit. v. Dio XLVIII. extr. Appian. p. 1149 sqq. Eodem Maecenas properans Horatium, Virgilium, Plotium ac Varium secum adduxerat. vide supra ad a 715.

V. C. 718.

L. Gellius Poplicola. M. Cocceius Nerua.

a. C. 36. *Virgilii* $\frac{34}{35}$.

Octauianus Caesar, Sext. Pompeio pugna nauali inter Mylas et Naulochum, ad Siciliae littus, victo et Lepido in deditionem recepto, Romam reuersus immodicis honoribus affectus est. Anno suo XXVIII. inquit Appian. p. 1178, oppidatim inter deos tutelares coli coepit. Haec prima diuini honoris in eum collati mentio. v. Norisi. Cenotaph. Pisan. p. 51 sqq. Quod itaque iam ante hoc tempus a Virgilio *Deus* appellatur, Ecl. I, id fine dubio eo pertinet, quod *Diuum Iulium* patrem habebat. *Diui genus* Aen. VI, 739. cf. sup. ad 712. Summi tamen illi et exquisiti honores annis demum 724 et 725 fuere decreti. v. Dio LI, 19. 20.

V. C. 720.

L. Scribonius Libo. M. Antonius.

a. C. 34. *Virgilii* $\frac{36}{37}$.

M. Bauius poeta, quem Virgilius Bucolicis notat, in Cappadocia moritur. Hieronym. Chron. Euseb. Olymp. 186, 3.

V. C. 722.

Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus. C. Sosius.

a. C. 32. *Virgilii* $\frac{33}{39}$.

Inimicitiae inter Caesarem et M. Antonium ad bellum spectant. Magni vtrinque apparatus; de quibus versus Ge. I, 509 sqq. agere videntur: *Hinc mouet Euphrates, illinc Germania bellum; Vicinae ruptis inter se legibus vrbes Arma ferunt, saeuit toto Mars impius orbe.*

V. C. 723.
Caesar Octauianus III. M. Valerius Messala.
a. C. 31. *Virgilii* $\frac{39}{40}$.

Pugna apud Actium, Epiri promontorium, a. d. IV. Non. Septembr. cuius magnifica illa est in scuto Aeneae descriptio Aen. VIII, 671 sqq. M. Antonius victus in Aegyptum fugit.

Virgilium sequi voluisse Augustum contra Antonium ad Actiaca bella properantem, ait aliquis in Seruianis ad Ecl. III, 74. scilicet, quemadmodum Horatius Maecenati comes esse volebat Epod. I.

V. C. 724.
Caesar Octauianus V. M. Licinius Crassus.
a. C. 30. *Virgilii* $\frac{40}{41}$.

Caesar post Actiacam pugnam cum Samum insulam in hiberna se recepisset, turbatus nuntiis de seditione militum, quos confecta victoria Brundisium praemiserat, media hyeme repetit Italiam, tempestate in traiectu bis conflictatus. Nec amplius quam XXVII dies Brundisii commoratus in Asiam reuertitur. Inde spretis Antonii et Cleopatrae legationibus, Aegyptum petit, obsessaque Alexandria, quo Antonius et Cleopatra confugerant, breui potitus est.

Itaque narratio illa Donati Vita Virgilii § 42 de praelectis Caesari Atellae decumbenti Georgicis nullam fidem habet.

Aegypto in prouinciae formam redactae Cornelium Gallum, equitem R. Praefectum dedit; de quo v. ad Ecl. X et VI, 64. 72. Fontanini hist. litt. Aquilei. p. 14. 15. Fuerat huius Galli insignis opera in Aegypto recipienda. vid. Dio LI, 9. Plutarch. Anton. p. 952.

Caesar, rebus Aegypti constitutis, *per Syriam in Asiam prouinciam profectus hiberna ibi egit, simulque et subditorum omnia negotia et Parthica composuit.* Ita Dio LI, 8. Ti-

ridates regno a Phraate pulsus in Syriam confugerat, et, vt Caesar se Romanis copiis restitueret, supplicabat, cum interea legati a Phraate missi et Tiridatem sibi reddi postularent et amicitiam cum Caesare iungerent. Caesar vtrique comiter respondit, et Phraatis filium, siue a Phraate siue a Tiridate acceptum, Romam secum abduxit et pro obside habuit. v. Dio l. l.

Iam hoc anno vltimam Georgicis manum adhibitam esse, vulgaris est opinio, inque eam sententiam versus libri IV extr. interpretantur, nec tamen sic, vt omnia satis expediant: *Caesar dum magnus ad altum Fulminat Euphratem bello, victorque volentes Per populos dat iura viamque affectat Olympo.* Verum quidem est, esse eum poetarum saeculi Augustei perpetuum morem, vt, quamquam nihil Augustus, quod admodum memorabile esset, aduersus Parthos gesserit, magnifice tamen de rebus eius Parthicis loquantur. Constat porro e Dione, LI, 20. litteras de Parthicis rebus initio anni sequentis Romam allatas tantum ad publicam gratulationem momenti habuisse, vt illustrare reliquam omnem Caesaris fortunam viderentur. Videtur tamen illud, *dum fulminat ad Euphratem*, pro re tam tenui, ac legatis auditis, nimis fastuosum esse; vt adeo, si quis cum Martino in annum 731 illos versus adeoque finem Georgicorum referat, equidem non intercedam. Nam illam narrationem, septennio Georgica absoluta a poeta fuisse, v. Donat. § 40. vndecim autem annos fuisse Aeneidi impensos, vt adeo ab hac inde hieme eum ad Aeneida animum aduertisse necesse sit, inter Grammaticorum commenta referendam esse puto. Forte etiam in reliquis illis Georgicorum locis II, 170 - 173. III, 26 - 33, nonnulla sint, quae melius illius anni, quam huius, actis illustrata videas. A Tristano *Hist. generale des Empereurs* T. I. p. 137 conclusionem Georgicorum in annum expeditionis Caii Caesaris in Parthos, quae in a. 754 incidit, male referri, iam Norisius notauit Cenotaph. Pisan. Diss. II. p. 249.

Virgilium

Virgilium Neapoli Georgicorum partem certe extremam pertexuiſſe, ex lib. IV extr. manifeſtum eſt, ſi verſus illi ab eius manu ſunt. Erat ea vrbs illuſtrium et doctorum virorum ſeceſſu illa aetate inprimis celebris, vt otio ac leuioribus ſtudiis ſe ibi committerent. *In otia natam Parthenopen* Ouidius appellat Met. XV, 712. v. Horat. Epod. V, 43. ibique Geſner. Statium Silu. III, 5. 85. Silium XII, 31. inprimiſque Strabonem V. p. 378. Cf. Camilli Peregrini Campaniam felic. Diſſ. II. § 21.

Etiam Aeneidis condendae paullo altius petitum fuiſſe conſilium, poſt Spencium in Polymet. Dialog. III. p. 18. autumant viri docti, vt ſummum vnius imperium et gentem Iuliam fatis ei imperio deſtinatam Romanis commendaret.

V. C. 725.

Caeſar Octauianus V. Sext. Apuleius.

a. C. 29. *Virgilii* $\frac{41}{42}$.

Decreto Senatus Ianus clauſus eſt. v. Dio LI, 20 et ibi not. Quo Virgilius reſpexiſſe creditur Aen. I, 295 - 300. *Aſpera tum poſitis miteſcent ſecula bellis — dirae Claudentur belli portae:* vti v. 296. *Cana Fides et Veſta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus Iura dabunt*, ad Cenſuram hoc anno a Caeſare, aſſumto M. Agrippa collega, actam. Dio LII, 42. A. d. VIII. VII. et VI. Id. Sext. tres Caeſaris ex Aſia et Graecia reducis triumphi habiti, vnus ex Illyrico, alter ex Actiaca victoria, tertius de Cleopatra et Aegypto ſubacta. v. Dio LI, 21.

Ad hunc annum Caeſaris de imperio deponendo habita cum Agrippa et Maecenate conſultatio pertinet. v. Dio LII. pr. Quas Virgilio ea in re partes dederint inepti Grammatici, v. in Donato § 78.

Hoc aut ſuperiore anno Dacas trans Iſtrum cum Baſtarnis, Moeſis et aliis populis bello adortus erat M. Craſſus: de qua expeditione v. Dio LI, 22. 23 ſqq. Vnde verſus Virgilii ductus Ge. II, 497. *aut coniurato deſcendens Dacus ab Iſtro.* A. M. Antonio ad ſocietatem et auxilia

ferenda pellecti fuerant isti populi, quo factum esse videtur, vt in fines Romanos infestis mox armis incurrerent.

V. C. 726.

Caesar Octauianus VI. M. Agrippa II.

a. C. 28. *Virgilii* $\frac{42}{43}$.

Apollinis in Palatio templum cum bibliotheca Caesar perfecit et dedicauit. Ludos Actiacos quinquennales, propter victoriam Actiacam iam ante decretos, cum Agrippa exhibuit. Tunc gymnici quoque ludi acti sunt. Dio LIII, 1.

Hos ludos adumbrauit poeta sub iis, quos Aeneam suum facit instituere Aen. III, 280. *Actiaque Iliacis celebramus littora ludis. Exercent patrias oleo labente palaestras Nudati socii.*

V. C. 727.

Caesar Octauianus VII. M. Agrippa III.

a. C. 27. *Virgilii* $\frac{43}{44}$.

Caesar ex ante diem XVI Kal. Februarii, sententia L. Munatii Planci, a senatu ceterisque ciuibus Augustus *appellatus est, sese septimum, et M. Vipsanio Agrippa tertium Consulibus.* Censorinus c. 22. v. Dio LIII, 16 ibique Fabric. Romuli nomen a nonnullis propositum, et ab ipso Augusto magnopere esse appetitum, satis constat. v. Dio ibid. Sueton. Aug. 7. Itaque versum Ge. III, 27. *victorisque arma Quirini* hinc interpretandum esse existimant viri docti; quod si recte faciunt, patet et ex hoc, Georgica serius, quam 724 absoluta, saltem edita et vulgata fuisse. Namque illud nonnullorum commentum, de versibus serius et secunda aliqua recensione insertis, quod forte ex Donato § 50 petitum est, non admodum probamus. Nec Harduini somnia nos tenebunt, cum in reliquis, tum in iis, quae ex temporum angustia contra Aeneidis a Virgilio susceptum opus disputat in *Pseudouirgilio* (inter Opera varia p. 280). Talia refellere, nostri otii non est. Post hoc itaque tempus etiam ille locus Aen. VI,

VI, 792. ſcriptus eſſe debet: *Hic vir, hic eſt, tibi quem promitti ſaepius audis, Auguſtus Caeſar, Diui genus.*

Hunc porro annum aſſignant viri docti Satyrae decimae libri I. Horatii, in qua v. 45. *molle atque facetum Virgilio adnuerunt gaudentes rure Camoenae.* Quod iudicium cum vnice ad Bucolica et Georgica ſpectet, cumque ibidem: *forte epos acer*, Vt nemo, *Varius ducit*, adiectum ſit, nihil adhuc de Aeneide tum poetam cogitaſſe, nihil certe vulgaſſe, probabile fit.

V. C. 728.
Caeſar Auguſtus VIII. T. Statilius Taurus II.
a. C. 26. *Virgilii* $\frac{44}{45}$.

Cornelius Gallus primus Aegypti praefectus Auguſtalis, cum propter multa flagitioſe acta infamia ab Auguſto notatus, mox et ſenatus iudicio damnatus eſſet, dolorem non ferens, poenam morte voluntaria anteuertit. Dio LIII, 23. Eius laudes quarto Georgicorum libro Auguſti iuſſu tum ſublatas Ariſtaei fabulae locum feciſſe, narrant Grammatici, v. Donat. § 39. Seruius ad Ecl. X, 1.

V. C. 729.
Caeſar Auguſtus IX. M. Iunius Silanus.
a. C. 25. *Virgilii* $\frac{45}{46}$.

Expeditio Auguſti in Cantabros. Abſentem eum a Virgilio litteris ſuis Aeneidem flagitaſſe, Donatus memorat § 46. vbi v. not.

V. C. 730.
Caeſar Auguſtus X. C. Norbanus Flaccus.
a. C. 24. *Virgilii* $\frac{46}{47}$.

Hieronymus Chron. Euſeb. ad Olymp. 189, 1. *Quinctilius Cremonenſis, Virgilii et Horatii familiaris, moritur.* De eius obitu conſolatur Virgilium Horatius noto carmine lib. I. Od. 24. Quis ille Quinctilius fuerit, ignoratur: nam Grammaticorum commenta audienda non

ſunt. v. Argum. Ecl. VI. cf. Maſſon Vita Horatii ad h. a.

V. C. 731.

Caeſar Auguſtus XI. A. Terentius Varro Muraena ſuff. Cn. Calpurnius Piſo.

a. C. 23. *Virgilii* $\frac{47}{48}$.

Auguſtus e graui morbo Antonii Muſae opera conualeſcens ſemeſtri ſpatio interiecto M. Marcellum ſororis filium, cum aedilitatem anno ſuperiore ſuſcepiſſet, et Auguſto vulgo imperii heres deſtinaretur, e morbo decedere videt. Gravis tunc totius populi luctus. Dio LIII, 30. Virgilius eius mortem pulcherrimis verſibus ornat Aen. VI, 861-887. De quibus verſibus lectis et lauta remuneratione honeſtatis, v. Donat. § 47. De M. Marcello et eius numo, v. Fortunati Mandelli Commentarium in *Nuoua Raccolta d' Opuſc. ſcient. T. XII.*

Tiridates ipſe, a Phraate vero legati, controuerſiarum ſuarum cauſſa Romam venere. Quibus in ſenatum introductis, cum Auguſto cauſſae cognitio decreta eſſet, Tiridatem Phraati nequaquam tradidit, filium tamen Phraatis, quem in poteſtate ſua habebat, patri remiſit hac lege, vt pro eo captiuos ſignaque militaria, Craſſi et Antonii cladibus amiſſa, reciperet. Dio LIII, 33. Res tamen non perfecta ante annum 734. Ad hoc Auguſti poſtulatum, quo negato bellum in Parthos ſuſceptum iri ſuſpicio eſſet, reſpexiſſe creditur Virgilius Aen. VII, 605, 606. *Siue Getis inferre manu lacrimabile bellum Hyrcanisue Arabisue parant, ſeu tendere ad Indos Auroramque ſequi, Parthosque repoſcere ſigna.* Addebat Ruaeus ſub h. a. " Igitur annis minus quatuor ſex fere vltimos operis libros poeta perfecit; nec vero tanta in iis elucet, quanta in ſuperioribus, cura." Atqui poterant et haec ſecundis curis operi inſerta eſſe, ſi ſemel hoc admiſeris.

V. C.

V. C. 732.
M. Claudius Marcellus Aeserninus. L. Aruntius.
a. C. 22. *Virgilii* $\frac{48}{49}$.

Augustus in Siciliam profectus est, vt eam ac omnes alias ad Syriam vsque prouincias constitueret. Dio LIV, 6. Factum id sub finem anni videtur. Videri potest de hoc itinere Norisc. Cenotaph. Pisan. p. 292 - 294.

Aethiopes, duce regina, Candace, impressionem in Aegyptum faciunt, et Elephantinen vrbem diripiunt. Reuertentes eos ad terras suas C. Petronius, Aegypti praefectus, caedit, regiam euertit, et terram eorum praesidiis occupat. v. Dio LIV, 5. Strabo lib. XVII. vbi de Aethiopibus agit. Haec Virgilius respicere videtur Aen. VI, 795—*super et Garamantas et Indos Proferet imperium.*

V. C. 733.
M. Lollius. Q. Aemilius Lepidus.
a. C. 21. *Virgilii* $\frac{49}{50}$.

Augustus rebus in Sicilia ordinatis in Graeciam transmisit. Rebus in Graecia confectis in Samum nauigauit, ibique hiemauit. Dio LIV, 7.

V. C. 734.
M. Apuleius. P. Silius Nerua.
a. C. 20. *Virgilii* $\frac{50}{51}$.

Vere Augustus in Asiam perrexit, ibique et in Bithynia omnia constituit, Dio LIV, 7. *etiam Syriam adiit.* ibid. Iustin. XLII, 5. Hanc Augusti in prouinciis adeundis, dignam principe tanto, industriam praedicat Virgilius, Aen. VI, 802 - 806. *Nec vero Alcides tantum telluris obiuit* etc. cf. Sueton. c. 47.

Cum in Syriam aduenisset, Phraates, veritus ne bello peteretur, signa Augusto cum captiuis et exercituum Rom. spoliis remisit. Qua re nihil ad Augusti gloriam illustrius vnquam factum visum est. v. Dio LIV, 8. et ibi Fabric. Itaque magnopere inprimis a poetis ea res extollitur et

magnificis verbis ornatur, vt de profligatis Parthis, euerſo eorum imperio, victo Oriente, India debellata, eos loqui videas. Ad hunc itaque annum verſus poetae noſtri Ge. IV, extr. II, 170 - 173. III, 26 - 33 non male referri, ſupra ad a. 724 ſignificauimus.

Occiſo Artaxia, qui aliis Artabazes ſiue Artavaſdes, *per dolum propinquorum*, *datus a Caeſare Armeniis* (maiori Armeniae) *Tigranes*, *deductusque in regnum a Tiberio Nerone*. Tacit. Annal. II, 3. v. Dio LIV. 9. et ibi Fabric. Hinc Virgilii illud Ge. III, 30. *pulſumque Niphaten*; qui Armeniae mons eſt, male a poetis nonnullis pro flumine habitus, quorum loca v. apud Maſſon. Vita Horatii p. 306 ſqq.

E Syria Auguſtus in Samum reuerſus ibidem iterum hiemauit. Frequentes hic ad eum legationes conuenerunt, et Indi pacem, quam antea per oratores petierant, tunc interpoſito foedere ſanxerunt et dona miſerunt. Dio LIV, 9. Hoc paullo faſtuoſius forte extuliſſe videri poteſt poeta Ge. III, 26. *In foribus pugnam ex auro ſolidoque elephanto Gangaridum faciam*; niſi, quod malim, de Auguſto ea omnino vaticinatur, quae ab eo iamdudum exſpectabantur, vt Parthos et Indos imperio Romano adderet.

V. C. 735.

C. Sentius Saturninus. Q. Lucretius Veſpillo.

a. C. 19. *Virgilii* $\frac{51}{52}$.

Donatus in Vita § 51. *Anno quinquageſimo ſecundo*, *vt vltimam manum Aeneidi imponeret*, *ſtatuit in Graeciam et Aſiam decedere*, *triennioque continuo omnem operam limationi dare*, *vt reliqua vita tantum philoſophiae vacaret. Sed cum ingreſſus iter Athenis occurriſſet Auguſto*, *ab Oriente Romam reuertenti*, (quod verum eſt v. Dio LIV, 10) *vna cum Caeſare redire ſtatuit. Ac cum Megara*, *vicinum Athenis oppidum*, *viſendi gratia peteret*, *languorem nactus eſt: quem non intermiſſa nauigatio auxit*, *ita*, *vt grauior indies*, *tandem Brundiſium* (alios Tarentum memorare, in notis monitum) *aduentarit*,

eduentarit, vbi diebus paucis obiit, X Kal. Octobr. C. Sentio, Q. Lucretio Coss.

Annum obitus confirmat Hieronymus Chron. Eusеb. ad Olymp. 190, 2. *Virgilius Brundisii moritur, Sentio Saturnino et Lucretio Cinna* (hoc nullum Lucretiorum cognomen) *Coss.* Plin. XIV, 1. *Haec* (vitis per se in vino picem resipiens) *Virgilii vatis aetate incognita, a cuius obitu XC aguntur anni:* numero rotundo; cum XCV essent. v. Baylium Dictionn. Virgile litt. H. Harduin. ad Plin. ibid. et XIV. sect. 5.

Cum in Graeciam proficiscereturVirgilius, scriptum fuisse creditur ab Horatio Carmen III libri I. *Sic te Diua potens Cypri.*

Dum in Graecia fuit, tertio Georgicorum libro splendidum illud exordium: *Primus Idumeas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas*, additum fuisse cum Catroeo Wartonus putabat *(Life of Virgil)* ex interpretatione scilicet parum subtili.

Fuisse, qui eum in itinere Tarenti vita excessisse tradèrent, ad Donatum § 51 dictum, quae vrbs cum ad Calabriam referatur, hinc intelligendus versus Epitaphii: *Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere*, h. in Calabria vitae ereptum se significat. cf. Phocas v. 105. *vt Calabros tetigit — vehemens luxauit corpora morbus.*

Ossa Virgilii Neapolin translata et ibi in via Puteolana sepulta. v. Donat. § 55. 56 et ibi not. Apud Hieronymum l. l. *Ossa eius Neapolin translata in secundo ab vrbe miliario sepeliuntur, titulo istiusmodi supra scripto, quem moriens ipse dictauerat:* MANTVA ME GENVIT; quod apud Donatum § 55 legas, et in Eusebianum Chronicon haud dubie ab interpolatore venit; repetitum inde a Vincent. Bellouac. Specul. hist. VII, 60.

De testamento Virgilii v. Donatum § 56.

Eum paullo ante mortem scrinia adeoque omnia sua scripta, (vt etiam Grammaticus in Antholog. lat. II, 184,

10-14 accepit) comburere voluiſſe, mox, vt Aeneis ſaltem combureretur, tanquam imperfectum opus, teſtamento iubere voluiſſe, tandem, amicorum precibus victum, Vario ac Tuccae, de quibus v. ad Donat. § 53. ſcripta ſua legaſſe, ea ſub conditione ne emendarent, narrat Donatus § 52. 53. ab iis tamen, iuſſu Caeſaris, Aeneidem emendatam fuiſſe, in eadem farragine memoratur § 56. quod tamen ita intelligas, vt emendarint quidem tollendo, non autem addendo. Ita fere Hieronymus Chron. Euſeb. ad Olymp. 190, 4. *Varius et Tucca, Virgilii et Horatii contubernales, poetae habentur illuſtres, qui Aeneidum poſtea libros emendarunt ſub ea lege, vt nihil adderent.*

Reliqui Grammatici modo hoc modo illud ſequuntur. At veteres ſcriptores, Plin. VII, 30. f. 31. *D. Auguſtus carmina Virgilii cremari contra teſtamenti eius verecundiam vetuit; maiusque ita vati teſtimonium contigit, quam ſi ipſe ſua probaſſet.* Gell. XVII, 10 — *ſed quae procraſtinata ſunt ab eo, vt poſt recenſerentur, et abſolui, quoniam mors praeuerterat, nequiuerunt, nequaquam poetarum elegantiſſimi nomine atque iudicio digna ſunt: itaque, quum, morbo oppreſſus, aduentare mortem videret, petiuit orauitque a ſuis amiciſſimis impenſe, vt Aeneida, quam nondum ſatis elimauiſſet, abolerent.* Macrob. Sat. I, 24. *qui enim moriens poema ſuum legauit igni, quid niſi famae ſuae vulnera poſteritati ſubtrahenda curauit? nec immerito.* Multa in eam rem variorum Epigrammata v. in Catalectis Scaligeri et Burmanni Anthologia. Adde Donat. § 57. 58.

Ceterum Virgilio mox *comitem ad Elyſios campos mors miſit* Tibullum iuuenem. v. Domitii Marſi Epigramma ad calcem Tibulli. Ouidius tum annum XXV agebat, itaque Virgilium *tantum ſe vidiſſe* teſtatur Triſt. IV, 10, 51. Horatius annum ingreſſus erat XLVII.

Aeneidem cum viuo Virgilio multis hominum deſideriis exſpectatam, tum eo mortuo magno fauore et praedicatione acceptam

acceptam fuisse, ex poetis eius temporis colligas. Ouidius Rem. 395. 396. *Tantum se nobis Elegi debere fatentur Quantum Virgilio nobile debet epos**. Sed idem Aeneidis iam meminit Am. I, 15, 25. quod carmen ad annum 736, proximum a Virgilii morte, Massonus retulit: *Tityrus et segetes Aeneiaque arma legentur, Roma triumphati dum caput orbis erit.* Et in Arte 751 edita lib. III, 337. *Et profugum Aenean, altae primordia Romae, Quo nullum Latio clarius extat opus.* Nondum absoluta et edita erat Aeneis, cum Propertius nobiles illos versus scriberet lib. II. Eleg. extr. 61 sqq. *Qui nunc Aeneae Troiani suscitat arma* etc.

Virgilium paullo post, et adhuc aeuo Augusteo, in scholis praelectum et enarratum fuisse, e Suetonio scimus de ill. Grammat. c. 16. Q. Caecilius Epirota Cornelii Galli familiaris — *primus dicitur latine ex tempore disputasse, primusque Virgilium et alios poetas nouos praelegere coepisse.*

Caligula Virgilii memoriae admodum infestus fuit. *Sed et Virgilii et T. Liuii scripta et imagines, paullum afuit, quin ex omnibus bibliothecis amoueret, quorum alterum, vt nullius ingenii minimaeque doctrinae — carpebat* Sueton. Calig. 34. Itaque Virgilii Codices ad paruum tum numerum redactos fuisse necesse est. An forte inde in tanto nunc apographorum numero mirus ille librorum etiam vetustiorum in corruptelas consensus repetendus est? vt, cum post haec Virgiliana carmina ex paucis, nec forte emendatissimis exemplaribus describerentur, vera iam tum lectio periisset; quo factum, vt frustra nunc a libris auxilium, vbi haereas, exspectetur. Exstabat tamen Virgilii manus adhuc Plinii maioris aetate H. N. XIII, 12 extr. et Quinctiliani, Inst. I, 7, 20. Virgilii idiographum librum inspectum,

* ita leg. nam *opus nobile* esset quidem carmen epicum, non poesis epica.

sed

ſed ab aliis, Gellius memorat N. A. XI, 14. cf. eundem II, 3. XIII, 19. I, 21.

Magnam copiam verſuum et luſuum in Virgilium eiusque carmina cum bona tum mala, vetuſtiorum et ſeriorum poetarum, v. poſt Pithoeum et Ioſ. Scaligerum in Catalectis ap. Burmann. V. Cl. in Anthолog. Lat. lib. II. ep. 173 ſqq.

A DIS-

A DISSERTATION UPON PASTORAL POETRY.

MAN is not ſo depraved, but that repreſentations of innocence and tranquillity, are ſtill delightful and pleaſing to the mind. The firſt employment of our forefathers was undoubtedly the tending of cattle: an employment which princes and patriarchs did not diſdain to undertake, however oppoſite it may appear to the refinements of modern life. This plainneſs and ſimplicity of manners is highly amuſing and captivating to perſons uncorrupted, and, as Shakeſpear ſays, unhackney'd in the ways of men; who love to be carried back into that age of quiet, of innocence and virtue,

What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And paſtur'd on from verdant ſtage to ſtage,
Where fields and fountains him could beſt engage:
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beaſts the ſilvan war to wage,
And o'er vaſt plains their herds and flocks to feed;
Bleſt ſons of Nature they, true golden age indeed!
THOMSON's Caſtle of Indolence.

The love of the country is ſo ſtrong a paſſion, that it

can hardly be ever obliterated or overcome: tho' buſi-neſs or amuſements, or criminal purſuits, or conveniences, or courts, carry men into cities, yet they ſtill continue fond of fields and foreſts, of meadows and rivulets. A very accompliſh'd courtier aſſures us, that the ſtatelieſt edifices, and the fineſt pieces of architecture would loſe their beauty, if rural objects were not interſperſed among them.

Nempe inter varias nutritur ſylva columnas,
Laudaturque domus, longos quæ proſpicit agros;
Naturam expellas furcâ tamen uſque recurret.

HOR.

This is owing to the ſuperior power which the works of nature hold above thoſe of art, to affect and entertain the imagination. For altho' the latter may ſometimes appear very beautiful, or even wonderful, yet they can have nothing in them of that vaſtneſs and immenſity, which afford ſo great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other; but can never appear ſo auguſt and magnificent in the deſign. There is ſomething more bold and maſterly, in the rough careleſs ſtrokes of nature, than in the niceſt touches and embelliſhments of art. For this reaſon is Paſtoral Poetry ſo amuſing to the mind: In her fairy region are found,

Et ſecura quies, & neſcia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum: hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
Mugituſque boum, molleſque ſub arbore ſomni.

VIRG.

A true Paſtoral, ſays Mr. Pope, is an imitation of the action of a ſhepherd; the form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both; the fable ſimple, the manners not too polite, nor too ruſtic: the thoughts

are plain, but admit a little quickness and passion, yet that short and flowing. The expression humble, yet as pure as the language will allow; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature. The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity, brevity, and delicacy: the two first of which render an Eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

Many laboured and tedious treatises both of French and Italian critics, have been written on the nature of this kind of poetry; but I have not been able to find any thing on the subject so rational, so judicious, and yet so new, as a little piece very lately published, by an excellent writer of our own country, in a paper called the RAMBLER, which is therefore inserted in this place.

* IN writing or judging of Pastoral Poetry, neither the authors or critics of later times seem to have paid sufficient regard to the originals left us by antiquity; but have entangled themselves with unnecessary difficulties, and advanced principles, which, having no foundation in the nature of things, are wholly to be rejected from a species of composition in which, above all others, mere nature is to be regarded.

It is, therefore, necessary, to enquire after some more distinct and exact idea of this kind of writing. This may, I think, be easily found in the Pastorals of Virgil; from whose opinion it will not appear very safe to depart, if we consider that every advantage of nature, and of fortune, concurred to complete his productions: that he was born with great accuracy, and severity of judgment, enriched with all the learning of one of the brightest ages, and embellished with the elegance of the Roman court; that he employed his powers rather in improving, than inventing; that, taking Theocritus for his origi-

* The RAMBLER. N° 37.

nal,

nal, he found Paſtoral much advanced towards perfection, if not already perfect; and that having therefore ſo great a rival, he muſt have proceeded with uncommon caution.

If we ſearch the writings of Virgil, for the true definition of a Paſtoral, it will be found *a Poem in which any action or paſſion is repreſented by its effects upon a country life*. Whatſoever, therefore, may, according to the common courſe of things, happen in the country, may afford a ſubject for a Paſtoral Poet.

In this definition, it will immediately occur, to thoſe who are verſed in the writings of the modern critics, that there is no mention of the golden age. I cannot indeed eaſily diſcover why it is thought neceſſary to refer deſcriptions of a rural ſtate to remote times, nor can I perceive that any writer has conſiſtently preſerved the Arcadian manners and ſentiments. The only reaſon that I have read, on which this rule has been founded, is, that according to the cuſtoms of modern life, it is improbable that ſhepherds ſhould be capable of harmonious numbers, or delicate ſentiments; and therefore the reader muſt exalt his ideas of the Paſtoral character, by carrying his thoughts back to the age in which the care of herds and flocks was the employment of the wiſeſt and greateſt men.

Theſe reaſoners ſeem to have been led into their hypotheſis, by conſidering Paſtoral, not in general, as a repreſentation of rural nature, and conſequently as exhibiting the ideas and ſentiments of thoſe, whoever they are, to whom the country affords pleaſure or employment; but ſimply as a dialogue, or narrative of men actually tending ſheep, and buſied in the loweſt and moſt laborious offices: from whence they very readily concluded, ſince characters muſt neceſſarily be preſerved, that either the ſentiments muſt ſink to the level of the ſpeakers,

ſpeakers, or the ſpeakers muſt be raiſed to the height of the ſentiments.

In conſequence of theſe original errors, a thouſand precepts have been given, which have only contributed to perplex and to confound. Some have thought it neceſſary that the imaginary manners of the Golden Age ſhould be univerſally preſerved, and have therefore believed, that nothing more could be admitted in Paſtoral, than lilies and roſes, and rocks and ſtreams, among which are heard the gentle whiſpers of chaſte fondneſs, or the ſoft complaints of amorous impatience. In Paſtoral, as in other writings, chaſtity of ſentiment ought doubtleſs to be obſerved, and purity of manners to be repreſented; not becauſe the Poet is confined to the images of the Golden Age, but becauſe, having the ſubject in his own choice, he ought always to conſult the intereſt of virtue.

Yet theſe advocates for the Golden Age lay down other principles, not very conſiſtent with their general plan; for they tell us, that, to ſupport the character of the ſhepherd, it is proper that all refinement ſhould be avoided, and that ſome ſlight inſtances of ignorance ſhould be interſperſed. Thus the ſhepherd in Virgil is ſuppoſed to have forgot the name of Anaximander, and in Pope the term Zodiac is too hard for a ruſtic apprehenſion. But, ſurely, if we place our ſhepherds in their primitive condition, we may give them learning among their other qualifications; and if we ſuffer them to allude at all to things of later exiſtence, which, perhaps, cannot with any great propriety be allowed, there can be no danger of making them ſpeak with too much accuracy, ſince they converſed with divinities, and tranſmitted to ſucceeding ages the arts of life.

Other writers, having the mean and deſpicable condition of a ſhepherd always before them, conceive it neceſſary to degrade the language of Paſtoral, by obſo-

lete terms and ruſtic words; which they very learnedly call Doric, without reflecting, that they thus become authors of a mingled dialect, which no human being ever could have ſpoken; that they may as well refine the ſpeech, as the ſentiments of their perſonages; and that none of the inconſiſtencies which they endeavour to avoid, is greater than that of joining elegance of thought with coarſeneſs of diction. Spenſer begins one of his Paſtorals with ſtudied barbarity,

> Diggon Davie, I bid her good-day:
> Or, Diggon her is, or I miſſay.
>
> Dig. Her was her while it was day-light,
> But now her is a moſt wretched wight.

What will the reader imagine to be the ſubject on which ſpeakers like theſe exerciſe their eloquence? Will he not be ſomewhat diſappointed, when he finds them met together to condemn the corruptions of the church of Rome? Surely, at the ſame time that a ſhepherd learns theology, he may gain ſome acquaintance with his native language.

Paſtoral admits of all ranks of perſons, becauſe perſons of all ranks inhabit the country. It excludes not, therefore, on account of the characters neceſſary to be introduced, any elevation or delicacy of ſentiment; thoſe ideas only are improper, which, not owing their original to rural objects, are not paſtoral. Such is the exclamation in Virgil,

> *Nunc ſcio quid ſit Amor, duris in cautibus illum*
> *Iſmarus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,*
> *Nec generis noſtri puerum nec ſanguinis, edunt.*

which Pope endeavouring to copy, was carried to ſtill greater impropriety,

I know

I know thee, Love, wild as the raging main,
More fierce than tygers on the Lybian plain,
Thou wert from Etna's burning entrails torn,
Begot in tempeſts, and in thunders born!

Sentiments like theſe, as they have no ground in nature, are indeed of little value in any poem; but in Paſtoral they are particularly liable to cenſure, becauſe they are more proper for tragic or heroic writings.

Paſtoral being the *repreſentation of an action or paſſion, by its effects upon a country life*, has nothing peculiar but its confinement to rural imagery, without which it ceaſes to be Paſtoral. This is its true characteriſtic, and this it cannot loſe by any dignity of ſentiment, or beauty of diction. The Pollio of Virgil, with all its elevation, is a compoſition truly Bucolic, though rejected by the critics; for all the images are either taken from the country, or from the religion of the age common to all parts of the empire.

The Silenus is indeed of a more diſputable kind, becauſe though the ſcene lies in the country, the ſong being religious and hiſtorical, had been no leſs adapted to any other audience or place: Neither can it well be defended as a fiction, for the introduction of a God ſeems to imply the Golden Age, and yet he alludes to many ſubſequent tranſactions, and mentions Gallus the Poet's cotemporary.

It ſeems neceſſary to the perfection of this poem, that the occaſion which is ſuppoſed to produce it, be at leaſt not inconſiſtent with a country life, or leſs likely to intereſt thoſe who have retired into places of ſolitude and quiet, than the more buſy part of mankind. It is therefore improper to give the title of a Paſtoral to verſes, in which the ſpeakers, after the ſlight mention of their flocks, fall to complaints of errors in the church, and corruptions in the government, or to lamentations

of the death of ſome illuſtrious perſon, whom when once the poet has called a ſhepherd, he has no longer any labour upon his hands, but can make the clouds weep, and lilies wither, and the ſheep hang their heads, without art or learning, genius or ſtudy.

It is part of Claudian's character of his ruſtic, that he computes his time not by the ſucceſſion of conſuls, but of harveſts. Thoſe who paſs their days in retreats diſtant from the theatres of buſineſs, are always leaſt likely to hurry their imaginations with public affairs.

The facility of treating actions or events in the paſtoral ſtile has incited many writers, from whom more judgment might have been expected, to put the ſorrow or the joy which the occaſion required into the mouth of Daphne or of Thyrſis; and as one abſurdity muſt naturally be expected to make way for another, they have written with an utter diſregard both of life and nature, and filled their productions with mythological alluſions, with incredible fictions, and with ſentiments which neither paſſion nor reaſon could have dictated, ſince the change which religion has made in the whole ſyſtem of the world.

Thus far the learned and judicious Mr. JOHNSON.

If I might now venture to ſpeak of the merits of the ſeveral paſtoral writers, I would ſay, that in Theocritus we are charmed with a certain ſweetneſs, a romantic ruſticity and wildneſs, heightened by the Doric dialect, that are almoſt inimitable. 'Tis worth remarking, that he hath borrowed many beautiful images from the moſt exquiſite paſtoral now extant, I mean the *Song of Solomon*; which he probably had read with pleaſure in the Greek tranſlation of the Seventy Interpreters, who were his cotemporaries in the polite court of Ptolomy. Several of his pieces indicate a genius of a higher claſs, far ſuperior to Paſtoral, and equal to the ſublimeſt ſpecies of poetry: ſuch are particularly, his Panegyric on Ptolomy, the

Fight between Amycus and Pollux, the Epithalamium of Helen, the Europa, the young Hercules, the Grief of Hercules for Hylas, the Death of Pentheus, and the killing the Nemean Lion. Which of theſe compoſitions is moſt ſpirited and exalted, 'tis impoſſible to determine: and I muſt here apply a noble ſimile of his own, which he uſes on a like difficulty,

Ἰδὰν ἐς πολύδενδρον ἀνὴρ ὑλητόμος ἐλθὼν,
Παπταίνει παρέοντος ἄδην πόθεν ἄρξεται ἔργε
Τί πρᾶτον καταλεξῶ; ἔπει παρὰ μυρία εἰπῆν.

The ſweet and pathetic lamentation of Moſchus on the death of Bion, and of Bion on the death of Adonis, are pieces of paſtoral grief,

——— *quæ Venus*
Quintâ parte ſui nectaris imbuit; HOR.

and oblige us to lament the loſs of their works with ſincere concern. We know of no other Greek paſtoral writer.

Virgil, who comes next to be conſidered, has excelled his maſter Theocritus in theſe three particulars; in decency, in delicacy, and in the variety of his ſubjects.

We have ſeen Eclogues remaining of Titus Calpurnius, a native of Sicily, who flouriſhed under the Emperor Carus and his ſon. Some of them are prettily fancied, and conducted with judgment; but the ſtile ſavours of the barbariſm and corrupted taſte, that long before his age infected the Roman poetry.

Mantuan is full of the moſt abſurd allegories, and of alluſions to Chriſtianity ridiculouſly mixed and blended with the Gods and cuſtoms of the Heathens. In one of his Eclogues you have a catalogue of all the Virgin Mary's holidays; in another an apparition of the Virgin, who promiſes a ſhepherd, that when he ſhall have paſſed

his life in Mount Carmel, ſhe will convey him to a far more delicious place, and will make him dwell in heaven with the Dryades and Hamadryades, a ſort of new ſaints, whom we had not been accuſtomed to hear of as inhabitants of heaven.

The Piſcatory Eclogues of Sannazarius deſerve to be mentioned with applauſe. I know not why the critics have condemned him for chooſing ſubjects fruitful of new imagery and ſentiments.

The Aminta of Taſſo, the celebrated Paſtoral Comedy of which the Italians boaſt ſo much, is not free from the common vice of all their compoſitions, *falſe thoughts and glittering conceits*, quite contrary to nature and truth. Sylvia, ſeeing the reflexion of her face in a fountain, and adorning herſelf with flowers, tells them ſhe does not wear them to mend her beauty, but to leſſen theirs, and diſgrace them by being placed near her brighter charms. All critics of a truly claſſical taſte, will be diſguſted at ſuch *far-fetch'd prettineſſes*. But the paſtoral pieces of Guarini, of Bonarelli, and Marino, are infinitely more unnatural and forced, crowded, to the laſt degree, with little points of wit, with epigrammatic turns, with affected conceits, and with every inſtance of falſe glitter and ornament, that uſually dazzle and delight ſuperficial readers.

The Paſtorals of the ingenious Fontenelle, are too polite and refined in their ſentiments. His ſhepherds are all courtiers; and are better ſuited to the toilets of Paris, than the foreſts of Arcadia. Inſtead of ridiculing Theocritus and Virgil, he had better have followed the precepts of his judicious countryman, the beſt defender, judge, and imitator, of the ancients; who gives the following advice to paſtoral writers:

Telle qu'une bergere, au plus beau jour de feſte,
De ſuperbe rubis ne charge point ſa teſte,

Et sans mêler à l'or l'éclat de diamans,
Cuëille en un champ voisin ses plus beaux ornemens,
Telle, amiable en son air, mais humble dans son stile,
Doit éclater sans pompe une élegante Idylle ;
Son tour simple & naif n'a rien de fasteux,
Et n'aime point l'orgueil d'un vers presompteux :
Il fait que ce douceur flate, chatoüille, eveille,
Et jamais de grands mots n'epouvante l'oreille.

BOILEAU, l'Art Poetique, c. 2.

P. Virgilii Maronis

BUCOLICA.

THE

ECLOGUES

OF

VIRGIL.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

To reward the veteran ſoldiers that conquered Brutus and Caſſius at the battle of Philippi, Auguſtus diſtributed amongſt them the lands of Cremona and Mantua: Virgil's eſtate was ſeized among the reſt, but he recovered it by the intereſt of Pollio, who warmly recommended him to the emperor. This Eclogue was written on this occaſion out of gratitude to Auguſtus. Some commentators, fond of allegorical interpretations, imagine that by the names of the two miſtreſſes Amaryllis and Galatea, are meant Rome and Mantua; but this interpretation cannot juſtly be ſupported. It has been conjectured, that Virgil inſinuates his old miſtreſs Galatea was of Brutus's party; and his new one Amaryllis of Octavius's; and that by changing miſtreſſes he hints at his changing parties; and in conſequence of that, at his leaving Mantua, and going to Rome.

P. VIRGILII MARONIS

BUCOLICA.

ECLOGA I.

TITYRUS.

MELIBOEUS, TITYRUS.

MELIBOEUS.

TITYRE, tu patulae recubans ſub tegmine fagi
Silveſtrem tenui muſam meditaris avena:
Nos patriae finis, et dulcia linquimus arva;
Nos patriam fugimus: tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra
Formoſam reſonare doces Amaryllida ſilvas.

TITYRUS.

O Meliboee, deus nobis hæc otia fecit.
Namque erit ille mihi ſemper deus: illius aram
Saepe tener noſtris ab ovilibus inbuet agnus.
Ille meas errare boves, ut cernis, et ipſum
Ludere, quae vellem, calamo permiſit agreſti.

Ver. 2. *Reed.*] *Avenâ*, ſays the original.——The muſical inſtruments uſed by ſhepherds were at firſt made of oat and wheat ſtraw; then of reeds and hollow pipes of box; afterwards of leg bones of cranes, horns of animals, metals, &c.—Hence they are called *avena, ſtipula, calamus, arundo, fiſtula, buxus, tibia, cornu, aes*, &c.

Et Zephyri cava per calamorum ſifila primum
Agreſtes docuere cavas inflare cicutas:

ſays Lucretius, b. 5. v. 1381, in a paſſage which muſt have been of uſe to Virgil in poliſhing the Latin verſification.

THE ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

TITYRUS.

MELIBOEUS, TITYRUS.

MELIBOEUS.

IN beechen ſhades, you Tit'rus, ſtretcht along,
Tune to the ſlender reed your ſylvan ſong;
We leave our country's bounds, our much-lov'd plains,
We from our country fly, unhappy ſwains!
You, Tit'rus, in the groves at leiſure laid,
Teach Amaryllis' name to every ſhade.

TITYRUS.

O 'twas a god theſe bleſſings, ſwain, beſtow'd,
For ſtill by me he ſhall be deem'd a god!
For him the tend'reſt of my fleecy breed
Shall oft in ſolemn ſacrifices bleed.
He gave my oxen, as thou ſee'ſt, to ſtray,
And me at eaſe my fav'rite ſtrains to play.

7. *'Twas a god.*] This is pretty high flattery. Octavius had not yet received divine honours, which were afterwards beſtowed on him: but Virgil ſpeaks as if he were already deified. This was the language of the courtiers of that time.

Preſenti tibi maturos largimur honores,

ſays Horace. One cannot but recollect, on reading ſuch ſort of paſſages, the words of the ſpirited hiſtorian: *Igitur verſo civitatis ſtatû, nihil uſquam priſci & integri moris: omnis exutâ æqualitate juſſa principis aſpectare.* Tacitus, Annal. lib. i. c. 4.

MELIBOEUS.

Non equidem invideo: miror magis. undique totis
Usque adeo turbatur agris. en ipse capellas
Protenus aeger ago: hanc etiam vix, Tityre, duco.
Hic inter densas corulos modo namque gemellos,
Spem gregis, ah! silice in nuda connixa reliquit.
Saepe malum hoc nobis, si mens non laeva fuisset,
De coelo tactas memini praedicere quercus:
Saepe sinistra cavâ praedixit ab ilice cornix.
Sed tamen, iste deus qui sit, da, Tityre, nobis.

TITYRUS.

Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Meliboee, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostrae similem, quo saepe solemus
Pastores ovium teneros depellere foetus.
Sic canibus catulos similis, sic matribus haedos
Noram: sic parvis componere magna solebam.
Verum haec tantum alias inter caput extulit urbis,
Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

MELIBOEUS.

Et quae tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?

TITYRUS.

Libertas: quae sera tamen respexit inertem;
Candidior postquam tondenti barba cadebat;
Respexit tamen, et longo post tempore venit,
Postquam nos Amaryllis habet, Galatea reliquit.
Namque (fatebor enim) dum me Galatea tenebat,

27. *The city.*] This manner of speaking of Rome, has the true pastoral simplicity in it.

34. *As lofty.*] Not only different in magnitude, but in kind, say the commentators.

41. *There Amaryllis reigns.*] Some fanciful critics imagine that the poet meant Rome by Amaryllis, and Mantua by Galatea. But Ruaeus justly looks on these allegorical interpretations as trifles, and rejects them for the following reasons. 1. As the poet has twice mentioned Rome expressly, and by its proper name, in this Eclogue, what could induce him to call it sometimes Rome, and sometimes Amaryllis? 2. He distinguishes Galatea from Mantua also; when he says, that whilst he was a slave to Galatea, he had no profit from the cheeses which he made, from that unhappy city. 3. If we admit the

MELIBOEUS.

Nay, mine's not envy, ſwain, but glad ſurpriſe;
O'er all our fields ſuch ſcenes of rapine riſe!
And lo! ſad part'ner of the general care,
Weary and faint I drive my goats afar,
While ſcarcely this my leading hand ſuſtains,
Tir'd with the way, and recent from her pains;
For mid' yon tangled hazles as we paſt,
On the bare flints her hapleſs twins ſhe caſt,
The hopes and promiſe of my ruin'd fold!
Theſe ills prophetic ſigns have oft foretold;
Oft from yon hollow tree th' hoarſe raven's croak,
And heaven's quick lightning on my blaſted oak:
O I was blind theſe warnings not to ſee!——
But tell me, Tit'rus, who this god may be?

TITYRUS.

The city men call Rome, unſkilful clown,
I thought reſembled this our humble town;
Where, Meliboeus, with our fleecy care,
We ſhepherds to the markets oft repair.
So like their dams I kidlings wont to call,
So dogs with whelps compar'd, ſo great with ſmall:
But ſhe o'er other cities lifts her head,
As lofty cypreſſes low ſhrubs exceed.

MELIBOEUS.

And what to Rome could Tit'rus' ſteps perſuade?

TITYRUS.

'Twas Freedom call'd; and I, tho' ſlow, obey'd.
She came at laſt, tho' late ſhe bleſt my ſight,
When age had ſilver'd o'er my beard with white;
But ne'er approach'd till my revolting breaſt
Had for a new exchang'd its wonted gueſt:
There Amaryllis reigns; yet ſure 'tis true,
While Galatea did my ſoul ſubdue,

allegory, that verſe *Mirabar quid moeſta deos*, is inextricable. 4. Servius has laid it down as a rule, that we are not to underſtand any thing in the Bucolics figuratively, that is, allegorically. RUAEUS and MARTYN.

Nec ſpes libertatis erat, nec cura peculî,
Quamvis multa meis exiret victima ſeptis,
Pinguis et ingratae premeretur caſeus urbi,
Non umquam gravis aere domum mihi dextra redibat.

MELIBOEUS.

Mirabar, quid moeſta deos, Amarylli, vocares :
Cui pendere ſua patereris in arbore poma.
Tityrus hinc aberat. ipſae te, Tityre, pinus,
Ipſi te fontes, ipſa haec arbuſta vocabant.

TITYRUS.

Quid facerem ? neque ſervitio me exire licebat,
Nec tam praeſentis alibi cognoſcere divos.
Hic illum vidi juvenem, Meliboee, quot annis
Bis ſenos cui noſtra dies altaria fumant.
Hic mihi reſponſum primus dedit ille petenti :
Paſcite, ut ante, boves, pueri : ſubmittite tauros.

MELIBOEUS.

Fortunate ſenex, ergo tua rura manebunt ?
Et tibi magna ſatis : quamvis lapis omnia nudus,
Limoſoque palus obducat paſcua junco ;
Non inſueta gravis tentabunt pabula foetas :
Nec mala vicini pecoris contagia laedent.
Fortunate ſenex, hic inter flumina nota,
Et fontis ſacros, frigus captabis opacum.
Hinc tibi, quae ſemper vicino ab limite ſepes,
Hyblaeis apibus florem depaſta ſalicti,

52. *The ſhrubs.*] The *arbuſta* were large pieces of ground planted with elms or other trees, at the diſtance commonly of forty feet, to leave room for corn to grow between them. Theſe trees were pruned in ſuch a manner, as to ſerve for ſtages to the vines, which were planted near them. The vines faſtened after this manner, were called *arbuſtivae vites*. See the 12th chapter of Columella *de arboribus*.

58. *Swains feed.*] The word *ſubmittite* in the original may mean the breeding the cattle, as well as yoking oxen.

61. *What tho' rough ſtones.*] The reader of taſte cannot but be pleaſed with this little landſcape, eſpecially as ſome critics

Careleſs I liv'd of freedom and of gain,
And frequent victims thinn'd my folds in vain;
Tho' to th' ungrateful town my cheeſe I ſold,
Yet ſtill I bore not back th' expected gold.

MELIBOEUS.

Oft, Amaryllis, I with wonder heard
Thy vows to heav'n in ſoft diſtreſs preferr'd.
With wonder oft thy lingering fruits ſurvey'd;
Nor knew for whom the bending branches ſtay'd:
'Twas Tit'rus was away—for thee detain'd
The pines, the ſhrubs, the bubbling ſprings complain'd.

TITYRUS.

What could I do? where elſe expect to find
One glimpſe of freedom, or a god ſo kind?
There I that youth beheld, for whom ſhall riſe
Each year my votive incenſe to the ſkies.
'Twas there this gracious anſwer bleſs'd mine ears,
Swains feed again your herds, and yoke your ſteers.

MELIBOEUS.

Happy old man! then ſtill thy farms reſtor'd,
Enough for thee, ſhall bleſs thy frugal board.
What tho' rough ſtones the naked ſoil o'erſpread,
Or marſhy bulruſh rear its watry head,
No foreign food thy teeming ewes ſhall fear,
No touch contagious ſpread its influence here.
Happy old man! here mid' the cuſtom'd ſtreams
And ſacred ſprings, you'll ſhun the ſcorching beams,
While from yon willow-fence, thy paſtures' bound,
The bees that ſuck their flow'ry ſtores around,
Shall ſweetly mingle, with the whiſpering boughs,
Their lulling murmurs, and invite repoſe:

think Virgil is here deſcribing his own eſtate. 'Tis a miſtake to imagine the ſpot of ground was barren, for we find it contained a vineyard and apiary, and good paſture land; and the ſhepherd ſays he ſupplied Mantua with victims and cheeſes.

Saepe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro.
Hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras.
Nec tamen interea raucae, tua cura, palumbes,
Nec gemere aëria cessabit turtur ab ulmo.

TITYRUS.

Ante leves ergo pascentur in aethere cervi,
Et freta destituent nudos in litore piscis :
Ante, pererratis amborum finibus exsul,
Aut Ararim Parthus bibet, aut Germania Tigrin,
Quam nostro illius labatur pectore voltus.

MELIBOEUS.

At nos hinc alii sitientis ibimus Afros :
Pars Scythiam, et rapidum Cretae veniemus Oaxen,
Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.
En umquam patrios longo post tempore finis,
Pauperis ac tugurî congestum cespite culmen,
Post aliquot, mea regna videns, mirabor aristas ?
Inpius haec tam culta novalia miles habebit ?
Barbarus has segetes ? en quo discordia civis
Produxit miseros ! en quîs consevimus agros !
Insere nunc, Meliboee, piros ; pone ordine vitis.
Ite meae, felix quondam pecus, ite capellae.

77. *The Parthian.*] These images are not so much in character as those in the two preceding lines. They are too remote for our simple shepherd.

85. *Ah! shall I never.*] By *en* in the original, say the commentators, is meant *unquamne, aliquandone,* or *an unquam.* Ruaeus observes that these expressions are in general only a bare and cold interrogation, but surely in this passage the poet means an interrogation joined with an eager desire; a sort of languishing in Meliboeus after the farms and fields he was obliged to leave. We find the same expression in the same sense in the eighth Eclogue.

——— *En erit unquam*
Ille dies, mihi cum liceat tua dicere facta !

86. *Many a year.*] By *post aliquot aristas* in the original, is certainly meant *after some years.* It is natural for shepherds to measure

While from ſteep rocks the pruner's ſong is heard;
Nor the ſoft-cooing dove, thy fav'rite bird,
Mean while ſhall ceaſe to breathe her melting ſtrain,
Nor turtles from th' aërial elm to plain.

TITYRUS.

Sooner the ſtag in fields of air ſhall feed,
Seas leave on naked ſhores the ſcaly breed,
The Parthian and the German climates change,
This Arar drink, and that near Tigris range,
Than e'er, by ſtealing time effac'd, ſhall part
His much-lov'd image from my grateful heart.

MELIBOEUS.

But we far hence to diſtant climes ſhall go,
O'er Afric's burning ſands, or Scythia's ſnow,
Where roars Oäxis, or where ſeas embrace,
Dividing from the world, the Britiſh race.
Ah! ſhall I never once again behold,
When many a year in tedious round has roll'd,
My native ſeats?—Ah! ne'er with raviſht thought
Gaze on my little realm, and turf-built cot?
What! muſt theſe riſing crops barbarians ſhare?
Theſe well-till'd fields become the ſpoils of war?
See to what mis'ry diſcord drives the ſwain!
See, for what lords we ſpread the teeming grain!
Now Meliboeus, now, renew your cares,
Go, rank again your vines, and graft your pears:
Away, my goats, once happy flocks! away!
No more ſhall I reſume the rural lay:

meaſure the years by the haryeſts. *Ariſta* is the beard of the wheat; the Roman huſbandmen ſowed only the bearded wheat.

87. *Ah! ne'er.*] Theſe ſhort and abrupt exclamations are very natural, and have quite a dramatic air. The image of his little farm and cottage being plunder'd, breaks in upon the ſhepherd, and quite diſorders his mind. The irony in the following lines,

Inſere nunc, Meliboee, piros, &c.

ſtrongly expreſſes both grief and indignation.

Non ego vos poſthac, viridi projectus in antro,
Dumoſa pendere procul de rupe videbo.
Carmina nulla canam. non, me paſcente, capellae,
Florentem cytiſum, et ſalices carpetis amaras.

TITYRUS.

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteras requieſcere noctem
Fronde ſuper viridi. ſunt nobis mitia poma,
Caſtaneae molles, et preſſi copia lactis.
Et jam ſumma procul villarum culmina fumant,
Majoreſque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae.

97. *No more, as in.*] I have ſeen in Italy (and on the Vatican hill near Rome, in particular) a little arch'd cave made by the ſhepherds of ever-greens, not high enough to ſtand in; there they lie at their eaſe to obſerve their flocks browſing. Is it not ſuch a ſort of cave which is meant here? *Viridi* is not a proper epithet for the inſide of a natural cave, eſpecially for ſuch rocky ones as one finds in Italy. SPENCE.

104. *Cheeſe.*] The Roman peaſants uſed to carry the curd as ſoon as it was preſſed into the towns, or elſe ſalt it for cheeſe againſt the winter.

No more, as in my verdant cave I lie,
Shall I behold ye hang from rocks on high:
No more ſhall tend ye, while ye round me browſe
The trefoil flow'rs, or willow's harſher boughs.

TITYRUS.

Yet here, this night, at leaſt, with me reclin'd
On the green leaves, an humble welcome find;
Ripe apples, cheſnuts ſoft, my fields afford,
And cheeſe in plenty loads my rural board.
And ſee! from village-tops the ſmoke aſcend,
And falling ſhades from weſtern hills extend.

END OF THE FIRST ECLOGUE.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

A ſhepherd deſpairing to gain the affections of a youth, named Alexis, is here introduced, uttering thoſe natural and bitter complaints, that diſappointed affection is ſo apt to ſuggeſt. Dr. Trapp obſerves, "That there is no looſe idea, nor one immodeſt expreſſion in the whole piece; which means no more, than either the platonic love of the beauties, both of body and mind, or exceſs of friendſhip, or rather both. Experience gives us many inſtances of perſons of the ſame ſex, one of whom is beloved by the other, to an extremity of fondneſs, and almoſt dotage. I dare ſay no perſon, unleſs monſtrouſly debauched beforehand, and ſo being a tempter to himſelf (which he may be in reading not only innocent but ſacred things) had ever an ill thought ſuggeſted to him, by the reading of this Eclogue."

ECLOGA II.

ALEXIS.

FORMOSUM paſtor Corydon ardebat Alexin,
Delicias domini: nec, quid ſperaret, habebat.
Tantum inter denſas, umbroſa cacumina, fagos
Adſidue veniebat. ibi haec incondita ſolus
Montibus et ſilvis ſtudio jactabat inani.
O crudelis Alexi, nihil mea carmina curas?
Nil noſtri miſerere? mori me denique coges.
Nunc etiam pecudes umbras ac frigora captant:
Nunc viridis etiam occultant ſpineta lacertos:
Theſtylis et rapido feſſis meſſoribus aeſtu
Allia ſerpillumque herbas contundit olentis.
At me cum raucis, tua dum veſtigia luſtro,
Sole ſub ardenti reſonant arbuſta cicadis.
Nonne fuit ſatius, triſtis Amaryllidis iras
Atque ſuperba pati faſtidia? nonne Menalcan?
Quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus eſſes.
O formoſe puer, nimium ne crede colori.

Ver. 13. *Garlic pounds.*] We are told by Pliny that garlic was very much uſed in the country as an excellent medicine; *Allium ad multa, ruris praecipuè, medicamenta prodeſſe creditur.* It muſt in Italy be a very nutritious food for huſbandmen.

16. *Shrill Cicada.*] I don't know how every body almoſt in England came to imagine, that the *Cicada* in the Roman writers was the ſame with our graſhopper; for their characters are different enough to have prevented any ſuch miſtake. The *Cicada* is what the Italians now call *Cicala*, and the French *Cigale*. They make one conſtant uniform noiſe all day long in ſummer-time, which is extremely diſagreeable and tireſome, particularly in the great heats. Their note is ſharp and ſhrill in the beginning of the ſummer, but hoarſe and harſh towards the latter part of it. They are ſuppoſed to feed on the morning dew, and then fix on ſome ſunny branch of a tree,

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

ALEXIS.

YOUNG Corydon with hopeleſs love ador'd
The fair Alexis, fav'rite of his lord.
Mid' ſhades of thickeſt beech he pin'd alone,
To the wild woods and mountains made his moan,
Still day by day, in incoherent ſtrains,
'Twas all he could, deſpairing told his pains.
Wilt thou ne'er pity me, thou cruel youth,
Unmindful of my verſe, my vows, and truth?
Still, dear Alexis, from my paſſion fly?
Unheard and unregarded muſt I die?
Now flocks in cooling ſhades avoid the heats,
And the green lizard to his brake retreats,
Now Theſtylis the thyme and garlic pounds,
And weary reapers leave the ſultry grounds,
Thee ſtill I follow o'er the burning plains
And join the ſhrill Cicada's plaintive ſtrains.
Were it not better calmly to have borne
Proud Amaryllis' or Menalcas' ſcorn?
Tho' he was black, and thou art heav'nly fair?
How much you truſt that beauteous hue beware!

tree, and ſing all day long. It is hence that this inſect is oppoſed to the ant in the old Æſopian fables, which is as induſtrious and inoffenſive as the other is idle and troubleſome. Virgil calls the Cicada *querulae* and *raucae*; Martial, *argutae* and *inhumanae*. Their note is the more troubleſome, becauſe in the great heats they ſing alone. Any one who has paſſed a ſummer in Italy, or in the ſouth of France, will not think the epithet *inhumanae* too ſevere for them. SPENCE.

18. *Amaryllis.*] Servius informs us, that the true name of Amaryllis was Leria, a beautiful girl whom Maecenas gave to Virgil, as he alſo did Cebes, whom the poet mentions under the perſon of Menalcas. Catrou thinks this ſtory of Servius is a fiction; but adds another fiction of his own, that Rome is meant by Amaryllis.

Alba liguſtra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.
Deſpectus tibi ſum, nec qui ſim quaeris, Alexi:
Quam dives pecoris nivei, quam lactis abundans.
Mille meae Siculis errant in montibus agnae.
Lac mihi non aeſtate, novum non frigore defit.
Canto, quae ſolitus, ſi quando armenta vocabat,
Amphion Dircaeus in Actaeo Aracyntho.
Nec ſum adeo informis: nuper me in litore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis ſtaret mare. non ego Daphnin
Judice te metuam, ſi numquam fallit imago.
O tantum libeat mecum tibi ſordida rura,
Atque humilis habitare caſas, et figere cervos,
Haedorumque gregem viridi conpellere hibiſco!
Mecum una in ſilvis imitabere Pana canendo.
Pan primus calamos cera conjungere pluris
Inſtituit: Pan curat ovis, oviumque magiſtros.
Nec te poeniteat calamo triviſſe labellum.
Haec eadem ut ſciret, quid non faciebat Amyntas?
Eſt mihi diſparibus ſeptem conpacta cicutis
Fiſtula, Damoetas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens: Te nunc habet iſta ſecundum,
Dixit Damoetas: invidit ſtultus Amyntas.

27. *Sung.*] The ancient ſhepherds walked before, and called their ſheep after them.

29. *View'd.*] La Cerda has very fully vindicated Virgil, againſt thoſe who deny the poſſibility of an image being reflected by the ſea. When it is perfectly calm it is quite a mirrour.

I don't know whether you have taken notice of a miſcarriage in the moſt judicious of all poets. Theocritus makes Polypheme ſay,

Και γαρ θην ȣδ' ειδος εχω κακον, ὡς με λεγοντι,
Η γαρ πραν ες Ποντον εσεπλεπον· ην δε γαλανα.

Nothing could be better fancied than to make this enormous ſon of Neptune uſe the ſea for his looking-glaſs: but is Virgil ſo happy when his little landman ſays,

Nec

The privet's ſilver flow'rs we ſtill neglect,
But duſky hyacinths with care collect.
Thou know'ſt not whom thou ſcorn'ſt—what ſnowy kine,
What luſcious milk, what rural ſtores are mine!
Mine are a thouſand lambs in yonder vales,
My milk in ſummer's drought, nor winter fails;
Nor ſweeter to his herds Amphion ſung,
While with his voice Boeotia's mountains rung;
Nor am I ſo deform'd! myſelf I view'd
On the ſmooth ſurface of the glaſſy flood,
By winds unmov'd, and be that image true,
I dread not Daphnis' charms, tho' judg'd by you.
O that you lov'd the fields and ſhady grots,
To dwell with me in bowers, and lowly cots,
To drive the kids to fold, the ſtags to pierce;
Then ſhould'ſt thou emulate Pan's ſkilful verſe,
Warbling with me in woods; 'twas mighty Pan
To join with wax the various reeds began;
Pan, the great god of all our ſubject plains,
Protects and loves the cattle and the ſwains;
Nor thou diſdain, thy tender roſy lip
Deep to indent with ſuch a maſter's pipe.
To gain that art how much Amyntas try'd!
This pipe Damoetas gave me as he dy'd;
Seven joints it boaſts—Be thine this gift, he ſaid:
Amyntas envious ſigh'd, and hung the head.

Nec ſum adeo informis: nuper me in littore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis ſtaret mare? ——

His wonderful judgment for once deſerted him, or he might have retained the ſentiment with a ſlight change in the application. HURD's letter on the marks of imitation.

41. *Roſy lip.*] There is a fondneſs in mentioning this circumſtance of his wearing his lip.—This fiſtula is uſed to this day in the Grecian iſlands. The conſtant effect of playing on it, is making the lip thick and callous. Mr. Dawkins aſſured me he ſaw ſeveral ſhepherds with ſuch lips.

45. *Joints.*] Servius tells us, that Cicuta means the ſpace between the two joints of a reed.

Praeterea duo, nec tuta mihi valle reperti,
Capreoli ſparſis etiam nunc pellibus albo,
(Bina die ſiccant ovis ubera) quos tibi ſervo.
Jam pridem à me illos abducere Theſtylis orat:
Et faciet: quoniam ſordent tibi munera noſtra.
Huc ades, ô formoſe puer. tibi lilia plenis
Ecce ferunt nymphae calathis: tibi candida Naïs,
Pallentis violas et ſumma papavera carpens,
Narciſſum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi.
Tum, caſia atque aliis intexens ſuavibus herbis,
Mollia luteola pingit vaccinia caltha.
Ipſe ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala,
Caſtaneaſque nuces, mea quas Amaryllis amabat.
Addam cerea pruna: honos erit huic quoque pomo.
Et vos, ô lauri, carpam, et te, proxima myrte.
Sic poſitae quoniam ſuavis miſcetis odores.
Ruſticus es, Corydon. nec munera curat Alexis:
Nec ſi muneribus certes, concedat Iolas.
Eheu, quid volui miſero mihi? floribus auſtrum
Perditus, et liquidis inmiſi fontibus apros.

47. *Kids.*] Theſe were undoubtedly wild kids, taken from their proper dam, and not kids which Corydon had loſt, and now recovered again. Servius ſays, kids at firſt have white ſpots, which alter and loſe their beauty afterwards.

53. *The nymphs in baſkets bring.*] Theſe lines are of an exquiſite beauty, and contain the ſweeteſt garland that ever was offered by a lover. He concludes this deſcription of his preſents by ſaying that, Alas! Alexis would not regard any of his gifts, as he was only a poor ruſtic, and that his rival Iolas was able to make far richer preſents. At the mention of his rival's name he ſtops ſhort, and cries, Fool that I am, to put Alexis in mind of him,—who will certainly prefer him to me! This ſeems to be the true meaning of *quid volui miſero mihi?* tho' ſeveral commentators give a different interpretation. The agitation and doubts of a lover's mind are finely painted in this paſſage and the ſucceeding lines. At laſt the ſhepherd ſeems to come to himſelf a little, and reflects on the bad condition of his affairs, which his paſſion has occaſioned, *ſemiputata tibi,* &c.——and finally reſolves to leave the obdurate Alexis, and go in ſearch of another object.

Beſides, two dappled kids, which late I found
Deep in a dale with dangerous rocks around,
For thee I nurſe; with theſe, O come and play!
They drain two ſwelling udders every day.
Theſe Theſtylis hath begg'd, but begg'd in vain;
Now be they her's, ſince you my gifts diſdain.
Come, beauteous boy! the nymphs in baſkets bring
For thee the lovelieſt lillies of the ſpring;
Behold for thee the neighb'ring Naiad crops
The violet pale, and poppy's fragrant tops,
Narciſſus' buds ſhe joins with ſweet jonquils,
And mingles cinnamon with daffodils;
With tender hyacinths of darker dyes,
The yellow marigold diverſifies.
Thee, with the downy quince, and cheſnuts ſweet,
Which once my Amaryllis lov'd, I'll greet;
To gather plumbs of gloſſy hue, will toil;
Theſe ſhall be honour'd if they gain thy ſmile.
Ye myrtles too I'll crop and verdant bays,
For each, ſo plac'd, a richer ſcent conveys.
O Corydon, a ruſtic hind thou art!
Thy preſents ne'er will touch Alexis' heart!
Give all thou canſt, exhauſt thy rural ſtore,
Iolas, thy rich rival, offers more.
What have I ſpoke? betray'd by heedleſs thought,
The boar into my cryſtal ſprings have brought!

60. *Marigold.*] Dr. Martyn has taken great pains to explain the true names of the flowers here mentioned by Virgil, and from his ſkill in botany one may imagine he has juſtly aſcertained them. I follow him.

61. *Cheſnuts ſweet.*] There are ſtill in Italy, garlands intermixt with fruits as well as flowers, like that deſcribed by Virgil in his Eclogues. I have ſeen ſome of theſe carried about the ſtreets of Florence, the Sunday before Chriſtmas-day: They were built up in a pyramid of ever-greens, chiefly of bays, and faced with apples, grapes, and other fruits. SPENCE.

71. *What.*] This reading is after the Vatican manuſcript.

Quem fugis, ah, demens! habitarunt dî quoque ſilvas,
Dardaniuſque Paris. Pallas, quas condidit, arces
Ipſa colat. nobis placeant ante omnia ſilvae.
Torva leaena lupum ſequitur, lupus ipſe capellam;
Florentem cytiſum ſequitur laſciva capella:
Te Corydon, ô Alexi. trahit ſua quemque voluptas.
Aſpice, aratra jugo referunt ſuſpenſa juvenci,
Et ſol creſcentis decedens duplicat umbras:
Me tamen urit amor. quis enim modus adſit amori?
Ah Corydon, Corydon, quae te dementia cepit!
Semiputata tibi frondoſa vitis in ulmo eſt.
Quin tu aliquid ſaltem, potius quorum indiget uſus,
Viminibus mollique paras detexere junco?
Invenies alium, ſi te hic faſtidit, Alexin.

77. Pallas is ſaid to be the inventor of architecture.

88. *Elms.*] The epithet *frondoſa* has great propriety: for Servius ſays, here is a double inſtance of neglect! the vines are half pruned, and the elms are ſuffered to make long ſhoots.

91. *If this Alexis.*] Even when he reſolves to forget the beloved perſon, he fondly repeats the beloved name. TRAPP.

92. From Theocritus.

Εὑρήσεις Γαλατειαν ισως κ) καλλιον αλλαν.

La Cerda has collected, with much exactneſs, all the paſſages which Virgil has taken from Theocritus; their number is indeed very great.

Wretch that I am! to the tempeſtuous blaſt
O I have given my blooming flowers to waſte!
Whom doſt thou fly? the gods of heav'n above,
And Trojan Paris deign'd in woods to rove;
Let Pallas build, and dwell in lofty towers,
Be our delight the fields and ſhady bowers:
Lions the wolves, and wolves the kids purſue,
The kids ſweet thyme—and I ſtill follow you.
Lo! labouring oxen ſpent with toil and heat,
In looſen'd traces from the plough retreat,
The ſun is ſcarce above the mountains ſeen,
Lengthening the ſhadows o'er the duſky green;
But ſtill my boſom feels not evening cool,
Love reigns uncheck'd by time, or bounds, or rule.
What frenzy, Corydon, invades thy breaſt?
Thy elms grow wild, thy vineyard lies undreſt;
No more thy neceſſary labours leave,
Renew thy works, and oſier-baſkets weave:
If this Alexis treat thee with diſdain,
Thou'lt find another, and a kinder ſwain.

END OF THE SECOND ECLOGUE.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

This Eclogue contains a diſpute between two ſhepherds, of that ſort which the critics call Amoebaea, from Αμοιβαιος, *mutual or alternate. In this way of writing the perſons are repreſented to ſpeak alternately, the latter always endeavouring to exceed, or at leaſt equal, what has been ſaid by the former, in the very ſame number of verſes; in which if he fails, he loſes the victory. Here Menalcas and Damoetas reproach each other, and then ſing for a wager, making Palaemon judge between them. Menalcas begins the contention, by caſting ſome reflections on his rival Aegon, and his ſervant Damoetas. Vives, as uſual, endeavours to allegorize this Eclogue, and ſays that Virgil means himſelf under the fictitious name of Damoetas. I heard, ſays Mr. Holdſworth, a poetical conteſt of this kind at Val-Ombroſa, which being very ſatirical, put me in mind of the old Bucolics.*

ECLOGA III.

PALAEMON.

MENALCAS, DAMOETAS, PALAEMON.

MENALCAS.

DIC mihi, Damoeta, cujum pecus? an Meliboei?

DAMOETAS.

Non: verum Aegonis. nuper mihi tradidit Aegon.

MENALCAS.

Infelix ô ſemper oves pecus! ipſe Neaeram
Dum fovet, ac, ne me ſibi praeferat illa, veretur;
Hic alienus ovis cuſtos bis mulget in hora:
Et ſuccus pecori, et lac ſubducitur agnis.

DAMOETAS.

Parcius iſta viris tamen objicienda memento.
Novimus et qui te, tranſverſa tuentibus hircis,
Et quo, ſed faciles Nymphae riſere, ſacello.

MENALCAS.

Tum, credo, cum me arbuſtum videre Myconis,
Atque mala vitis incidere falce novellas.

DAMOETAS.

Aut hic ad veteres fagos, cum Daphnidos arcum
Fregiſti et calamos: quae tu, perverſe Menalca,
Et cum vidiſti puero donata, dolebas,
Et, ſi non aliqua nocuiſſes, mortuus eſſes.

12. *We know that you.*] Virgil here imitates Theocritus (*Novimus, &c.*) but is not ſo groſs and indelicate as the Greek poet.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

PALAEMON.

MENALCAS, DAMOETAS, PALAEMON.

MENALCAS.

ARE theſe, Damoetas, Meliboeus' ſheep?

DAMOETAS.

No; theſe their maſter Aegon bade me keep.

MENALCAS.

Unhappy ſheep! yet more unhappy ſwain!
Whilſt he Neaera wooes, but wooes in vain;
And fears leſt I by fairer fortune bleſt
Should win precedence in the virgin's breaſt;
Lo! here an hireling waſtes his maſter's gains,
And twice an hour of milk the cattle drains.
How lean, too deeply drain'd, appear the dams!
And cheated of their milk how pine the lambs!

DAMOETAS.

At leaſt to men this ſcoffing language ſpare;
We know that you—with whom—and when—and where:
We know the cave—'tis well the nymphs were kind,
Nor to the deed the leering goats were blind.

MENALCAS.

Ay, the kind nymphs, forſooth, no notice took,
When Mycon's vine I tore with wicked hook.

DAMOETAS.

Or rather when, yon ancient beech below,
In ſpite you broke young Daphnis' darts and bow.
O ſwain perverſe! nay, when the boy receiv'd
The gift, oh! how your jealous ſoul was griev'd!
'Twas well you found that way, or you, I ween,
Had died in very impotence of ſpleen.

MENALCAS.

Quid domini faciant, audent cum talia fures?
Non ego te vidi Damonis, peſſime, caprum
Excipere inſidiis, multum latrante Lyciſca?
Et cum clamarem: Quo nunc ſe proripit ille?
Tityre, coge pecus: tu poſt carecta latebas.

DAMOETAS.

An mihi cantando victus non redderet ille,
Quem mea carminibus meruiſſet fiſtula, caprum?
Si neſcis, meus ille caper fuit; et mihi Damon
Ipſe fatebatur: ſed reddere poſſe negabat.

MENALCAS.

Cantando tu illum? aut umquam tibi fiſtula cera
Iuncta fuit? non tu in triviis, indocte, ſolebas
Stridenti miſerum ſtipula diſperdere carmen?

DAMOETAS.

Vis ergo inter nos, quid poſſit uterque, viciſſim
Experiamur? ego hanc vitulam, ne forte recuſes,
Bis venit ad mulctram, binos alit ubere foetus,
Depono: tu dic, mecum quo pignore certes.

MENALCAS.

De grege non auſim quidquam deponere tecum.
Eſt mihi namque domi pater, eſt injuſta noverca:
Biſque die numerant ambo pecus, alter et haedos.
Verum id, quod multo tute ipſe fatebere majus,
Inſanire libet quoniam tibi, pocula ponam
Fagina, caelatum divini opus Alcimedontis:

36. *To ſtare.*] Nothing can be ſo ſatyrical as this line. All theſe R's (with a repetition of *ſt* in *ſtridenti & ſtipula*) could not concur without ſome deſign. Milton imitates this paſſage in his beautiful poem entitled Lycidas,

Grate on their ſcrannel pipes of wretched ſtraw.

48. *Alcimedon.*] As there is no account left us of any famous artiſt called Alcimedon, Dr. Martyn imagines that he was a friend of our poet, who was therefore willing to tranſmit his name to poſterity. By his name, he appears to have been a Greek. How highly the arts of painting and carving were eſteemed in Greece, appears from this very remarkable paſſage in

MENALCAS.

What daring ſcandal muſt thy maſter prate,
Since thou, his ſlave, canſt talk at ſuch a rate!
Did not I ſee thee, thief, ſteal Damon's goat,
While loud Lyciſca gave the warning note?
And when I cry'd,—"See, where the raſcal ſpeeds;
"Tit'rus take care"—you ſkulk'd behind the reeds.

DAMOETAS.

The goat was mine, and won beyond diſpute;
The lawful prize of my victorious flute.
Not Damon's ſelf the juſt demand denies,
But owns he could not pay the forfeit prize.

MENALCAS.

You win a goat by muſic? did thy hand
E'er join th' unequal reeds with waxen band?
Vile dunce! whoſe ſole ambition was to draw
The mob in ſtreets to ſtare at thy harſh-grating ſtraw.

DAMOETAS.

Howe'er that be, ſuppoſe we trial make?
I, to provoke you more, yon heifer ſtake.
Two calves ſhe rears, twice fills the pails a-day,
Now for the ſtrife 'tis your's ſome pledge to lay.

MENALCAS.

You cannot from my flock a pledge require,
You know I have at home a peeviſh ſire,
A cruel ſtep-dame too—ſtrict watch they keep,
And twice each day they count my goats and ſheep.
But ſince your proffer'd prize ſo much you boaſt,
I'll ſtake a pledge of far ſuperior coſt.
Two beauteous bowls of beechen wood are mine,
The ſculpture of Alcimedon divine;

in Pliny; ſpeaking of Eupompus, he ſays, "It was enjoined by "his authority, firſt in Sicyon, and next throughout all Greece, "that *ingenuous youths* ſhould above all things learn the art "of *carving*, that is, of making deſigns in box; and that this "art ſhould be ranked among the firſt of the liberal ones. He

Lenta quibus torno facili ſuperaddita vitis
Diffuſos edera veſtit pallente corymbos.
In medio duo ſigna, Conon: et quis fuit alter,
Deſcripſit radio totum qui gentibus orbem,
Tempora quae meſſor, quae curvus arator haberet?
Necdum illis labra admovi, ſed condita ſervo.

DAMOETAS.

Et nobis idem Alcimedon duo pocula fecit,
Et molli circum eſt anſas amplexus acantho,
Orpheaque in medio poſuit, ſilvaſque ſequentis.
Necdum illis labra admovi, ſed condita ſervo.
Si ad vitulam ſpectas, nihil eſt quod pocula laudes.

MENALCAS.

Nunquam hodie effugies. veniam quocunque vocaris.
Audiat haec tantum vel qui venit: ecce, Palaemon:
Efficiam poſthac quemquam ne voce laceſſas.

DAMOETAS.

Quin age, ſi quid habes; in me mora non erit ulla,
Nec quemquam fugio. tantum, vicine Palaemon,
Senſibus haec imis (res eſt non parva) reponas.

PALAEMON.

Dicite: quandoquidem in molli conſedimus herba.
Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent ſilvae, nunc formoſiſſimus annus.
Incipe, Damoeta; tu deinde ſequêre, Menalca.
Alternis dicetis: amant alterna Camenae.

" thought the laws of honour were violated, if any but gentle-
" men, or at leaſt thoſe that were reputably born, practiſed this
" art; and made a perpetual prohibition that ſlaves never
" ſhould be admitted to learn it. Hence it is that we ſee no
" celebrated pieces of *carving*, neither of *engraving*, *or relievo*,
" [*Toreutice*] done by any perſon in the degree of a ſlave."
Nat. Hiſt. b. 35. c. 10.

Whoſe eaſy chiſſel o'er the work has twin'd,
A vine with berries of pale ivy join'd.
Full in the midſt two comely forms appear,
Conon, with him who fram'd that wond'rous ſphere,
Which points the change of ſeaſons to the ſwain,
And when to plough the ſoil, or reap the grain.
Theſe are my pledge; which yet with care I keep
Untouch'd, and unpolluted by the lip.

DAMOETAS.

I have a pair by the ſame artiſt made,
Their handles with acanthus' leaves o'erlaid,
Where Orpheus in the midſt attracts the grove—
But my firſt-proffer'd prize is ſtill above
All we can ſtake; tho' yet my cups I keep
Untouch'd, and unpolluted by the lip.

MENALCAS.

Name your own terms, nor think the field to fly,
We'll chooſe, for judge, the firſt who paſſes by——
Palaemon comes——let him the cauſe decide;
For once I'll tame an empty boaſter's pride.

DAMOETAS.

I fear the threats of no vain-glorious ſwain,
No proud Menalcas, nor his vaunted ſtrain.
The ſong, Palaemon, with attention hear,
No mean debate demands thy liſtening ear.

PALAEMON.

Begin, ſince on the tender turf we reſt,
And fields and trees in fruitful ſtores are dreſt.
The lofty groves their verdant livery wear,
And in full beauty blooms the laughing year.
Begin Damoetas; next, Menalcas, prove
Thy ſkill; the Nine alternate meaſures love.

DAMOETAS.

Ab Jove principium, Muſae: Jovis omnia plena:
Ille colit terras, illi mea carmina curae.

MENALCAS.

Et me Phoebus amat: Phoebo ſua ſemper apud me
Munera ſunt, lauri, et ſuave rubens hyacinthus.

DAMOETAS.

Malo me Galatea petit, laſciva puella;
Et fugit ad ſalices, et ſe cupit ante videri.

MENALCAS.

At mihi ſeſe offert ultro meus ignis Amyntas:
Notior ut jam ſit canibus non Delia noſtris.

DAMOETAS.

Parta meae Veneri ſunt munera: namque notavi
Ipſe locum, aëriae quo congeſſere palumbes.

MENALCAS.

Quod potui, puero ſilveſtri ex arbore lecta
Aurea mala decem miſi: cras altera mittam.

DAMOETAS.

O quoties, et quae nobis Galatea locuta eſt!
Partem aliquam, venti, divom referatis ad auris.

77. *Muſes from mighty.*] Virgil ſeems to have laid it down as an indiſpenſable rule to himſelf, in theſe Amoebaean verſes, to make the reſpondent ſhepherd anſwer his opponent, in exactly the ſame number of lines. Either this rule was never taken notice of by any former tranſlator; or the extreme difficulty of obſerving it, hath deterred them from attempting to follow it. How I have ſucceeded (both in this and the ſeventh Eclogue) muſt be left to the determination of the judicious reader, who, it is hoped, will make proper allowances for ſuch a conſtraint.

82. *Laurel.*] The ancient poets ſeem to uſe *laurus* indifferently for laurels, or bays: ſtrictly ſpeaking, *lauro*, or *lauro regio*, ſignifies the former in Italian, and *alloro* the latter; but their beſt poets uſe *lauro* indifferently for both. SPENCE.

103. *Breezes, bear.*] This ſentiment of Damoetas is beautiful and poetical to the laſt degree, eſpecially, *partem aliquam*.

DAMOETAS.

Muſes from mighty Jove begin the theme;
With mighty Jove all nature's regions teem:
With liberal hand he ſows the plenteous plains,
Nor unpropitious hears my rural ſtrains.

MENALCAS.

E'en me, mean ſhepherd, Phoebus deigns to love,
Sacred to him I rear a laurel-grove:
And ſtill along my laviſh borders riſe,
His hyacinths of ſweetly-blooming dies.

DAMOETAS.

At me an apple Galatea threw,
Then to the willows, wily girl, withdrew;
Yet as with haſty ſteps ſhe ſkimm'd the green,
Wiſh'd, ere ſhe gain'd the willows, to be ſeen.

MENALCAS.

But unſolicited Amyntas burns
For me, ſpontaneouſly my love returns;
Unaſk'd the boy prevents each ſoft requeſt,
Nor by my dogs is Delia more careſs'd.

DAMOETAS.

To the dear Venus of my love-ſick mind,
Her ſwain a welcome preſent has deſign'd.
I mark'd the bough where two fond turtles coo'd,
And her's ſhall be the neſt, and feathery brood.

MENALCAS.

Amid the woodland wilds a tree I found,
Its plenteous boughs with golden apples crown'd;
Then, all I could, to my dear youth I ſent,
And mean ten more to-morrow to preſent.

DAMOETAS.

How oft with words ſo muſically mild,
Has Galatea every ſenſe beguil'd!
Some part, at leaſt, to heav'n, ye breezes, bear,
Nor let ſuch words be loſt in common air.

MENALCAS.

Quid prodeſt, quod me ipſe animo non ſpernis, Amynta,
Si, dum tu ſectaris apros, ego retia ſervo?

DAMOETAS.

Phyllida mitte mihi: meus eſt natalis, Iola:
Cum faciam vitula pro frugibus, ipſe venito.

MENALCAS.

Phyllida amo ante alias; nam me diſcedere flevit:
Et, longum formoſe vale, vale, inquit, Iola.

DAMOETAS.

Triſte lupus ſtabulis, maturis frugibus imbres,
Arboribus venti; nobis Amaryllidis irae.

MENALCAS.

Dulce ſatis humor, depulſis arbutus haedis,
Lenta ſalix foeto pecori; mihi ſolus Amyntas.

DAMOETAS.

Pollio amat noſtram, quamvis eſt ruſtica, Muſam:
Pierides, vitulam lectori paſcite veſtro.

MENALCAS.

Pollio et ipſe facit nova carmina. paſcite taurum,
Jam cornu petat, ac pedibus qui ſpargat arenam.

DAMOETAS.

Qui te, Pollio, amat, veniat, quo te quoque gaudet.

107. *The boar at bay.*] Orig. *Si, dum tu ſectaris apros, ego retia ſervo?* "What ſignifies your love to me, if you will not let me "ſhew mine to you by ſharing your dangers?"—For all the danger was in hunting the wild beaſts; none in watching the nets. RUAEUS and TRAPP.

133. *Phillis o'er every other nymph.*] The original is, *et longum formoſe, vale—Iola!* The vocative caſe *Iola* does not agree with *formoſe*, but is to be conſtrued at the beginning of the couplet: *O Iolas, I love Phillis above other women, for ſhe wept when I parted from her, and cried, O fair ſhepherd* [*Menalcas*] *farewel, &c.*

121. *Vernal ſhowers.*] La Cerda thinks the ſhepherds are equal in theſe couplets: but Catrou, according to cuſtom, affirms that Menalcas has the advantage. "The images," ſays he, "which Menalcas here preſents to the mind, are more agree-"able than thoſe of his adverſary. A wolf, unſeaſonable rains,

MENALCAS.

In vain, Amyntas, you pretend in vain
To love; you treat me with unkind diſdain,
If while you hold the briſtly boar at bay,
I keep the nets, nor ſhare the dangerous day.

DAMOETAS.

Bid Phillis haſte t'improve the genial mirth
Of this the day that gave her ſhepherd birth;
And when my heifer bleeds at Ceres' feaſt,
Iolas, come thyſelf, and be a welcome gueſt!

MENALCAS.

Phillis o'er every other nymph I prize,
Oh! how ſhe took her leave with weeping eyes!
And as I went, "Dear ſhepherd," oft ſhe cry'd,
And many a long adieu thro' the deep vales ſhe ſigh'd.

DAMOETAS.

The wolf is fatal to the folded ſheep;
With fatal force o'er trees loud tempeſts ſweep;
Fatal the ruſhing ſhow'rs to ripening corn:
To me more fatal Amaryllis' ſcorn!

MENALCAS.

Sweet are the vernal ſhow'rs to ſwelling ſeed;
The flow'ry arbute to the weanling kid;
The tender willows to the teeming herd:
By me o'er all Amyntas is preferr'd.

DAMOETAS.

Pollio approves, though rough, my rural reed;
Muſes, an heifer for your patron feed!

MENALCAS.

Since Pollio deigns to build the lofty ſtrain;
Feed him a bull that butting ſpurns the plain.

DAMOETAS.

Let him who loves a Pollio's ſacred name
Gain what he loves, and ſhare a Pollio's fame:

"and tempeſtuous winds, are the ornament of Damoetas's diſ-
"courſe. In that of Menalcas, we have favourable rains, and
"an agreeable nouriſhment to the flocks."

Mella fluant illi, ferat et rubus aſper amomum.

MENALCAS.

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Maevi:
Atque idem jungat volpes, et mulgeat hircos.

DAMOETAS.

Qui legitis flores, et humi naſcentia fraga,
Frigidus, ô pueri, fugite hinc, latet anguis in herba.

MENALCAS.

Parcite oves nimium procedere: non bene ripae
Creditur. ipſe aries etiam nunc vellera ſiccat.

DAMOETAS.

Tityre, paſcentis à flumine reice capellas:
Ipſe, ubi tempus erit, omnis in fonte lavabo.

MENALCAS.

Cogite ovis, pueri: ſi lac praeceperit aeſtus,
Ut nuper, fruſtra preſſabimus ubera palmis.

DAMOETAS.

Eheu, quam pingui macer eſt mihi taurus in ervo!
Idem amor exitium pecori eſt, pecoriſque magiſtro.

MENALCAS.

His certe neque amor cauſſa eſt: vix oſſibus haerent.
Neſcio quis teneros oculus mihi faſcinat agnos.

DAMOETAS.

Dic, quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo,
Tris pateat coeli ſpatium non amplius ulnas.

MENALCAS.

Dic, quibus in terris inſcripti nomina regum
Naſcantur flores: et Phyllida ſolus habeto.

139. *Graze not.*] Catrou underſtands this couplet as an allegory, implying a caution to avoid being ſurprized by dangerous inclinations. This ſeems a ſtrained and forced interpretation.

148. *What magic eye.*] The notion of an evil eye, ſtill prevails among the ignorant vulgar. Lord Bacon ſpeaks of the power of the glances of an envious eye. See an *account of faſcination* in CHAMBERS's *Dictionary*.

151. *Tell this.*] Catrou and Dr. Trapp are for the *well and the oven*, as the moſt ſimple and ſuitable to a ſhepherd's underſtanding. But Dr. Martyn propoſes a new interpretation, and thinks the ſhepherd may mean a celeſtial globe or ſphere.

For him let golden ſtreams of honey flow,
And fragrant ſpices breathe from every bough.

MENALCAS.

Is there a ſwain that hates not Bavius' lays?
Be it his curſe vile Maevius' verſe to praiſe:
The ſame degree of madneſs might provoke
To milk male goats, or ſtubborn foxes yoke.

DAMOETAS.

Ye boys that gather flow'rs and ſtrawberries,
Lo! hid within the graſs a ſerpent lies!

MENALCAS.

Graze not, my ſheep, too near the faithleſs bank,
Scarce yet the ram has dry'd his fleeces dank.

DAMOETAS.

Tityrus, thy kids too near the river ſtray,
Myſelf will waſh them all ſome fitter day.

MENALCAS.

Boys, fold your ſheep, 'tis vain to preſs the teat,
When all the milk, as erſt, is dry'd with heat.

DAMOETAS.

How lean my bull on yonder clover'd plain!
Love waſtes alike the cattle and the ſwain.

MENALCAS.

Some heavier plague has made theſe lambs ſo lean,
What magic eye my tender brood has ſeen!

DAMOETAS.

Tell me the place, where heaven's contracted bound
Appears to view but three ſhort ells around?
Tell this, and thou my god of verſe ſhalt ſhine,

MENALCAS.

Tell this, and lovely Phillis ſhall be thine;
O tell in what delightful region ſprings
The flow'r that bears inſcrib'd the names of kings.

154. *Of kings.*] The flower here meant is the hyacinth, which as it is ſaid to ſpring from the blood of Ajax, was mark'd AI.

PALAEMON.

Non noſtrum inter vos tantas conponere litis:
Et vitula tu dignus, et hic: et quiſquis amores
Aut metuet dulcis, aut experietur amaros.
Claudite jam rivos, pueri. ſat prata biberunt.

159. *The ſtreams.*] *Claudite jam rivos*, is an allegorical expreſſion, taken from a river's refreſhing the meadows, and applied to muſic and poetry delighting the ears, the fancy, and the judgment.

PALAEMON.

Which to prefer perplexing doubts ariſe:
Neither have won, but both deſerv'd the prize;
And all deſerve alike, whoſe ſong can prove,
Like yours, how much they fear'd or hop'd in love.
'Tis time to ceaſe, my boys: the ſtreams reſtrain,
Enough the floods have drench'd the thirſty plain.

END OF THE THIRD ECLOGUE.

ECLOGUE THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

Catrou seems to be the first commentator that has given any thing like a rational interpretation of the subject of this famous Eclogue. His words are as follows, viz. In the year of Rome 714, says he, when Asinius Pollio and Domitius Calvinus were consuls, the people of Rome compelled the triumvirs Octavian and Anthony to make a durable peace between them. It was hoped, that thereby an end would be put to the war with Sextus Pompey, who had made himself master of Sicily, and by the interruption of commerce, had caused a famine in Rome. To make this peace the more firm, they would have Anthony, whose wife Fulvia was then dead, to marry Octavian Caesar's sister Octavia, who had lately lost her husband Marcellus, and was then big with a child, of which she was delivered after her marriage with Anthony. This child retained the name of his own father Marcellus, and as long as he lived was the delight of his uncle Octavian, and the hope of the Roman people. It is he that is the subject of this Eclogue. Virgil addresses it to Pollio, who was at that time consul, and thereby makes a compliment to Caesar, Anthony, Octavia, and Pollio, all at once. The Marcellus, whose birth is here celebrated, is the same whose death is lamented by Virgil in the sixth Aeneid. The poet borrows what was predicted by the Camaean Sybil concerning Jesus Christ, and applies it to this child.

ECLOGA IV.

POLLIO.

SIcelides Muſae, paullo majora canamus.
Non omnes arbuſta juvant, humileſque myricae.
Si canimus ſilvas, ſilvae ſint Conſule dignae.
Ultima Cumaei venit jam carminis aetas:
Magnus ab integro ſaeclorum naſcitur ordo.
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna:
Jam nova progenies coelo demittitur alto.
Tu modo naſcenti puero, quo ferrea primum
Deſinet, ac toto ſurget gens aurea mundo,
Caſta fave Lucina: tuus jām regnat Apollo.
Teque adeo decus hoc aevi, te Conſule, inibit,
Pollio: et incipient magni procedere menſes.
Te duce, ſi qua manent ſceleris veſtigia noſtri,
Inrita perpetua ſolvent formidine terras.
Ille deûm vitam accipiet, diviſque videbit
Permixtos heroas, et ipſe videbitur illis:
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.
Ac tibi prima, puer, nullo munuſcula cultu,
Errantis ederas paſſim cum baccare tellus,

Ver. 21. *For thee, O child.*] 'Tis impoſſible to forbear obſerving the great ſimilitude of this paſſage, and that famous one of Iſaiah:

" The wilderneſs and the ſolitary place ſhall be glad for " them: and the deſert ſhall rejoice, and bloſſom as the roſe, " chap. xxxv. ver. 1. The glory of Lebanon ſhall come unto " thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, " chap. xi. ver. 13. The wolf alſo ſhall dwell with the lamb, " and the leopard lie down with the kid: and the calf, and " the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child " ſhall lead them. And the cow and the bear ſhall feed, " their young ones ſhall lie down together; and the lion ſhall " eat

ECLOGUE THE FOURTH.

On the Birth of MARCELLUS.

To POLLIO.

GIVE me, Sicilian maids, ſublimer ſtrains;
All love not lowly ſhrubs and rural plains:
Or if ye chooſe to ſing the ſhady grove,
Make your theme worthy a great conſul's love.
The years approach, by Sybils ſage foretold,
Again by circling time in order roll'd!
Aſtrea comes, old Saturn's holy reign,
Peace, virtue, juſtice, now return again!
See a new progeny from heav'n deſcend!
Lucina hear! th' important birth befriend!
The golden age this infant ſhall reſtore,
Thy Phoebus reigns—and vice ſhall be no more.
The months begin, the babe's auſpicious face,
Pollio, thy glorious conſulſhip ſhall grace;
What footſteps of our ancient crimes remain
For ever ſhall be baniſh'd in thy reign.
He ſhall enjoy the life divine, and ſee
The gods and heroes of eternity;
The jarring world in laſting peace ſhall bind,
And with his father's virtues rule mankind.
For thee, O child, ſpontaneous earth ſhall pour
Green ivy, mix'd with ev'ry choiceſt flow'r:

" eat ſtraw like the ox. And the ſucking child ſhall play
" upon the hole of the aſp, and the weaned child ſhall put
" his hand on the adder's den, chap. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8."

How much inferior is Virgil's poetry to Iſaiah's! The former has nothing comparable to theſe beautiful ſtrokes; " that
" a little child ſhall lead the lion;——that the very trees of
" the foreſt ſhall come to pay adoration."——Virgil ſays

Mixtaque ridenti colocaſia fundet acantho.
Ipſae lacte domum referent diſtenta capellae
Ubera: nec magnos metuent armenta leones.
Ipſa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.
Occidet et ſerpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet: Aſſyrium vulgo naſcetur amomum.
Ac ſimul heroum laudes et facta parentis
Jam legere, et quæ ſit poteris cognoſcere virtus:
Molli paullatim flaveſcet campus ariſta,
Incultiſque rubens pendebit ſentibus uva:
Et duræ quercus ſudabunt roſcida mella.
Pauca tamen ſuberunt priſcae veſtigia fraudis,
Quae tentare Thetin ratibus, quae cingere muris
Oppida, quae jubeant telluri infindere ſulcos.
Alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quae vehat Argo
Delectos heroas: erunt etiam altera bella;
Atque iterum ad Troiam magnus mittetur Achilles.
Hinc, ubi jam firmata virum te fecerit ætas,
Cedet et ipſe mari vector; nec nautica pinus
Mutabit merces: omnis feret omnia tellus.
Non raſtros patietur humus, non vinea falcem:
Robuſtus quoque jam tauris juga ſolvet arator.
Nec varios diſcet mentiri lana colores.
Ipſe ſed in pratis aries jam ſuave rubenti
Murice, jam rocco mutabit vellera luto.

only *occidet et ſerpens*; Iſaiah adds a circumſtance inimitably picturesque, that the ſucking child ſhall play upon the hole of the aſp; and that the weaned child, a little older and beginning to make uſe of its hands, ſhall put his fingers on the adder's den. There are certain critics who would never ceaſe to admire theſe circumſtances and ſtrokes of nature, if they had not the ill fortune to be placed in the Bible.

33. *Harveſts.*] The ancients uſed to ſow bearded or prickly wheat, which deterred the birds from picking the ears. The epithet *molli* may therefore imply, that the corn ſhall no longer ſtand in need of this fortification, this palliſade, this *vallum ariſtarum* as Cicero calls it, to defend it from injuries, but ſhall

Each field ſhall breathe Aſſyria's rich perfume,
And ſweets ambroſial round thy cradle bloom:
With milk o'ercharg'd the goats ſhall homeward ſpeed,
And herds ſecure from mighty lions feed.
The baleful aſp and ſpeckled ſnake ſhall die,
Nor pois'nous herb 'mid flow'rs conceal'd ſhall lie.
But when his matchleſs father's deeds divine,
And how in virtue's arduous paths to ſhine,
Warm'd with old heroes' fame, the youth ſhall know,
Then cluſtering grapes on foreſt-thorns ſhall glow;
Swains without culture golden harveſts reap,
And knotted oaks ſhall ſhowers of honey weep.
Yet of old crimes ſome footſteps ſhall remain,
The glebe be plough'd, ſhips tempt the dang'rous main;
'Round cities bulwarks riſe, and maſſy tow'rs,
And other Argo's bear the choſen pow'rs;
New wars the bleeding nations ſhall deſtroy,
And great Achilles find a ſecond Troy.

Laſt, when he reaches manhood's prime complete,
The ſailor ſhall forſake the uſeleſs fleet;
No freighted ſhip ſhall wander ocean 'round,
With ev'ry fruit ſhall ev'ry clime be crown'd:
No lands ſhall feel the rake, nor vine the hook,
The ſwain from toil his bullocks ſhall unyoke:
No wool ſhall glow with alien colours gay,
The ram himſelf rich fleeces ſhall diſplay

ſhall ſpring up ſpontaneouſly, and grow ripe with ſoft and tender beards.

38. *Argo's.*] By navigation and commerce Virgil means that avarice, and by wars, that ambition ſhall ſtill ſubſiſt. CATROU.

39. *Wars.*] A bloody war at laſt reduced Sextus Pompey to quit Sicily, and meet his death in Aſia by Anthony. The conjuncture of affairs, the preparations made by Octavian, and above all, the diſpoſitions of men's minds, gave room for the prediction of the poet. CATROU.

Sponte ſua ſandyx paſcentis veſtiet agnos.
Talia ſaecla, ſuis dixerunt, currite, fuſis
Concordes ſtabili fatorum numine Parcae.
Adgredere ô magnos (aderit jam tempus) honores,
Cara deûm ſuboles, magnum Jovis incrementum.
Aſpice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,
Terraſque, tractuſque maris, coelumque profundum:
Aſpice, venturo laetantur ut omnia ſaeclo.
O mihi tum longae maneat pars ultima vitae,
Spiritus et quantum ſat erit tua dicere facta!
Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus: huic mater quamvis, atque huic pater adſit,
Orphi Calliopea, Lino formoſus Apollo.
Pan etiam Arcadia mecum ſi judice certet,
Pan etiam Arcadia dicat ſe judice victum.
Incipe, parve puer, riſu cognoſcere matrem:

49. *Purple.*] Murex was a ſhell-fiſh ſet about with ſpikes, from whence the Tyrian colour was obtained. *Lutum* is that herb, ſays Dr. Martyn, which our Engliſh writers of botany deſcribe under the name of Luteola, wild woad, and dyer's weed. It is uſed in dying yellow both wool and ſilk.

50. *Sandyx.*] Servius and La Cerda affirm the ſandyx to be an herb, which is a great miſtake. Sandyx is ſpoken of by Pliny, as a cheap material for painting. The true ſandaracha, ſays Dr. Martyn, which ſeems to be our native red arſenic, was ſaid to come from an iſland in the Red Sea.

54. *O progeny of Jove.*] Would it have been proper to beſtow theſe illuſtrious appellations on a ſon of Pollio? Surely Virgil does not here pour them forth without reaſon. But what young prince could at that time deſerve to be called the child of the gods, and the illuſtrious offspring of Jupiter? Without doubt it muſt have been one of the family of the Caeſars! And did there at that time come into the world any child of the family of the Caeſars, except young Marcellus? Tiberius was not yet entered into the houſe of Octavian by his mother, and Druſus was not yet born. CATROU.

55. *Tottering nature.*] What is the meaning of *nutantem?* ſays the learned Dr. Trapp. With, or under what does it nod or ſtagger? With its guilt and miſery, ſay ſome, and ſo wants

Of native purple and unborrow'd gold,
And ſandyx clothe with red the crowded fold.
The Siſters to their ſpindles ſaid——"Succeed,
Ye happy years; for thus hath fate decreed!
Aſſume thy ſtate! thy deſtin'd honours prove,
Dear to the gods! O progeny of Jove!
Behold how tottering nature nods around,
Earth, air, the wat'ry waſte, and heav'n profound!
At once they change——they wear a ſmiling face,
And all with joy th' approaching age embrace!
O that my life, my vigour may remain
To tell thy actions in heroic ſtrain;
Not Orpheus' ſelf, not Linus ſhould exceed
My loſty lays, or gain the poet's meed,
Tho' Phoebus, tho' Calliope inſpire,
And one the mother aid, and one the ſire.
Should Pan contend, Arcadia's ſelf ſhould own
That I from Pan himſelf had gain'd the crown.
Begin, begin, O loveliеſt babe below!
Thy mother by her tender ſmile to know!

to be ſuccoured by this new-born hero. But that to others ſeems not to agree with the happineſs which is aſcribed even to the firſt diviſion, and to the beginning of this happy age. And therefore they ſay, it either nods, i. e. moves and ſhakes itſelf with joy and exultation; which is pretty harſh to my apprehenſion; or, which is not much better, inclines and tends to another, i. e. a yet more happy ſtate; *vergentem*, ſay they, *nutantemque in meliorem ſtatum*. After all I like the firſt interpretation beſt. 'Twas good ſenſe to ſay, the world at preſent labours with its guilt and miſery: but yet rejoices at the very near proſpect of the happy change, which is in a manner begun already.

68. *Thy mother by her tender ſmile.*] The commentators are divided in opinion, whether he means the ſmile of the child, or that of the mother. I chooſe the latter meaning, as it may be ſupported by the beſt reaſons. See RUAEUS, and ERYTHRAEUS.

Matri longa decem tulerunt faſtidia menſes.
Incipe, parve puer: cui non riſere parentes,
Nec deus hunc menſa, dea nec dignata cubili eſt.

71. *Smile not.*] Thoſe who underſtand this paſſage of the child, ſtrain the verb *cognoſcere*, to ſignify that the child ſhould own, or acknowledge his mother, by ſmiling on her: but I do not find any inſtance of its having been uſed in that ſenſe.

In the next line, the making of the laſt ſyllable but one ſhort *tulĕrunt*, is a poetical licence not very unuſual; thus we read *ſtetĕrunt et miſcuĕrunt*, for *ſtetērunt et miſcuērunt*; ſo that there is no occaſion to read *tulerint*, as ſome have done without any good authority.

(Ten tedious months that mother bore for thee
The ſickneſs and the pains of pregnancy)
For if thy parents ſmile not, 'tis decreed,
No god ſhall grace thy board, no goddeſs bleſs thy bed.

72. *No god.*] The life of the gods or apotheoſis (here promiſed by the poet) conſiſted of two particulars; the ſitting at the table of Jupiter, and the marriage of ſome goddeſs; therefore the threats of Virgil amount to this——You ſhall not enjoy the life of the gods, becauſe neither Jupiter will admit you to his table, nor any goddeſs to her bed. RUAEUS,

END OF THE FOURTH ECLOGUE.

ECLOGUE THE FIFTH.

ARGUMENT.

The subject of the following Eclogue is great, and the poet laboured his composition accordingly; it is no less than the death of Julius Caesar, and his deification. Many reasons may be given, why by Daphnis is not meant Saloninus, the pretended son of Pollio, nor Flaccus, Virgil's brother. This Eclogue must have greatly recommended our author to the favour of Augustus. Ruaeus thinks it was written when some plays or sacrifices were celebrated in honour of Julius Caesar. The scene of it is not only beautiful in itself, but adapted to the solemnity of the subject; the shepherds sit and sing in the aweful gloom of a grotto, which is overhung by wild vines.

ECLOGA V.

DAPHNIS.

MENALCAS, MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

CUR non, Mopſe, boni quoniam convenimus ambo,
Tu calamos inflare levis, ego dicere verſus,
Hic corulis mixtas inter conſidimus ulmos?

MOPSUS.

Tu major. tibi me eſt aequum parere, Menalca:
Sive ſub incertas Zephyris motantibus umbras,
Sive antro potius ſuccedimus. aſpice, ut antrum
Silveſtris raris ſparſit labruſca racemis.

MENALCAS.

Montibus in noſtris ſolus tibi certet Amyntas,

MOPSUS.

Quid ſi idem certet Phoebum ſuperare canendo?

MENALCAS.

Incipe, Mopſe, prior; ſi quos aut Phyllidis ignes,
Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri.
Incipe: paſcentis ſervabit Tityrus haedos.

MOPSUS.

Immo haec, in viridi nuper quae cortice fagi
Carmina deſcripſi, et modulans alterna notavi,
Experiar: tu deinde jubeto certet Amyntas.

Ver. 2. *Skill'd.*] *Boni diſcere & inflare*, in the orig. is a Greciſm of which there are many in our author.

5. *Elder.*] Servius ſays, it may either mean, *major natu vel merito.* But the context ſeems to favour the firſt.

15. *Alcon—Codrus.*] Surely theſe ſubjects are not paſtoral enough to be here mentioned by Menalcas.

18. *A beech's.*] *Cortice fagi.* It was the ancient cuſtom of Italy

ECLOGUE THE FIFTH.

DAPHNIS.

MENALCAS and MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

SINCE thus we meet, whom different fancies lead,
I ſkill'd to ſing, and you to touch the reed,
Why ſit we not beneath this woven ſhade,
Which the broad elm with hazles mixt hath made?

MOPSUS.

Mine elder thou; 'tis juſt that I obey
What you propoſe; whether you chooſe to ſtay
Beneath the covert of the branching trees,
Which ſhift their ſhadows to th' uncertain breeze,
Or rather in yon' cooling grot recline,
O'erhung with cluſters of the flaunting vine.

MENALCAS.

Amyntas only can with you compare:

MOPSUS.

What if to ſing with Phoebus' ſelf he dare?

MENALCAS.

Begin thou firſt; whether fair Phillis' flame,
Or Codrus' patriot quarrel be the theme;
Or ſkilful Alcon's praiſes ſwell thy notes:
Tityrus mean while ſhall tend thy feeding goats.

MOPSUS.

Rather I'll try thoſe verſes to repeat,
Which on a beech's verdant bark I writ:
I writ, and ſung between: when theſe you hear,
Judge if Amyntas' ſtrains with mine compare.

Italy to write on the barks of trees, as it was in Egypt to write on the *Papyrus*, a ſort of ruſh, from which the word Paper is derived.

MENALCAS.

Lenta salix quantum pallenti cedit olivae,
Puniceis humilis quantum saliunca rosetis:
Judicio nostro tantum tibi cedit Amyntas.

MOPSUS.

Sed tu desine plura, puer: successimus antro.
Exstinctum nymphae crudeli funere Daphnin
Flebant: vos coruli testes, et flumina, nymphis:
Cum, complexa sui corpus miserabile gnati,
Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia mater.
Non ulli pastos illis egêre diebus
Frigida, Daphni, boves ad flumina: nulla neque amnem
Libavit quadrupes, nec graminis attigit herbam.
Daphni, tuum Poenos etiam ingemuisse leones
Interitum, montesque feri silvaeque loquuntur.
Daphnis et Armenias curru subjungere tigris
Instituit, Daphnis thiasos inducere Bacchi,
Et foliis lentas intexere mollibus hastas.
Vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvae,
Ut gregibus tauri, segetes ut pinguibus arvis;
Tu decus omne tuis. postquam te fata tulerunt,
Ipsa Pales agros, atque ipse reliquit Apollo.
Grandia saepe quibus mandavimus hordea sulcis,
Infelix lolium, et steriles nascuntur avenae.

22.] There is no English name for *saliunca:* it is either the *nardus Celtica,* or else entirely unknown. MARTYN.

27. *His sad mother.*] Dr. Martyn with great probability observes, that by the mother is meant Venus, and confirms his opinion by an almost parallel passage in Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book 15. Ovid there represents Venus to be terrified at the approach of Cæsar's death; she discovers all the fears and tenderness of a mother, and considers the injury as offered to herself.

29. *No cattle,—no horse.*] This circumstance is remarkable, and may allude to a strange fact that happened, according to Suetonius's account, at Julius Cæsar's death: He tells us, that the horses which this emperor consecrated when he passed the Rubicon, and had been turned wild ever since, were observed

MENALCAS.

When the weak willow with the olive vies,
Or nard with the ſweet roſe's crimſon dies;
Then may Amyntas with thy matchleſs ſtrain:

MOPSUS.

Enough——for ſee! the ſolemn grott we gain.
Round Daphnis dead the nymphs in anguiſh mourn'd,
Witneſs, ye woods and ſtreams, for ye their plaints return'd!
While his ſad mother his cold limbs embrac'd,
Heav'n and the gods accuſing in her haſte.
No ſwain then drove his cattle to the flood;
No horſe would taſte the ſtream, or graſſy food:
Thee, deſart rocks, thee vocal woods bemoan'd,
For thee with dreadful grief, ev'n Lybian lions groan'd.
Armenian tygers Daphnis taught to yoke,
And whirl the car obedient to the ſtroke,
To dance in frantic mood at Bacchus' feaſt,
And ſhake the ſpear with tender foliage dreſt:
As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
Bulls grace the herds, and fields the golden corn,
So Daphnis while he dwelt upon the plains,
Shone with ſuperior grace among the ſwains.
Thee when the fates in vengeance fnatch'd away,
Pales nor Phoebus deign'd a longer ſtay:
In vain we ſow; the promis'd harveſts fail;
While wretched lolium and wild oats prevail;

ſerved to abſtain from their food, *pertinaciſſimè pabulo abſtinere ubertimque flere.*

33. *Armenian tygers.*] Ruaeus ſays, the ſolemnities of Bacchus were in a manner reſtored and celebrated by Caeſar with greater magnificence than they had ever been before.

44. *Wretched lolium.*] Virgil here gives *lolium* the epithet of *infelix.* It is of a malignant nature, and is ſo much the more dangerous from its not being eaſily to be diſtinguiſhed from the corn among which it uſually ſprings up. The ancients thought it bad for the eyes: *Mirum eſt lolio victitare te tam vili tritico.* *P. Quid*

Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narciſſo,
Carduus, et ſpinis ſurgit paliurus acutis.
Spargite humum foliis, inducite fontibus umbras,
Paſtores: mandat fieri ſibi talia Daphnis.
Et tumulum facite, et tumulo ſuperaddite carmen:
Daphnis ego in ſilvis, hinc uſque ad ſidera notus,
Formoſi pecoris cuſtos, formoſior ipſe.

MENALCAS.

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poëta,
Quale ſopor feſſis in gramine: quale per aeſtum
Dulcis aquae ſalientę ſitim reſtinguere rivo.
Nec calamis ſolum aequiparas, ſed voce magiſtrum.
Fortunate puer, tu nunc eris alter ab illo.
Nos tamen haec quocunque modo tibi noſtra viciſſim
Dicemus; Daphninque tuum tollemus ad aſtra:
Daphnin ad aſtra feremus. amavit nos quoque Daphnis.

MOPSUS.

An quidquam nobis tali ſit munere majus?
Et puer ipſe fuit cantari dignus: et iſta
Jam pridem Stimicon laudavit carmina nobis.

MENALCAS.

Candidus inſuctum miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibuſque videt nubes et ſidera Daphnis.
Ergo alacris ſilvas, et cetera rura voluptas,
Panaque, paſtoreſque tenet, Dryadaſque puellas.
Nec lupus inſidias pecori, nec retia cervis

P. Quid jam? S. Quia luſcitioſus. P. Aedepol tu quidem caecus, non luſcitioſus. Plaut. Mil. Glorioſ. Act. 2. Sc. 3.

Et careant loliis oculos vitiantibus agri.
OVID. Faſt. 1. 690.

And the modern Italians have yet a worſe notion of it: for they look upon it as the cauſe of the melancholy kind of madneſs; and 'tis common with them to ſay of any ſuch perſon, *A mangiato pane con loglio*, 'He has eat bread with lolium in 'it.' HOLDSWORTH and SPENCE.

For violet ſoft, for purple daffodill,
Brambles and prickly burrs the meadows fill.
With boughs the brooks o'erſhade, ye rural train,
With leaves and flowers beſpread the verdant plain;
Daphnis theſe rites did for himſelf ordain.
With grateful hands his monument erect,
And be the ſtone with this inſcription deck'd;
" I Daphnis here repoſe; fam'd to the ſky,
" Fair was my flock, but fairer far was I!"

MENALCAS.

O bard divine! as ſweet thy tuneful lay,
As ſlumber to tir'd ſwains on new-mown hay,
Or as in ſummer's ſultry drought to taſte
Cool ſtreams that bubbling o'er the meadows haſte.
Thou ev'n with Pan deſerv'ſt an equal meed,
For ſkill to tune the voice or touch the reed.
Bleſt youth! who now ſhalt ſhare that maſter's fame;
Yet will I ſtrive th' alternate lays to frame:
Bid Daphnis' praiſes to the ſtars aſcend,
For Daphnis lov'd ev'n me, his humble friend.

MOPSUS.

How can'ſt thou pleaſe me more?—The youth thy praiſe
Deſerv'd, and Stimichon approves the lays.

MENALCAS.

Daphnis with wonder mounts to heav'n on high,
Above the clouds, above the ſtarry ſky:
Hence joy enchants the woods, and ſmiling plains,
Pales and Pan, the Dryads, and the ſwains;
No more the prowling wolf the cattle fear,
Nor ſecret toils deceive th' incautious deer;

54. *O bard divine.*] The elegance and ſweetneſs of theſe lines are not to be equalled by any thing, but the anſwer Mopſus makes to them afterwards in line 82 of the original.

Nam neque me tantum, &c.

Ulla dolum meditantur. amat bonus otia Daphnis.
Ipſi lætitia voces ad ſidera jactant
Intonſi montes : ipſae jam carmina rupes,
Ipſa ſonant arbuſta : Deus, deus ille, Menalca.
Sis bonus, ô felixque tuis ! en quatuor aras :
Ecce duas tibi, Daphni, duoque altaria Phoebo.
Pocula bina novo ſpumantia lacte quotannis,
Crateraſque duos ſtatuam tibi pinguis olivi :
Et multo in primis hilarans convivia baccho,
Ante focum, ſi frigus erit, ſi meſſis, in umbra ;
Vina novum fundam calathis Ariuſia nectar.
Cantabunt mihi Damoetas, et Lyctius Aegon :
Saltantis Satyros imitabitur Alpheſiboeus.
Haec tibi ſemper erunt, et cum ſolennia vota
Reddemus Nymphis, et cum luſtrabimus agros.
Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piſcis amabit,
Dumque thymo paſcentur apes, dum rore cicadae,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudeſque manebunt.
Ut Baccho Cererique, tibi ſic vota quotannis
Agricolae facient : damnabis tu quoque votis.

73. *Peace.*] This expreſſion of *otia* ſeems more particularly to allude to the mercy and clemency of Caeſar: virtues for which he was ſo much celebrated by Tully and other writers.

77. *A god, a god.*] This paſſage is very ſublime, and bears a great reſemblance to that of Iſaiah (which probably Virgil might have read) "Break forth into ſinging, ye mountains, "O foreſt, and every tree therein." And this lofty language muſt confirm the opinion that Julius Caeſar is meant, by Daphnis.

83. *Chios'*.] Arviſium was a promontory of the iſland Chios, now Scios, from whence the fineſt of the Greek wines came.

91. *When the victims.*] This ceremony was called *Ambarvalia*. The ſacred dances mentioned in the lines immediately preceding, were uſed by the ancients both Jews and heathens in religious ceremonies. An account of them may be ſeen in Dr. Delany's life of David, and in Lucian περὶ ὀρχήσεως.

95. *So long.*] Aeneas addreſſes Dido in almoſt the ſame words: but obſerve that all the ſhepherd's ideas are taken from rural objects, whereas thoſe of Aeneas are taken from philoſophy. Such propriety doth Virgil ever obſerve in his ſentiments.

The ſylvan wars of cruel hunters ceaſe,
Daphnis the mild loves univerſal peace.
The deſert mountains into ſinging break,
The foreſts and the fields in tranſport ſpeak;
The rocks proclaim the new divinity!
A god, a god! the vocal hills reply.
O hear thy worſhippers! four altars ſee,
For Phoebus two, and Daphnis, two for thee!
Two jars of fatteſt oil, each rolling year,
Two bowls of frothing milk to thee I'll bear;
The ritual feaſt ſhall overflow with wine,
And Chios' richeſt nectar ſhall be thine;
On the warm hearth in winter's chilling hour
We'll ſacrifice; a ſummer in a bow'r;
Alpheſiboeus tripping ſhall advance,
And mimic ſatyrs in the feſtal dance;
Damoetas there and ſkilful Aegon ſing;
And conſtantly our off'rings will we bring;
Both to the nymphs when ſacred rites are paid;
And when the victims round the fields are led:
While the cicada ſips the dew, while thyme
The bees ſhall ſuck, while boars the mountains climb,
While fiſhes wanton in the wat'ry waſte,
So long thy honour, name and praiſe ſhall laſt.
Thoſe holy vows which on a ſolemn day,
At Bacchus' and at Ceres' ſhrine we pay,
Daphnis to thee ſhall riſe each circling year:
Thou too ſhalt be invok'd and hear our pray'r!

99. *Thou—hear our prayer.*] RUAEUS has well explained this paſſage: He who makes a vow deſires ſomething from God, and promiſes ſomething to him at the ſame time. If God grants his requeſt, then he, who makes the vow, is in a manner judged, and obliged to perform his promiſe. Thus God is ſaid *damnare votis* or *voti*, when he grants the requeſt, and ſo obliges the perſon to perform what he had promiſed.

MOPSUS.

Quae tibi, quae tali reddam pro carmine dona?
Nam neque me tantum venientis ſibilus aûſtri,
Nec percuſſa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quae
Saxoſas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

MENALCAS.

Hac te nos fragili donabimus ante cicuta.
Haec nos, Formoſum Corydon ardebat Alexin:
Haec eadem docuit, Cujum pecus? An Meliboei?

MOPSUS.

Ac tu ſume pedum, quod, me cum ſaepe rogaret,
Non tulit Antigenes, (et erat tum dignus amari)
Formoſum paribus nodis atque aere, Menalca.

109. *The ſame*, &c.] 'Tis inferred from this paſſage that Virgil certainly means himſelf under the name of Menalcas; and likewiſe, that by his mentioning only the ſubjects of the Palaemon and the Alexis, and not a ſyllable of the Tityrus, that all theſe three Eclogues were written before the Tityrus; notwithſtanding that Eclogue, uſually, but erroneouſly, is placed firſt in all editions. It is not improbable, that the Alexis was publiſhed before the death of Julius Caeſar, who might read and admire it.

MOPSUS.

What thanks, what recompence, can my weak lay
For ſuch exalted ſtrains as thine repay?
Not from freſh whiſpers of the ſouthern breeze,
Nor gentle daſhings of the calmeſt ſeas,
Nor from the murmuring rills, ſuch joys I feel,
That gliding down the pebbly vallies ſteal!

MENALCAS.

But firſt receive this ſlender pipe, the ſame
That told poor Corydon's unpitied flame,
Who vainly ſought Alexis' heart to move:
The ſame with which Damoetas fondly ſtrove.

MOPSUS.

And thou, Menalcas, take this well-form'd crook,
With poliſh'd joints adorn'd and brazen hook;
Which ev'n Antigenes could ne'er obtain
Tho' worthy to be lov'd, a beauteous ſwain.

END OF THE FIFTH ECLOGUE.

ECLOGUE THE SIXTH.

ARGUMENT.

This piece is perhaps one of the moſt beautiful of all the ten Eclogues. Virgil addreſſes it to Varus his friend and fellow ſtudent under the celebrated Syro an Epicurean philoſopher. Two ſhepherds are introduced, who ſeize Silenus ſleeping in a grotto, and compel him, with the aſſiſtance of a water nymph, to entertain them with a ſong he had often promiſed them. The god immediately begins to give them an account of the formation of things, and lays before them the ſyſtem of Epicurus's philoſophy both natural and moral; which laſt circumſtance was never thought of or underſtood by any one tranſlator or commentator before Catrou. After Silenus has told them how the world was made according to the doctrine of Epicurus, his adjungit Hylam; *that is, ſay the critics, he recounted the moſt famous ancient fables, and ſome ſurprizing transformations that had happened in the world. How abſurd and unlike the regularity and exactneſs of Virgil! The meaning ſeems to be,—that after Silenus had done with the natural, he entered upon the moral philoſophy of Epicurus: which conſiſted in teaching men to avoid all outrageous paſſions and violent perturbations of mind. This was the reaſon that he ſung to them the immoderate grief of Hercules for the boy Hylas, the brutal luſt of Paſiphaë, the vanity of the Praetides, the avarice of Atalanta, and the immoderate grief of the ſiſters of Phaëton. All which the Epicureans condemned as enemies to that quiet and ſoft repoſe which they eſteemed the perfection of virtue and happineſs.*

ECLOGA VI.

SILENUS.

Faunorum, Satyrorum et Silvanorum, Delectatio.

PRIMA Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,
Nostra, neque erubuit silvas habitare, Thalia.
Cum canerem reges et praelia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit, et admonuit: Pastorem, Tityre, pinguis
Pascere oportet ovis, deductum dicere carmen.
Nunc ego (namque super tibi erunt, qui dicere laudes,
Vare, tuas cupiant, ac tristia condere bella)
Agrestem tenui meditabor arundine musam.
Non injussa cano. si quis tamen haec quoque, si quis
Captus amore leget; te nostrae, Vare, myricae,
Te nemus omne canet. nec Phoebo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quae Vari praescripsit pagina nomen.
Pergite, Pierides. Chromis et Mnasylos in antro
Silenum pueri somno videre jacentem,
Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, iaccho.
Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant:
Et gravis adtrita pendebat cantharus ansa.
Adgressi (nam saepe senex spe carminis ambo
Luserat) injiciunt ipsis ex vincula sertis.
Addit se sociam, timidisque supervenit Aegle:
Aegle Naïadum pulcherrima. jamque videnti

Ver. 3. *Chiefs.*] This alludes to Virgil's attempt to write an historical poem on the actions of the Alban kings.

6. *Humbler.*] The word *deductum* in the original is a metaphor taken from wool, which by spinning is made smaller and smaller. *Tenui deducta poemata filo.* Hor. RUAEUS.

21. *Goblet.*] Cantharus was a cup sacred to the use of Bacchus, and not used by mortals.

22.] The commentators are equally divided about the true meaning of *procul tantum*, which undoubtedly signify *near* or *just by*; *tantum procul*, is barely *at a distance*.

ECLOGUE THE SIXTH.

SILENUS.

On the Epicurean Philoſophy natural and moral.

MY Muſe firſt ſported in Sicilian ſtrains,
Nor bluſh'd to dwell amid' the woods and plains;
When chiefs and fields of fight to ſing I try'd,
Apollo whiſp'ring check'd my youthful pride;
Go, Tit'rus, go, thy flocks and fatlings feed,
To humbler ſubjects ſuit thy ruſtic reed;
Thus warn'd, O Varus, in heroic lays,
While bards ſublime reſound thy martial praiſe,
I meditate the rural minſtrelſy;
Apollo bids, and I will ſing of thee.
Pleas'd with the ſubject, with indulgent eyes
If any read, and this, ev'n this ſhould prize,
Thy name ſhall echo thro' each hill and grove,
And Phoebus' ſelf the votive ſtrains approve;
No page ſo much delights the god of verſe,
As where the lines great Varus' praiſe rehearſe.
Stretch'd in a cavern on the moſſy ground,
Two ſportive youths Silenus ſleeping found,
With copious wine o'ercome; his flowery wreath
Juſt from his temples fall'n, lay ſtrewn beneath;
His maſſy goblet drain'd of potent juice
Was hanging by, worn thin with age and uſe;
They bind him faſt (tho' cautious and afraid)
With manacles of his own garlands made;
For oft the ſenior had deceiv'd the ſwains
With hopes (for well he ſung) of pleaſing ſtrains:
Young Aegle too to join the frolic came,
The loveliеſt Naïd of the neighb'ring ſtream;

Sanguineis frontem moris ac tempora pingit.
Ille dolum ridens, Quo vincula nectitis? inquit.
Solvite me, pueri. satis est potuisse videri.
Carmina quae voltis, cognoscite: carmina vobis;
Huic aliud mercedis erit. simul incipit ipse.
Tum vero in numerum Faunosque ferasque videres
Ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quercus.
Nec tantum Phoebo gaudet Parnasia rupes:
Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur et Ismarus Orphea.
Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta
Semina terrarumque, animaeque, marisque fuissent,
Et liquidi simul ignis: ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare solum, et discludere Nerea ponto
Coeperit, et rerum paullatim sumere formas.
Jamque novum ut terrae stupeant lucescere solem,
Altius utque cadant submotis nubibus imbres:
Incipiant silvae cum primum surgere, cumque
Rara per ignotos errent animalia montis.
Hinc lapides Pyrrhae jactos, Saturnia regna,
Caucasiasque refert volucres, furtumque Promethi.

29.] That is, just as Silenus began to open his eyes: *videnti Sileno.*

32. *Enough.*] Servius tells us the demi-gods were visible only when they thought proper.

44. *How seeds of water.*] This is the system of the atomical philosophers; though it is certain Epicurus was not the inventor of this doctrine, but received it from Democritus. These philosophers held, that there were two principles of all things, body, and void; or, as the moderns speak, matter, and space; and that by a fortuitous concourse of these atoms, or particles of matter, the universe was formed without the assistance of a directing Mind.

47. *Moist.*] The earth, by growing compact and solid, forced the waters to retire from it, and to form the seas. Thus the sea was separated or distinguished, which is the proper meaning of *discludere*. MARTYN.

50. *Struck with the new-born sun's.*] This circumstance of the earth's being amazed at the first appearance of the sun, is strongly imagined; yet has been omitted by several translators.

Who, as the god uplifts his drowzy eyes,
With berries' purple juice his temples dies.
Pleas'd with the fraud—"Unlooſe me, boys," he cry'd,
"Enough, that by ſurprize I've been eſpy'd.
"Attend, ye youths, and hear the promis'd lay,
"But Aegle ſhall be paid a better way."
Soon as he rais'd his voice, the liſt'ning fauns,
And wondering beaſts came dancing down the lawns;
The hills exulted, and each rigid oak,
High-ſeated on their tops, in tranſport ſhook;
Parnaſſus' cliffs did ne'er ſo much rejoice,
At the ſweet echoes of Apollo's voice;
Nor Rhodope nor Iſmarus that heard
The magic warblings of the Thracian bard.
He ſung, at univerſal nature's birth,
How ſeeds of water, fire, and air, and earth,
Fell thro' the void; whence order roſe, and all
The beauties of this congregated ball:
How the moiſt ſoil grew ſtiffen'd by degrees,
And drove to deſtin'd bounds the narrow'd ſeas;
How Earth was ſeiz'd with wonder and affright,
Struck with the new-born ſun's refulgent light.
How clouds condens'd, in liquid ſhowers diſtill'd,
Dropt fatneſs and refreſhment on the field;
How firſt up-ſprings ſublime each branching grove,
While ſcatter'd beaſts o'er pathleſs mountains rove.
Next to the world's renewal turns the ſtrain,
To Pyrrha's fruitful ſtones, and Saturn's reign;
And bold Prometheus' theft and puniſhment,
His mangled heart by angry vultures rent.

58. *His mangled heart by hungry vultures rent.*] This tale has been prettily allegorized. It is an ingenious but cruel ſtory which the poets have contrived to expreſs the train of cares brought into life by Prometheus or Foreſight: The chains which faſtened him to the rock, and the inſatiable vulture that rends his vitals every morning.

BLACKWELL's Life of Homer, p. 124.

His adjungit, Hylan nautae quo fonte relictum
Clamaſſent: ut litus, Hyla, Hyla, omne ſonaret.
Et fortunatam, ſi nunquam armenta fuiſſent,
Paſiphaën nivei ſolatur amore juvenci.
Ah, virgo infelix, quae te dementia cepit?
Proetides inplerunt falſis mugitibus agros:
At non tam turpis pecudum tamen ulla ſecuta eſt
Concubitus, quamvis collo timuiſſet aratrum,
Et ſaepe in levi quaeſiſſet cornua fronte.
Ah! virgo infelix, tu nunc in montibus erras!
Ille, latus niveum molli fultus hyacintho,
Ilice ſub nigra pallentis ruminat herbas,
Aut aliquam in magno ſequitur grege. claudite nymphae,
Dictaeae nymphae, nemorum jam claudite ſaltus:
Si qua forte ferant oculis ſeſe obvia noſtris
Errabunda bovis veſtigia. forſitan illum
Aut herba captum viridi, aut armenta ſecutum,
Perducant aliquae ſtabula ad Gortynia vaccae.
Tum canit Heſperidum miratam mala puellam;
Tum Phaëthontiadas muſco circumdat amarae
Corticis, atque ſolo proceras erigit alnos.

62. *And Hylas.*] Hylas, the favourite of Hercules, falling into a well, was ſaid to be ſnatched away by the nymphs. Paſiphae, the wife of Minos king of Crete, was ſaid to have had an unnatural paſſion for a bull. The daughters of Proetes, king of the Argives, being ſtruck with madneſs by Juno, imagined themſelves to be cows.

63. *Cretan queen.*] The medals of the people of this town are marked with a cow or bull. Lord Pembroke's medals, 2, 34, 8. Quære, whether they had any ſacred cattle of that kind kept there? or, whether the woman riding on it be not Paſiphae? Gortyna was a city of Crete. SPENCE.

67. At this verſe, *Proetides inplerunt*, &c. begins the famous manuſcript of Virgil in the Lorenzo library; authorized by one of the conſuls, and dated by him in the 5th century. SPENCE.

73. *Side reclines.*] In the original *fultus hyacintho*. Among the ancients every one was ſaid to be *fultus* by whatſoever he reſted upon. Thus we read *Pulvino fultus in Lucilius*. Servius. The Rumen or Paunch is the firſt of the four ſtomachs of thoſe animals which are ſaid to ruminate or chew the cud.

75. *Nymphs.*] In the original *claudite nymphae.*——Here Paſiphae is introduced ſpeaking to the nymphs.

To theſe he adds, how blooming Hylas fell,
Snatch'd by the Naïds of the neighb'ring well,
Whom pierc'd with love, Alcides loudly mourn'd,
And Hylas, Hylas loſt, each echoing ſhore return'd.
Then, he bewail'd the love-ſick Cretan queen;
Happy for her if herds had never been;
Enamour'd of a bull's unſpotted pride,
Forſaking ſhame, for him ſhe pin'd and ſigh'd.
The Proetian maids whoſe lowings fill'd the plain,
Ne'er knew the guilt of thy unnat'ral pain;
Tho' fearful oft their necks ſhould bear the plough,
They felt in vain for horns their poliſh'd brow.
Ah! wretched queen! while you o'er mountains rove,
Near ſome dark oak regardleſs of your love,
He, on ſoft hyacinths his ſide reclines,
Or for ſome happier heifer fondly pines.
" Dictean nymphs! with toils your woods ſurround,
" Search where my favourite's footſteps may be found,
" Haply the herds my wanderer may lead,
" To freſher graſs on rich Gortyna's mead,
" Or far away, while I ſuch pains endure,
" The wanton heifers may my love allure!"
Next told, the nimble-footed, cruel maid,
By the falſe apple's glittering ſhew betray'd;
The nymphs who their ambitious brother mourn'd,
He next inclos'd in bark, and to tall poplars turn'd.

81.] Hippomanes being engaged in a race with Atalanta, in order to obtain her in marriage, threw down a golden apple whenever ſhe gained ground upon him; which ſhe ſtooping to gather up, Hippomanes had an opportunity of getting before her, and of conſequence of obtaining the lovely prize. The ſiſters of Phaeton conſumed themſelves with weeping for his death, and were transformed into trees. Phaeton raſhly attempting to drive the chariot of the ſun, would have ſet fire to the earth if Jupiter had not ſtruck him down with a thunderbolt.

84. *Inclos'd.*] I have ventured to tranſlate literally *circumdat*, becauſe it is very lively. He did not now ſing *how* they were incloſed with moſs, but *he* incloſed them.

Tum canit, errantem Permeſſi ad flumina Gallum
Aonas in montis ut duxerit una ſororum;
Utque viro Phoebi chorus adſurrexerit omnis;
Ut Linus haec illi divino carmine paſtor,
Floribus atque apio crinis ornatus amaro,
Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos (en accipe) Muſae,
Aſcraeo quos ante ſeni: quibus ille ſolebat
Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos.
His tibi Grynaei nemoris dicatur origo:
Ne qui ſit lucus, quo ſe plus jactet Apollo.
Quid loquar ut Scyllam Niſi, aut quam fama ſecuta eſt,
Candida ſuccinctam latrantibus inguina monſtris
Dulichias vexaſſe rates, et gurgite in alto
Ah timidos nautas canibus laceraſſe marinis:
Aut ut mutatos Teri narraverit artus?
Quas ille Philomela dapes, quae dona pararit?
Quo curſu deſerta petiverit, et quibus ante
Infelix ſua tecta ſupervolitaverit alis?
Omnia quae, Phoebo quondam meditante, beatus
Audiit Eurotas, juſſitque ediſcere lauros,
Ille canit. pulſae referunt ad ſidera valles.
Cogere donec ovis ſtabulis, numerumque referre
Juſſit, et invito proceſſit Veſper Olympo.

88.] When Virgil himſelf once entered the theatre, all the ſpectators roſe up to honour his entrance.

89. *Linus.*] Virgil has been blamed very ridiculouſly for not ſaying any thing of Homer in his ſixth Aeneid (637. 677.) where if he had ſaid any thing of him, he muſt have put him in Elyſium before he was born. It ſeems more juſt to complain that he has not mentioned him in all his works. He ſeems to have had a fair opportunity here, and another in the fourth Eclogue (v. 55.) But have not the poets he mentions in both theſe places ſome relation to paſtoral poetry? And might not the mentioning of an epic poet be improper in both? Here he names Linus only; and before, the ſame Linus, Orpheus, and Pan. SPENCE.

How tuneful Gallus wandering, next he ſings,
Indulging raptures, near poetic ſprings,
A muſe conducted to th' Aonian ſeat,
Whoſe whole aſſembly roſe the gueſt to greet;
While hoary Linus, crown'd with parſly, ſpake:
" The pipe, the Muſes' gift, O Gallus, take,
" Which erſt the ſweet Aſcrean ſage they gave,
" Who bade the wandering oaks their mountains leave;
" Go, ſing on this thy fam'd Grynaean grove,
" So ſhall Apollo chief that foreſt love."
Why ſhould I tell, the maid with monſters arm'd,
Whoſe barkings fierce the wand'ring Greeks alarm'd,
Whoſe hungry dogs the ſhrieking ſailors tore,
And round her dungeon ting'd the ſea with gore.
Or why the Thracian tyrant's alter'd ſhape,
And dire revenge of Philomela's rape,
Who murder'd Itys' mangled body dreſt,
And to his father ſerv'd the direful feaſt.
What Phoebus ſung, Eurota's banks along,
And bade the liſtening laurels learn the ſong,
All theſe Silenus chaunts; the vales reply,
And bear their echoes to the diſtant ſky;
Till Heſper glimmering o'er the twilight plains,
To fold their counted ſheep had warn'd the ſwains;
The heav'ns delighted with the matchleſs lay,
To Heſper's beams unwillingly gave way.

91. *Aſcrean ſage.*] The *ſenex Aſcraeus,* is Heſiod, who was of Aſcra, a city in Boeotia. According to ſome he was coaeval with Homer. He writes with great ſimplicity, though in his deſcription of the battle between the giants and the gods, he riſes to the true ſublime.

110. *Unwillingly.*] There is a peculiar beauty in that epithet *invito Olympo.* The ſky was ſo delighted with the ſong of Silenus, that it was ſorry and uneaſy to ſee the evening approach.

END OF THE SIXTH ECLOGUE.

ECLOGUE THE SEVENTH.

ARGUMENT.

The following poetical conteſt betwixt Thyrſis and Corydon, related by Meliboeus, is an imitation of the fifth and eighth Idylliums of Theocritus. Some fanciful commentators imagine that under theſe ſhepherds are repreſented Gallus or Pollio, or Cebes and Alexander, and that Meliboeus is Virgil himſelf. But there are not ſufficient grounds for this conjecture. This paſtoral is introduced with a pretty rural adventure.

This ſeventh Eclogue, as the third before, ſeems to be an imitation of a cuſtom among the ſhepherds of old, of vying together in extempore verſe. At leaſt 'tis very like the Improviſatori *at preſent in Italy; who flouriſh now perhaps more than any other poets among them, particularly in Tuſcany. They are ſurpriſingly ready in their anſwers* (reſpondere parati) *and go on* octave *for* octave, *or* ſpeech *for* ſpeech *alternately* (alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camenae.) *In both theſe Eclogues the ſecond ſpeaker ſeems obliged to follow the turn of thought uſed by the firſt; as at preſent the ſecond* Improviſatore *is obliged to follow the rhyme of the firſt. At Florence I have heard of their having even* Improviſo *comedies. There were* Improviſatori *of this kind of old; for before Livius Andronicus endeavoured to make any thing of a regular play,* compoſitum temerè ac rudem alternis jaciebant, *ſays Livy, 7. 2. U. C. 391. They were Tuſcans too who brought this method to Rome.*

SPENCE.

ECLOGA VII.

MELIBOEUS.

MELIBOEUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS.

MELIBOEUS.

FORTE ſub arguta conſederat ilice Daphnis,
Conpulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrſis in unum;
Thyrſis ovis, Corydon diſtentas lacte capellas.
Ambo florentes aetatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et reſpondere parati.
Hic mihi, dum teneras defendo a frigore myrtos,
Vir gregis ipſe caper deerraverat. atque ego Daphnin
Aſpicio: ille ubi me contra videt; Ocius, inquit,
Huc ades, ô Meliboee: caper tibi ſalvus, et haedi.
Et, ſi quid ceſſare potes, requieſce ſub umbra.
Huc ipſi potum venient per prata juvenci:
Hic viridis tenera praetexit arundine ripas
Mincius, eque ſacra reſonant examina quercu.
Quid facerem? neque ego Alcippen, nec Phyllida habebam,
Depulſos a lacte domi quae clauderet agnos:
Et certamen erat, Corydon cum Thyrſide, magnum.
Poſthabui tamen illorum mea ſeria ludo.
Alternis igitur contendere verſibus ambo
Coepere: alternos Muſae meminiſſe volebant.
Hos Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrſis.

CORYDON.

Nymphae, noſter amor, Libethrides, aut mihi carmen,
Quale meo Codro, concedite: proxima Phoebi

Ver. 16. *Bees.*] That is, *apum examina.*

20. *Gains.*] 'Tis difficult to make the paſtoral ſimplicity of this introduction to the conteſt, agreeable to modern readers. The images are all taken from plain unadorned nature, and will not bear to be dreſs'd up with florid epithets and pompous language, as is the cuſtom of our modern paſtoral writers in painting their ſcenes of action.

23. *Nymphs of the ſpring.*] The critics are greatly divided about the ſituation of Libethrum *(Nymphae Libethrides)* but the learned

ECLOGUE THE SEVENTH.

MELIBOEUS.

MELIBOEUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS.

MELIBOEUS.

BY chance beneath an ilex' darkſome ſhade
That whiſper'd with the breeze was Daphnis laid;
Their flocks while Corydon and Thyrſis join'd,
Theſe milky goats, and thoſe the fleecy kind;
Both blooming youths, and both of Arcady,
Both ſkill'd alike to ſing and to reply.
Thither my goat, the father of the fold,
While cloſe I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
Rambling had ſtray'd; I Daphnis ſitting ſpy'd,
He ſaw me too, and Hither haſte, he cry'd,
Safe is thy goat and kids: one idle hour,
Come, waſte with me beneath this cooling bow'r:
Here Mincius gently winding through the meads,
Fringes his banks with graſs and bending reeds:
Hither thy herds at eve to drink will come,
While from yon' ſacred oak bees ſwarming hum.
What could I do? Alcippe was not near,
Nor Phillis to the ſtalls my lambs to bear;
Great was the ſtrife betwixt the tuneful ſwains,
And bent on pleaſure I forgot my gains;
In ſweet alternate numbers they began,
(So bade the Nine) and thus the conteſt ran.

CORYDON.

Give me the lays, nymphs of th' inſpiring ſprings!
Which Codrus, rival of Apollo, ſings!

learned and accurate Strabo, whoſe teſtimony is worth that of a thouſand commentators, tells us, that Libethrum is the name of a cave in or near Mount Helicon, conſecrated to the Muſes by the Thracians.

24. *Codrus.*] Codrus, ſays Servius, was a cotemporary poet with Virgil, and is mentioned in the Elegies of Valgius.

Verſibus ille facit. aut, ſi non poſſumus omnes,
Hic arguta ſacra pendebit fiſtula pinu.

THYRSIS.

Paſtores, edera creſcentem ornate poëtam,
Arcades, invidia rumpantur ut ilia Codro.
Aut ſi ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

CORYDON.

Setoſi caput hoc apri, tibi Delia, parvus
Et ramoſa Mycon vivacis cornua cervi.
Si proprium hoc fuerit, levi de marmore tota
Puniceo ſtabis ſuras evincta cothurno.

THYRSIS.

Sinum lactis, et haec te liba, Priape, quotannis
Expectare ſat eſt: cuſtos es pauperis horti.
Nunc te marmoreum pro tempore fecimus: at tu,
Si foetura gregem ſuppleverit, aureus eſto.

CORYDON.

Nerine Galatea, thymo mihi dulcior Hyblae,
Candidior cycnis, edera formoſior alba:
Cum primum paſti repetent praeſepia tauri,
Si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.

THYRSIS.

Immo ego Sardois videar tibi amarior herbis,
Horridior ruſco, projecta vilior alga;

30. *With baccar.*] It was imagined by the ancients that this plant carried an amulet or charm againſt the faſcination of what they called an evil tongue.

33. *If ſtill the chace.*] In the original, *ſi proprium hoc fuerit*; *i. e.* ſays Ruaeus, if you ſhall make it as it were my own, and perpetual. *Da propriam Thymbrae domum*, Æn. 3. What is the meaning of *hoc?* That I ſhould make ſuch verſes as Codrus, ſays Servius.—But falſely,—The meaning is, As I have ſucceeded in hunting this boar and ſtag, ſo may this ſucceſs be perpetual.

40. *Ivy white.*] More beautiful than ivy, to us may ſeem but an odd ſimile. It might ſound otherwiſe to an Italian, whoſe country abounds with ever-greens; moſt of them of a ruſty and diſagreeable colour; whereas ivy is of a clean lively green.

They

But if too weak to reach his flights divine,
My uſeleſs pipe I'll hang on yonder pine.

THYRSIS.

Ye ſwains, your riſing bard with ivy deck,
Till Codrus' heart malign with envy break;
Or if pernicious praiſe his tongue beſtow,
To guard from harms with baccar bind my brow.

CORYDON.

This briſtly head, theſe branching horns I ſend,
Delia! and Mycon at thy ſhrine ſhall bend;
If ſtill the chace with ſuch ſucceſs be crown'd,
In marble ſhalt thou ſtand, with purple buſkins bound.

THYRSIS.

Priapus! cakes and milk alone expect,
Small is the garden which you now protect!
But if the teeming ewes increaſe my fold,
Thy marble ſtatue chang'd ſhall ſhine in poliſh'd gold.

CORYDON.

O Galatea! nymph than ſwans more bright,
More ſweet than thyme, more fair than ivy white,
When paſtur'd herds at evening ſeek the ſtall,
Haſte to my arms! nor ſcorn thy lover's call!

THYRSIS.

May I appear than wither'd weeds more vile,
Or bitter herbage of Sardinia's iſle,

They uſed it of old in the moſt beautiful parts of their gardens: Pliny ſpeaking of his garden, and of the Hippodrome, which ſeems to have been one of the prettieſt things in it, ſays, *Platanis circuitur, illae hederâ veſtiuntur; utque ſummae ſuis, ita imae alienis frondibus virent.* L. 5. Ep. 6. Horace compares young beauties to ivy, and old women to dead withered leaves. L 1. Od. 25. St. ult. SPENCE.

44. *Sardinia's.*] Dioſcorides ſays expreſsly, that the poiſonous herb of Sardinia is a ſpecies of Βάλεχιον, *ranunculus* or *crowfoot.*

Si mihi non haec lux toto jam longior anno eſt.
Ite domum paſti, ſi quis pudor, ite juvenci.

CORYDON.

Muſcoſi fontes, et ſomno mollior herba,
Et quae vos rara viridis tegit arbutus umbra,
Solſtitium pecori defendite. jam venit aeſtas
Torrida: jam laeto turguent in palmite gemmae.

THYRSIS.

Hic focus, ac taedae pingues, hic plurimus ignis
Semper, et adſidua poſtes fuligine nigri.
Hic tantum Boreae curamus frigora, quantum
Aut numerum lupus, aut torrentia flumina ripas.

CORYDON.

Stant et juniperi, et caſtaneae hirſutae:
Strata jacent paſſim ſua quaeque ſub arbore poma:
Omnia nunc rident. at ſi formoſus Alexis
Montibus his abeat, videas et flumina ſicca.

THYRSIS.

Aret ager: vitio moriens ſitit aëris herba:
Liber pampineas invidit collibus umbras.
Phyllidis adventu noſtrae nemus omne virebit:
Juppiter et laeto deſcendet plurimus imbri.

CORYDON.

Populus Alcidae gratiſſima, vitis Iaccho,
Formoſae myrtus Veneri, ſua laurea Phoebo.
Phyllis amat corulos. illas dum Phyllis amabit,
Nec myrtus vincet corulos, nec laurea Phoebi.

47. *Ye moſſy founts.*] This Amoebaean is doubtleſs more beautiful than the ſucceeding, and contains more delightful images of nature. Mr. Dryden has omitted the natural ſtroke of the ſmoky poſts in the cottage.

54. *Wolves.*] Catrou gives quite a new but fanciful interpretation to the word *numerum*; he ſays it means muſical numbers.

58. *Streams would ceaſe to flow.*] The end of this Amoebaean appears to ſome critics to be flat—*videas et flumina ſicca.* But I am of opinion the poet deſign'd the line ſhould be faint and languiſhing, as it were, more fully to expreſs that mournful ſtate

If a year's length exceeds this tedious day;
Homeward ye well-fed goats (for ſhame) away!

CORYDON.

Ye moſſy founts, and graſs more ſoft than ſleep,
Who ſtill, with boughs o'er-hung, your coolneſs keep,
Defend my fainting flocks! the heats are near,
And burſting gems on the glad vine appear.

THYRSIS.

Here ever glowing hearths embrown the poſts,
Here blazing pines expel the pinching froſts,
Here cold and Boreas' blaſts we dread no more,
Than wolves the ſheep, or torrent ſtreams the ſhore.

CORYDON.

Here junipers and prickly cheſnuts ſee,
Lo! ſcatter'd fruits lie under every tree;
All nature ſmiles; but ſhould Alexis go
From theſe bleſt hills, ev'n ſtreams would ceaſe to flow.

THYRSIS.

Parch'd are the plains, the wither'd herbage dies,
Bacchus to hills their viny ſhade denies;
Let Phillis come, freſh greens will deck the grove,
In joyful ſhowers deſcend prolific Jove.

CORYDON.

Alcides, poplar; Venus, myrtle groves;
Bacchus, the vine; the laurel, Phoebus loves;
Phillis the hazels; while they gain her praiſe,
Myrtle to them ſhall yield, and Phoebus' bays.

ſtate of nature in his painting. Mr. Pope has imitated this and the following paſſage in his firſt paſtoral.

59. *Parch'd.*] A fine contraſt is obſervable in theſe two Amoebaeans. The flouriſhing ſcenes of nature are ſtrongly ſet off by the fading and languiſhing proſpect that ſucceeds.

63. *Alcides.*] When Hercules returned from hell, he was fabled to have crown'd his head with a chaplet of poplar leaves.

THYRSIS.

Fraxinus in ſilvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis,
Populus in fluviis, abies in montibus altis.
Saepius at ſi me, Lycida formoſe, reviſas,
Fraxinus in ſilvis cedat tibi, pinus in hortis.

MELIBOEUS.

Haec memini, et victum fruſtra contendere Thyrſin,
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon eſt tempore nobis.

71. *But vanquiſh'd were his ſtrains.*] The victory is adjudged to Corydon, becauſe Corydon in the firſt Amoebaean begins with piety to the gods; Thyrſis with rage againſt his adverſary: in the ſecond, Corydon invokes Diana, a chaſte goddeſs; Thyrſis, an obſcene deity, Priapus: in the third, Corydon addreſſes himſelf to Galatea with mildneſs; Thyrſis with dire imprecations: in the reſt, Corydon's ſubjects are generally pleaſing and delightful to the imagination; thoſe of Thyrſis are directly contrary. RUAEUS.

72. *And Corydon.*] The original ſays, *ex illo Corydon, &c.* which is an ellipſis, ſays Servius, and may be ſupplied *victor nobilis ſupra omnes.* Simplicius ſays, *ex illo tempore Corydon habetur à nobis verè Corydon*: that is, really worthy the reputation he has obtained.

THYRSIS.

Loveliest in walks the pine, the ash in woods,
Firs on the mountains, poplars in the floods;
Fair Lycidas, revisit oft' my field,
Pine, poplar, fir, and ash to thee shall yield!

MELIBOEUS.

Thus Thyrsis strove, but vanquish'd were his strains;
And Corydon without a rival reigns.

END OF THE SEVENTH ECLOGUE.

ECLOGUE THE EIGHTH.

ARGUMENT.

This is evidently an imitation of the Φαρμακευτρια *of Theocritus, and is very valuable not only for its poetical beauties, but likewiſe for the account it preſerves to us of ſeveral ſuperſtitious rites and heathen notions of inchantment. The poet ſeems to have had an high idea of his compoſition by his introducing it in ſo lofty a ſtrain,* quorum ſtupefactae carmine lynces. *The critics have been very much divided whether it is inſcribed to Pollio or Auguſtus. Catrou pleads very ſtrongly for Auguſtus; but Dr. Martyn largely examines this plea, and confutes it ſolidly. There is doubtleſs a great ſtreſs to be laid on*

Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.

For though Auguſtus began a tragedy on the death of Ajax, (after Sophocles) yet this piece was never publiſhed, as many fine ones of Pollio were, who is highly celebrated by Horace for his dramatic excellence. Lib. II. Od. 1. Motum ex Metello, &c. *The enchantments deſcribed in this Eclogue, are finely imitated in the* ARCADIA del SANNAZORO; *a book to which our Sir Philip Sidney in his* Arcadia *is much indebted. Sannazaro has there given a looſe to his fancy, and has ſhewn that he had a very exuberant one.—Proſa.* 10.

ECLOGA VIII.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

DAMON, ALPHESIBOEUS.

PAstorum musam Damonis et Alphesiboei,
Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca
Certantis, quorum stupefactae carmine lynces;
Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus:
Damonis musam dicemus et Alphesiboei.
Tu mihi seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis aequoris; en erit umquam
Ille dies, liceat mihi cum tua dicere facta?
En erit, ut liceat totum mihi ferre per orbem
Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno!
A te principium: tibi desinet. accipe jussis
Carmina coepta tuis: atque hanc sine tempora circum
Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere laurus.
Frigida vix coelo noctis decesserat umbra,
Cum ros in tenera pecori gratissimus herba,
Incumbens tereti Damon sic coepit olivae.

DAMON.

Nascere, praeque diem veniens age, Lucifer, almum;
Conjugis indigno Nisae deceptus amore
Dum queror, et divos, (quamquam nil testibus illis
Profeci) extrema moriens tamen adloquor hora.
Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.
Maenalus argutumque nemus pinosque loquentis
Semper habet; semper pastorum ille audit amores,
Panaque, qui primus calamos non passus inertis.
Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.

Ver. 17. *Reclin'd.*] Denoting the melancholy posture of the shepherd, leaning against the tree, not *incumbens baculo ex olivâ.*

25. 'Tis very poetical to personify the mountain Maenalus, and ascribe to it a voice and the power of hearing.

ECLOGUE THE EIGHTH.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

DAMON and ALPHESIBOEUS.

CHarm'd with the ſongs of two contending ſwains,
The herds for wonder ceas'd to graze the plains,
In deep ſurpriſe the lynxes liſtening ſtood,
The rolling rivers ſtopt their headlong flood!
O Pollio! leading thy victorious bands,
O'er deep Timavus' or Illyria's ſands;
O when thy glorious deeds ſhall I rehearſe,
When tell the world how matchleſs is thy verſe,
Worthy the lofty ſtage of laurell'd Greece,
Great rival of majeſtic Sophocles!
With thee began my ſongs, with thee ſhall end;
The ſtrains thyſelf commanded, O attend!
And 'mid the laurels which thy brows entwine,
Admit this humble ivy-wreath of mine.
Night, her unwholeſome ſhadows ſcarce withdrew,
What time the cattle love the cooling dew,
Damon, againſt an olive's trunk reclin'd,
Thus pour'd the tranſports of his jealous mind.

DAMON.

Bright Lucifer ariſe! bring on the day,
While I deceiv'd by Niſa pine away,
To heav'n addreſſing my laſt pray'rs and tears,
Yet which of all the gods my ſorrow hears?
Begin with me, my pipe, Maenalian ſtrains.
Delightful Maenalus, 'mid echoing groves,
And vocal pines, ſtill hears the ſhepherds' loves;
The rural warblings hears of ſkilful Pan,
Who firſt to tune neglected reeds began.
Begin, &c.

Mopſo Niſa datur. quid non ſperemus amantes?
Jungentur jam gryphes equis: aevoque ſequenti
Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damae.
Mopſe, novas incide faces: tibi ducitur uxor.
Sparge, marite, nuces: tibi deſeret Heſperus Oetam.
Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, verſus.
O digno conjuncta viro, dum deſpicis omnis,
Dumque tibi eſt odio mea fiſtula, dumque capellae,
Hirſutumque ſupercilium, prolixaque barba:
Nec curare deum credis mortalia quemquam.
Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, verſus.
Sepibus in noſtris parvam te roſcida mala
(Dux ego veſter eram) vidi cum matre legentem.
Alter ab undecimo tum me jam acceperat annus:
Jam fragilis poteram a terra contingere ramos.
Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abſtulit error!
Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, verſus.
Nunc ſcio, quid ſit amor. duris in cotibus illum
Aut Tmaros, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,
Nec generis noſtri puerum nec ſanguinis edunt.
Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, verſus.

32. *Timid deer.*] Benſon obſerved that Virgil in this paſſage choſe rather to infringe grammar than to make a rhime; TIMIDI venient ad pocula Damæ.

34. *Nuptial lights.*] The bride uſed to be led home by night with lighted torches before her. Their torches were pieces of pine or unctuous wood, which were cut to a point that they might be the more eaſily inflamed. Plutarch ſays, there were *five* uſually carried. MARTYN.

That *nuces* ſignify *walnuts*, and have a myſtical ſignification in the nuptial ceremonies, ſee MARTYN's Georgics, v. 187.

36. *Heſper.*] That is, night approaches.

" ——— Heſperus that led
" The ſtarry hoſt ſhone brighteſt, till the moon, &c.
MILTON.

40. *Length of beard.*] La Cerda is of opinion, that the meaning is, my violent love has made me neglect my perſon.

45. *The choiceſt fruit.*] The circumſtances of his officiouſneſs of pointing out the fruit, and of his being but juſt able to

Fair Niſa Mopſus weds! O wond'rous mate,
Ye lovers! what may we not hope from fate?
Now gryphons join with mares! another year,
With hoſtile dogs ſhall drink the timid deer:
Thy bride comes forth! begin the feſtal rites!
The walnuts ſtrew! prepare the nuptial lights!
O envied huſband, now thy bliſs is nigh,
Behold for thee bright Heſper mounts the ſky.
Begin, &c.
O Niſa I congratulate thy choice!
Me you deſpiſe, my pipe, and artleſs voice,
My goats, my ſhaggy brows, my length of beard,
Nor think the gods your broken vows have heard.
Begin, &c.
Once with your mother to our fields you came,
For dewy apples—thence I date my flame;
The choiceſt fruit I pointed to your view,
Tho' young my raptur'd ſoul was fix'd on you!
The boughs I ſcarce could reach with little arms,
But then, ev'n then could feel thy pow'rful charms.
O how I gaz'd in pleaſing tranſport toſt!
How glow'd my heart in ſweet deluſion loſt!
Begin, &c.
I know thee, Love! on horrid Tmarus born,
Or from cold Rhodope's hard entrails torn,
Nurs'd in hot ſands the Garamants among,
From human ſtock the ſavage never ſprung.
Begin, &c.

to reach the branches from the ground, are natural and poetical.

Ut vidi! ut perii! ut me malus abſtulit error!

is not equal to

Ὡς ἰδον, ὡς εμανη, ὡς ες βαθυν αλλετ' ἐρωτα.

Abſtulit error is not ſo ſtrong as the Greek.

52. *On horrid Tmarus.*] Does not the ſhepherd Lamon ſeem to be too well acquainted with the geography of diſtant countries?

Saevus amor docuit gnatorum ſanguine matrem
Conmaculare manus. crudelis tu quoque, mater;
Crudelis mater magis, an puer inprobus ille?
Inprobus ille puer: crudelis tu quoque, mater.
Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, verſus.
Nunc et ovis ultro fugiat lupus: aurea durae
Mala ferant quercus: narciſſo floreat alnus:
Pinguia corticibus ſudent electra myricae.
Certent et cycnis ululae: ſit Tityrus Orpheus:
Orpheus in ſilvis, inter Delphinas Arion.
Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, verſus.
Omnia vel medium fiant mare: vivite ſilvae.
Praeceps aërii ſpecula de montis in undas
Deferar. extremum hoc munus morientis habeto.
Deſine, Maenalios jam deſine, tibia, verſus.
Haec Damon: vos, quae reſponderit Alpheſiboeus,
Dicite, Pierides. non omnia poſſumus omnes.

ALPHESIBOEUS.

Effer aquam, et molli cinge haec altaria vitta:
Verbenaſque adole pinguis et maſcula tura:
Conjugis ut magicis ſanos avertere ſacris
Experiar ſenſus. nihil hic niſi carmina deſunt.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.

57. *Relentleſs love.*] After Medea had fled with Jaſon, one of the Argonauts, from her father and country, he baſely forſook her and married another: this ſo highly enraged her, that ſhe murdered before his face the children ſhe had by him. The moſt pathetic tragedy of Euripides is on this fine ſubject: wherein the tenderneſs of the mother, and the fury of the forſaken miſtreſs, produce noble ſtruggles of paſſion. I cannot forbear adding, that the celebrated lines *crudelis mater magis, &c.* contain a trifling play and jingling of words very unworthy the ſimplicity of Virgil's ſtyle. Dr. Trapp and Dr. Martyn are of a quite contrary opinion, and think the paſſage beautiful.

78. *Ye tuneful virgins.*] The poet hints that he is unable to proceed by his own ſtrength, and begs therefore the aſſiſtance of the muſes.

80. *Bring water.*] The water was heated in the houſe, and the

Relentleſs Love the mother taught of yore,
To bathe her hands in her own infants' gore;
O barbarous mother thirſting to deſtroy!
More cruel was the mother or the boy?
Both, both, alike delighted to deſtroy,
Th' unnat'ral mother and the ruthleſs boy.
Begin, &c.
Now hungry wolves let tim'rous lambkins chace,
Narciſſus' flowers the barren alder grace,
Let bluſhing apples knotted oaks adorn,
Let liquid amber drop from every thorn!
Let owls contend with ſwans; our rural bard
To Orpheus or Arion be preferr'd!
Like Orpheus draw the liſtening trees along,
Or like Arion charm the finny throng.
Begin, &c.
Let the ſea ruſh o'er all, in ſhoreleſs floods!
Take this laſt dying gift!—farewel, ye woods!
Niſa adieu!—from yon impending ſteep,
Headlong I'll plunge into the foamy deep!
Ceaſe now, my pipe, now ceaſe Maenalian ſtrains.
Thus Damon mourn'd. Ye tuneful virgins tell
The ſwain's reply—Not all in all excel.

ALPHESIBOEUS.

Bring water for the ſolemn rites deſign'd,
The altar's ſides with holy fillets bind—
The ſtrongeſt frankincenſe, rich vervain burn,
That mighty magic may to madneſs turn
My perjur'd love—'Tis done—and nought remains
To crown the rites but all-inchanting ſtrains.
Bring Daphnis, bring him from the town, my ſtrains.

the ſorcereſs calls to her aſſiſtant Amaryllis to bring it out to her; ſo there is no need to read *after*, as ſome have done.

82. *The ſtrongeſt.*] The ancients called the ſtrongeſt ſort of frankincenſe, *male*.

Carmina vel coelo poſſunt deducere lunam:
Carminibus Circe ſocios mutavit Ulixi:
Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.
Terna tibi haec primum triplici diverſa colore
Licia circumdo, terque haec altaria circum
Effigiem duco. numero deus impare gaudet.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.
Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:
Necte, Amarylli, modo: et, Veneris, dic, vincula necto.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.
Limus ut hic dureſcit, et haec ut cera liqueſcit
Uno eodemque igni; ſic noſtro Daphnis amore.
Sparge molam, et fragilis incende bitumine lauros.
Daphnis me malus urit: ego hanc in Daphnide laurum.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.
Talis amor Daphnin, qualis, cum feſſa juvencum
Per nemora atque altos quaerendo bucula lucos,
Propter aquae rivom viridi procumbit in ulva
Perdita, nec ſerae meminit decedere nocti:

94. *For three.*] The ancients had a prodigious veneration for the number *three*, and held many ridiculous ſuperſtitions in relation to it. This number was thought the moſt perfect of all numbers, having regard to the beginning, middle, and end.

103. *As this ſame fire.*] There were plainly *two* figures made, one of wax, and the other of clay; the former would naturally melt, and the other harden by the fire. The notion was, that as the image conſumed, ſo did the perſon it repreſented. Dr. Martyn obſerves, that in the beginning of the laſt century, many perſons were convicted of this and other ſuch like practices, and were executed accordingly, as it was deemed to be attempting the lives of others. King James the Firſt was a great believer of the power of magic, and wrote a very idle book on the ſubject, entituled, Daemonologie. Shakeſpear ſeems to have choſen the ſubject of his Macbeth to pleaſe the taſte of that prince.

The *bays* were burnt alſo to conſume the fleſh of the perſon on whoſe account theſe magical rites were performed. The cake is crumbled upon the image of Daphnis as upon the victim of this ſacrifice.

By ſtrains pale Cynthia from her ſphere deſcends;
Strains chang'd to brutes Ulyſſes' wondering friends;
Strains in the meadow, or the ſecret brake,
Can the deaf adder ſplit, and venom'd ſnake.
Bring, &c.
Lo! firſt I round thy waxen image twiſt,
And cloſely bind this triple-colour'd liſt,
And three times round the altar walk; for three
Is a dear number to dread Hecaté.
Bring, &c.
Haſte, Amaryllis, ply thy buſy hand;
Haſte, quickly, knit the conſecrated band,
And ſay 'tis knit at Venus' dread command;
In three cloſe knots the mixing colours knit,
For ardent lovers ſuch cloſe bands befit.
Bring, &c.
As this ſame fire melts wax and hardens clay,
To others deaf, let him my love repay.
Crumble the ſacred cake, let wither'd bays,
Inflam'd with liquid ſulphur crackling blaze;
As Daphnis warms my boſom with deſire,
May Daphnis burn in this conſuming fire!
Bring, &c.
May Daphnis feel ſuch ſtrong, unanſwer'd love,
As the fond heifer feels, thro' copſe and grove,
Who ſeeks her beauteous bull, then tir'd and faint
On the green ruſhy bank lies down to pant,
Loſt to herſelf and rolling on the ground,
Heedleſs of darkſome night now clos'd around!

105. The *mola* was made of meal ſalted and kneaded, *molita*, whence it was called *mola*: and victims were ſaid to be immolated, becauſe the foreheads of the victims, and the hearths and the knives had this cake crumbled on them.
RUAEUS.

115. *Night.*] *Perdita, nec ſerae meminit decedere nocti*; which ſweet line, ſays Macrobius, is taken entirely from Varius.

Talis amor teneat, nec ſit mihi cura mederi.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.
Has olim exuvias mihi perfidus ille reliquit,
Pignora cara ſui : quae nunc ego limine in ipſo,
Terra, tibi mando. debent haec pignora Daphnin.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.
Has herbas, atque haec Ponto mihi lecta venena,
Ipſe dedit Moeris. naſcuntur plurima Ponto.
His ego ſaepe lupum fieri, et ſe condere ſilvis
Moerin, ſaepe animas imis excire ſepulcris,
Atque ſatas alio vidi traducere meſſis.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.
Fer cineres, Amarylli, foras : rivoque fluenti,
Tranſque caput jace : ne reſpexeris. his ego Daphnin
Adgrediar : nihil ille deos, nil carmina curat.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin
Aſpice : corripuit tremulis altaria flammis
Sponte ſua, dum ferre moror, cinis ipſe. bonum ſit !
Neſcio quid certe eſt : et Hylax in limine latrat.
Credimus ? an, qui amant, ipſi ſibi ſomnia fingunt ?
Parcite, ab urbe venit, jam parcite, carmina, Daphnis.

126. *Sage Moeris.*] The deſcription of the powerfulneſs of Moeris his magic, is ſublime. Pontus was the land of poiſons : Mithridates, who uſed to eat poiſon, reigned there ; and Medea was born in Colchis.

133. *Theſe aſhes.*] The moſt powerful of all incantations was to throw the aſhes of the ſacrifice backward into the water.

141. *The dying embers.*] The ancients thought the ſudden blazing of the fire a very happy omen. For Plutarch relates, that the veſtal virgins congratulated Cicero, and begged him to proceed in his proſecution of Catiline, and aſſured him of great ſucceſs, becauſe the fire of their ſacrifice lighted of its own accord.

Ev'n thus, may diſregarded Daphnis burn,
Pine to deſpair, nor I his flame return!
Bring, &c.
This veſt the faithleſs traitor left behind,
Pledge of his love I give, to thee conſign'd,
O ſacred earth! thus plac'd beneath the door,
O may the precious pledge its lord reſtore!
Bring, &c.
Theſe powerful, poiſonous plants in Pontus dug,
(Pontus abounds in many a magic drug)
Sage Moeris gave; in dire enchantments brew'd,
Moeris his limbs with theſe has oft bedew'd.
Hence the fell ſorcerer have I ſeen become
A wolf, and thro' wild foreſts howling roam,
With theſe from graves the ſtarting ſpectres warn,
And whirl to diſtant fields the ſtanding corn.
Bring, &c.
Take now theſe aſhes from th' expiring wood,
And ſtrew them, Amaryllis, o'er the flood;
But backward caſt them, dare not look behind,
With theſe I'll ſtrive to touch his harden'd mind;
But weak all art my Daphnis' breaſt to move,
For he nor charms regards, nor pow'rs above.
Bring, &c.
Lo! round the altar's ſides what flames aſpire!
The dying embers burſt into a fire!
Liſt! Hylax barks! O may it lucky prove!
But ah! how oft are we deceiv'd that love?
Can it be truth? my heart will Daphnis eaſe?
He comes, my Daphnis comes—Enchantments ceaſe!

END OF THE EIGHTH ECLOGUE.

ECLOGUE THE NINTH.

ARGUMENT.

We are told by Servius that Moeris is the perſon who had the care of Virgil's farm, was his procurator, or bailiff, as we ſpeak at preſent; and that when Virgil had from Auguſtus received a grant of his lands, one Arrius a centurion refuſed to admit him into poſſeſſion, and would certainly have killed him if Virgil had not ſaved his life by ſwimming over the Mincius. This accident is mentioned in this Eclogue. Lycidas overtakes Moeris on his way to Rome, and aſks him to repeat to him as they paſſed along ſome favourite verſes, that he formerly had heard from him. Moeris grants his requeſt, but ſuddenly breaks off in a natural and dramatic manner.

ECLOGA IX.

MOERIS.

LYCIDAS, MOERIS.

LYCIDAS.

QUO te, Moeri, pedes? an, quo via ducit, in urbem?

MOERIS.

O Lycida, vivi pervenimus; advena noſtri,
Quod numquam veriti ſumus, ut poſſeſſor agelli
Diceret: Haec mea ſunt; veteres migrate coloni.
Nunc victi, triſtes, quoniam Fors omnia verſat,
Hos illi (quod nec bene vertat) mittimus haedos.

LYCIDAS.

Certe equidem audieram, qua ſe ſubducere colles
Incipiunt, mollique jugum demittere clivo,
Uſque ad aquam et veteres, jam fracta cacumina, fagos,
Omnia carminibus veſtrum ſervaſſe Menalcan.

MOERIS.

Audieras; et fama fuit. ſed carmina tantum
Noſtra valent, Lycida, tela inter Martia, quantum
Chaonias dicunt, aquila veniente, columbas.
Quod niſi me quacumque novas incidere litis
Ante ſiniſtra cava monuiſſet ab ilice cornix,
Nec tuus hic Moeris, nec viveret ipſe Menalcas.

LYCIDAS.

Heu, cadit in quemquam tantum ſcelus! heu, tua nobis

5. *By fear.*] The two epithets *victi* and *triſtes*, Burman declares he cannot digeſt; but the rule *de epithetis non multiplicandis*, is a mere dream of the grammarians; nor did the beſt poets regard it. SPENCE.

ECLOGUE THE NINTH.

MOERIS.

LYCIDAS, MOERIS.

LYCIDAS.

SAY, Moeris, to the city doſt thou haſte?

MOERIS.

O Lycidas, the day's arriv'd at laſt,
When the fierce ſtranger, breathing rage, ſhall ſay,
Theſe fields are mine, ye veteran hinds away!
To whom, by Fortune cruſh'd, o'ercome by fear,
Theſe kids (a curſe attend them!) muſt I bear.

LYCIDAS.

Sure I had heard, that where yon' hills deſcend,
And to the vale their ſloping ſummits bend,
Down to the ſtream and ancient broken beech,
Far as the confines of his paſtures reach,
Menalcas ſav'd his all by ſkilful ſtrains.

MOERIS.

Such was the tale among the Mantuan ſwains;
But verſe 'mid dreadful war's mad tumults, proves
As weak and powerleſs, as Dodona's doves,
When the fierce, hungry eagle firſt they ſpy,
Full on their heads impetuous dart from high.
The boding raven from an hollow tree,
Warn'd us to ceaſe the ſtrife, and quick agree;
Elſe of our liberty, nay life, depriv'd,
Nor Moeris nor Menalcas had ſurviv'd.

LYCIDAS.

What rage the ruthleſs ſoldier could induce
To hurt the ſweeteſt favourite of the muſe?

Paene ſimul tecum ſolatia rapta, Menalca!
Quis caneret Nymphas? quis humum florentibus herbis
Spargeret? aut viridi fontis induceret umbra?
Vel quae ſublegi tacitus tibi carmina nuper,
Cum te ad delicias ferres Amaryllida noſtras?
Tityre, dum redeo, brevis eſt via, paſce capellas:
Et potum paſtas age, Tityre; et inter agendum
Occurſare capro, cornu ferit ille, caveto.

MOERIS.

Immo haec, quae Varo nec dum perfecta canebat.
Vare, tuum nomen (ſuperet modo Mantua nobis,
Mantua vae miſerae nimium vicina Cremonae!)
Cantantes ſublime ferent ad ſidera cycni.

LYCIDAS.

Sic tua Cyrneas fugiant examina taxos:
Sic cytiſo paſtae diſtentent ubera vaccae.
Incipe, ſi quid habes. et me fecere poëtam
Pierides: ſunt et mihi carmina. me quoque dicunt
Vatem paſtores: ſed non ego credulus illis.
Nam neque adhuc Varo videor, nec dicere Cinna
Digna, ſed argutos inter ſtrepere anſer olores.

MOERIS.

Id quidem ago; ac tacitus, Lycida, mecum ipſe voluto,
Si valeam meminiſſe: neque eſt ignobile carmen.
Huc ades, ô Galatea. quis eſt nam ludus in undis?
Hic ver purpureum: varios hic flumina circum

25. *Who then could ſtrew.*] Virgil certainly alludes to his Eclogue, entitled *Daphnis*, compoſed on the death of Julius Caeſar.

35. *Cremona's.*] Auguſtus divided the lands of Cremona amongſt his ſoldiers, becauſe they ſided with Antony. But that country not affording ſufficient quantities of land for all the ſoldiers, part of the territory of Mantua was added and given away in that manner.

40. *Cyrnaean.*] Corſica was called Cyrnus by the Greeks. The honey of this iſland was moſt remarkably bad.

43. *Cinna's, &c.*] This undoubtedly was not Helvius Cinna the poet who was murdered, by miſtaking him for Cornelius Cinna, and an enemy of Julius Caeſar, at that emperor's funeral.

O direful thought! hadſt thou, Menalcas, bled,
With thee had all our choiceſt pleaſures fled!
Who then could ſtrew ſweet flow'rs, the nymphs could ſing
Who ſhade with verdant boughs the cryſtal ſpring?
Or chant thoſe lays which privately I read,
When late we viſited my fav'rite maid:
" Watch, Tityrus, watch, and ſee my goats receive
" At morn freſh paſture, and cool ſtreams at eve;
" Soon I'll return; but as the flock you lead,
" Beware the wanton ridg'ling's butting head."

MOERIS.

Or thoſe to Varus, tho' unfiniſh'd ſtrains——
" Varus, ſhould we preſerve our Mantuan plains,
" (Obnoxious by Cremona's neighbouring crime)
" The ſwans thy name ſhall bear to heav'n ſublime."

LYCIDAS.

Begin, if verſe thou haſt, my tuneful friend;
On trefoil fed ſo may thy cows diſtend
Their copious udders; ſo thy bees refuſe
The baneful juices of Cyrnaean yews.
Me too the muſes love, and give me lays,
Swains call me bard, but I deny their praiſe;
I reach not Varus' voice, nor Cinna's ſong,
But ſcream like gabbling geeſe ſweet ſwans among.

MOERIS.

Thoſe ſtrains am I revolving in my mind,
Nor are they verſes of a vulgar kind.
" O lovely Galatea! hither haſte!
" For what delight affords the wat'ry waſte?
" Here purple ſpring her gifts profuſely pours,
" And paints the river-banks with balmy flow'rs;

neral. But it ſeems to have been Lucius Cinna, the grandſon of Pompey, and a great favourite of Auguſtus. Others think the words relate to two writers.

47. *O lovely Galatea.*] Theſe verſes in the original, aſſemble together ſome of the loveliеſt objects of wild unadorned nature. They are a copy of a beautiful paſſage in Theocritus.

Fundit humus flores : hic candida populus antro
Inminet, et lentae texunt umbracula vites.
Huc ades ; infani feriant fine litora fluctus.

LYCIDAS.

Quid, quae te pura folum fub nocte canentem
Audieram ? numeros memini, fi verba tenerem.

MOERIS.

Daphni, quid antiquos fignorum fufpicis ortus ?
Ecce Dionaei proceffit Caefaris aftrum :
Aftrum, quo fegetes gauderent frugibus ; et quo
Duceret apricis in collibus uva colorem.
Infere, Daphni, piros : carpent tua poma nepotes.
Omnia fert aetas, animum quoque. faepe ego longos
Cantando puerum memini me condere foles.
Nunc oblita mihi tot carmina. vox quoque Moerin
Jam fugit ipfa : lupi Moerin videre priores.
Sed tamen ifta fatis referet tibi faepe Menalcas.

LYCIDAS.

Cauffando noftros in longum ducis amores.

52. *Leaves.*] Obferve how judiciouſly Virgil mentions only the ſhades of the vines ; it being yet only ſpring, there could be no grapes.

58. *Daphnis ! behold.*] Virgil, ſays La Cerda, ſeems to have contended with himſelf in this place for victory. He oppoſes theſe five verſes to thoſe which went before, *Huc ades, ô Galatea*, in which having excelled Theocritus, he now endeavours to excel himſelf. In the former he aimed only at the ſweetneſs of expreſſion, as became one who addreſſed himſelf to Caeſar, who was then admitted among the gods. There he deſcribes the delights of the ſpring, flowers, rivers, ſhades, ſuch objects as tend to pleaſure ; here, he produces the fruits of ſummer, corn, grapes, and pears, all which are uſeful to man. Who can ſay that Virgil ſpeaks idly, or to no purpoſe ?

58. *Behold the Julian.*] The Julian ſtar, according to Doctor Halley, was a comet ; and the ſame that appeared (for the third time after) in 1680. He ſays that the tail of that comet in its neareſt approach to the ſun, was ſixty degrees long. So that it muſt have made a very conſiderable figure in the heavens, as Horace ſays the Julian ſtar did. After Caeſar's death a comet happened to appear, which the ſuperſtitious vulgar thought was the ſoul of Julius Caeſar, placed among the gods. Auguſtus's courtiers propagated this notion.

" Here, o'er the grotto the pale poplar weaves
" With blushing vines a canopy of leaves;
" Then quit the seas! against the sounding shore
" Let the vext ocean's billows idly roar!"

LYCIDAS.

What's that you sung alone, one cloudless night?
Its air I know, could I the words recite.

MOERIS.

" Why still consult, for ancient signs, the skies?
" Daphnis! behold the Julian star arise!
" Whose power the fields with copious corn shall fill,
" And clothe with richer grapes each sunny hill;
" Now, Daphnis, for thy grandsons plant thy pears,
" Who luscious fruits shall crop in distant years."—
Alas! by stealing time how things decay!
Once could I sing whole summer-suns away;
But ah! my mem'ry fails—some wolf accurs'd
Hath stopt my voice and look'd on Moeris first:
But oft Menalcas will repeat these lays.

LYCIDAS.

My strong desires such slight excuses raise;

59. *Fields.*] *Segetes* generally signifies the *fields* in Virgil's writings.

62. *Fruits.*] *Poma* is commonly used by the ancients for any esculent fruit.

63. *Alas! by stealing.*] Here the shepherd breaks off abruptly, as if he had forgot the rest of the poem.

65. *My memory fails.*] Observe two things, says Ruaeus, 1. That *oblita* is used in a passive signification. 2. That *mihi* is put for *me*. So in the Aeneid, *Nulla tuarum audita mihi neque visa sororum.*

65. *Some wolf accurs'd.*] The ancients imagined, that if a wolf happened to look on any man first, the person was instantly deprived of his voice. Λυκον ειδες, εταιξε τις, ὡς σοφος ειπεν, says Theocritus.

68. *Caussando* in the original, signifies by pretending to make excuses.

Stultus uterque locum immeritum causatur iniqui. HOR.

Et nunc omne tibi ſtratum ſilet aequor: et omnes,
(Aſpice) ventoſi ceciderunt murmuris aurae.
Hinc adeo media eſt nobis via. namque ſepulchrum
Incipit apparere Bianoris. hic, ubi denſas
Agricolae ſtringunt frondes, hic, Moeri, canamus:
Hic haedos depone. tamen veniemus in urbem.
Aut ſi, nox pluviam ne conligat ante, veremur,
Cantantes licet uſque (minus via laedat) eamus.
Cantantes ut eamus, ego hoc te faſce levabo.

MOERIS.

Deſine plura, puer: et, quod nunc inſtat, agamus.
Carmina tum melius, cum venerit ipſe, canemus.

70. *The neighb'ring lake.*] The original ſays, *ſtratum ſilet aequor*. By *aequor* cannot poſſibly be underſtood the ſea, as ſome tranſlators have imagined. Catrou's obſervation is very ingenious. Our ſhepherds were already arrived at the edge of the lake of Mantua, which is formed round the city by the Mincio. Is not a lake a *ſea* in the eyes of ſhepherds?

72. *Bianor's tomb.*] Bianor, ſon of the river Tiber, by the daughter of Tireſias, named Manto, is fabled to have firſt of all fortified the city of Mantua, and to have given it the name of his mother. His tomb, as ancient ones uſually were, was placed by the way-ſide. Hence the expreſſion, *abi viator, ſiſte viator*—abſurdly introduced into modern epitaphs, not placed in ſuch ſituations.

Behold no whiſp'ring winds the branches ſhake;
Smooth is the ſurface of the neighb'ring lake;
Beſides, to our mid-journey are we come,
I ſee the top of old Bianor's tomb;
Here, Moeris, where the ſwains thick branches prune,
And ſtrew their leaves, our voices let us tune;
Here reſt a while, and lay your kidlings down,
Remains full time to reach the deſtin'd town;
But if you tempeſts fear and gathering rain,
Still let us ſooth our travel with a ſtrain;
The ways ſeem ſhorter by a warbled ſong,
I'll eaſe your burden as we paſs along.

MOERIS.

Ceaſe your requeſt; proceed we o'er the plain;
When HE returns we'll ſing a ſweeter ſtrain.

74. *And ſtrew their leaves.*] La Cerda ſays, they gathered the leaves to ſtrew them on Bianor's tomb: but the epithet *denſas* ſeems to point to *amputation*, which they wanted by growing too thick. Holdſworth ſays, a grove I ſuppoſe in which the peaſants ſtrip off the leaves; Catrou has miſtaken the meaning.

END OF THE NINTH ECLOGUE.

ECLOGUE THE TENTH.

ARGUMENT.

The poet introduces his friend and patron Gallus, lying under a ſolitary rock in Arcadia, bewailing the inconſtancy of his miſtreſs Lycoris, by whom is meant the beautiful Citheris, a moſt celebrated actreſs, that left him to follow ſome officer into Germany. He deſcribes the rural deities coming to viſit Gallus in his diſtreſs, as they do Daphnis in Theocritus, and laſt of all Apollo himſelf, who all endeavour in vain to comfort him.

ECLOGA X.

GALLUS.

EXtremum hunc, Arethuſa, mihi concede laborem.
Pauca meo Gallo, ſed quae legat ipſa Lycoris,
Carmina ſunt dicenda. neget quis carmina Gallo?
Sic tibi, cum fluctus ſubter labêre Sicanos,
Doris amara ſuam non intermiſceat undam.
Incipe. ſollicitos Galli dicamus amores,
Dum tenera adtondent ſimae virgulta capellae.
Non canimus ſurdis: reſpondent omnia ſilvae.
Quae nemora, aut qui vos ſaltus habuere, puellae
Naïdes, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?
Nam neque Parnaſi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aoniae Aganippes.
Illum etiam lauri, illum etiam flevere myricae:
Pinifer illum etiam ſola ſub rupe jacentem
Maenalus, et gelidi fleverunt ſaxa Lycaei.
Stant et oves circum: noſtri nec poenitet illas:
Nec te poeniteat pecoris, divine poëta:
Et formoſus ovis ad flumina pavit Adonis.
Venit et upilio: tardi venere bubulci:
Uvidus hiberna venit de glande Menalcas.
Omnes, unde amor iſte, rogant, tibi? venit Apollo:
Galle, quid inſanis? inquit. tua cura Lycoris

Ver. 10. *While browze the goats.*] The original calls them *ſimae capellae*, ſnub-nos'd goats, which will not bear to be rendered into Engliſh. This is one inſtance among a thouſand that may be given, of the utter impoſſibility of giving any gracefulneſs to many images in the claſſics, which in a dead language do not appear groſs or common.

13. *Where were ye, Naiads.*] This is finely imitated in that excellent piece of Milton, intituled, Lycidas, but is originally in Theocritus.

ECLOGUE THE TENTH.

GALLUS.

AID the laſt labour of my rural muſe,
'Tis Gallus aſks, auſpicious Arethuſe!
But then ſuch pity-moving ſtrains impart,
Such numbers as may touch Lycoris' heart;
Yet once more, tuneful nymph, thy ſuccour bring;
What bard for Gallus can refuſe to ſing?
So while beneath Sicilian ſeas you glide,
May Doris ne'er pollute your purer tide!
With Gallus' hapleſs love begin the lay,
While browze the goats the tender-budding ſpray;
Nor to the deaf our mournful notes we ſing,
Each wood ſhall with reſponſive echoes ring.
Where were ye, Naiads! in what lawn or grove,
When Gallus pin'd with unregarded love?
For not by Aganippe's ſpring we play'd,
Nor Pindus' verdant hill your ſteps delay'd;
For him lamented every laurel grove;
The very tamariſcs wept his hapleſs love;
His woes ev'n pine-topt Maenalus bemoan'd,
Thro' all his caverns the dark mountain groan'd;
And cold Lycaeum's rocks bewail'd his fate,
As ſad beneath a lonely cliff he ſate.
Around him ſtood his flock in dumb ſurprize,
A ſhepherd's lowly name I ne'er deſpiſe:
Nor thou, ſweet bard, diſdain fair flocks to guide,
Adonis fed them by the river's ſide;
The heavy hind to him, and goat-herd haſte,
And old Menalcas wet from gathering wint'ry maſt;
All of his love enquire; Apollo came;
"Why glows my Gallus' breaſt with fruitleſs flame?

Perque nives alium, perque horrida caſtra ſecuta eſt.
Venit et agreſti capitis Silvanus honore,
Florentis ferulas et grandia lilia quaſſans.
Pan deus Arcadiae venit: quem vidimus ipſi
Sanguineis ebuli baccis minioque rubentem.
Ecquis erit modus? inquit. amor non talia curat.
Nec lacrimis crudelis amor, nec gramina rivis,
Nec cytiſo ſaturantur apes, nec fronde capellae.
Triſtis at ille, Tamen cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,
Montibus haec veſtris: ſoli cantare periti
Arcades. ô mihi tum quam molliter oſſa quieſcant,
Veſtra meos olim ſi fiſtula dicat amores!
Atque utinam ex vobis unus, veſtrique fuiſſem
Aut cuſtos gregis, aut maturae venitor uvae!
Certe ſive mihi Phyllis, ſive eſſet Amyntas,
Seu quicumque furor, (quid tum, ſi fuſcus Amyntas?
Et nigrae violae ſunt, et vaccinia nigra)
Mecum inter ſalices lenta ſub vite jaceret.
Serta mihi Phyllis legeret, cantaret Amyntas.
Hic gelidi fontes: hic mollia prata, Lycori.
Hic nemus: hic ipſo tecum conſumerer aevo.
Nunc inſanus amor duri me Martis in armis,
Tela inter media, atque adverſos detinet hoſtis.
Tu procul a patria (nec ſit mihi credere) tantum
Alpinas, ah dura, nives et frigora Rheni

41. *Sad Gallus then.*] This addreſs of Gallus to the Arcadians is tender and moving; eſpecially that part of it where he wiſhes he had been only an humble ſhepherd like them. But when he juſt afterwards addreſſes his miſtreſs, the lines are inexpreſſibly pathetic.

Hic gelidi fontes; hic mollia prata, Lycori;
Hic nemus: hic ipſo tecum conſumerer aevo.

And then he turns off at once to the evils his paſſion has expoſed him to,

Nunc inſanus amor, &c.

" To ſeek another youth thy falſe one flies,
" Thro' martial terrors and inclement ſkies."
Shaking the ruſtic honours of his brow,
The lilly tall, and fennel's branching bough,
Sylvanus came; and Pan, Arcadia's pride,
With vermil-hues, and bluſhing elder dy'd:
" Ah! why indulge, he cries, thy boundleſs grief,
" Think'ſt thou that love will heed, or bring relief?
" Nor tears can love ſuffice, nor ſhowers the graſs,
" Nor leaves the goat, nor flowers the honied race."
Sad Gallus then.—Yet O Arcadian ſwains,
Ye beſt artificers of ſoothing ſtrains!
Tune your ſoft reeds, and teach your rocks my woes,
So ſhall my ſhade in ſweeter reſt repoſe;
O that your birth and bus'neſs had been mine,
To feed the flock, and prune the ſpreading vine!
There ſome ſoft ſolace to my amorous mind,
Some Phillis or Amyntas I ſhould find:
(What if the boy's ſmooth ſkin be brown to view,
Dark is the hyacinth and violet's hue)
There as we lay the vine's thick ſhades beneath,
The boy ſhould ſing, and Phillis twine the wreath.
Here cooling fountains roll thro' flow'ry meads,
Here woods, Lycoris! lift their verdant heads,
Here could I wear my careleſs life away,
And in thy arms inſenſibly decay.
Inſtead of that, me frantic love detains,
'Mid foes, and deathful darts, and bloody plains:
While you, and can my ſoul the tale believe,
Far from your country, lonely wand'ring leave,
Me, me your lover, barbarous fugitive!
Seek the rough Alps, where ſnows eternal ſhine,
And joyleſs borders of the frozen Rhine.

53. Theſe four lines are taken from Sir George Lyttelton's elegant Eclogues, entitled, *The progreſs of love.*

Me ſine ſola vides. ah te ne frigora laedant!
Ah tibi ne teneras glacies ſecet aſpera plantas!
Ibo, et Chalcidico quae ſunt mihi condita verſu
Carmina, paſtoris Siculi modulabor avena.
Certum eſt in ſilvis, inter ſpelaea ferarum,
Malle pati, teneriſque meos incidere amores
Arboribus: creſcent illae: creſcetis amores.
Interea mixtis luſtrabo Maenala nymphis:
Aut acris venabor apros: non me ulla vetabunt
Frigora Parthenios canibus circumdare ſaltus.
Jam mihi per rupes videor lucoſque ſonantis
Ire: libet Partho torquere Cydonia cornu
Spicula; tanquam haec ſint noſtri medicina furoris,
Aut deus ille malis hominum miteſcere diſcat.
Jam neque Hamadryades rurſum, neque carmina nobis
Ipſa placent: ipſae rurſum concedite ſilvae.
Non illum noſtri poſſunt mutare labores:
Nec ſi frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Sithoniaſque nivis hiemis ſubeamus aquoſae,
Nec ſi, cum moriens alta liber aret in ulmo,
Aethiopum verſemus ovis ſub ſidere Cancri.
Omnia vincit Amor. et nos cedamus Amori.
Haec ſat erit, divae, veſtrum cecinisse poëtam,
Dum ſedet, et gracili fiſcellam texit hibiſco,

66. *Ibo, Ibo.*] How juſtly are the various reſolutions and ſhifting paſſions of a lover here deſcribed! Firſt, he reſolves to renew his poetical ſtudies, (for Gallus was a writer of elegies) then ſuddenly he talks of leaving the world, and finding out ſome melancholy ſolitude, and hiding himſelf among the dens of wild beaſts, and amuſing himſelf by carving her name on the trees. Then all at once he breaks out into a reſolution that he will ſpend all his time in hunting; but ſuddenly recollects with a ſigh, that none of theſe amuſements will cure his paſſion; and then bids adieu to all the diverſions of which he had been ſpeaking.

88. *Feed.*] *Verſemus*, in this place, in the original ſignifies to *feed* ſheep, or drive them about, to feed.

89. *Elm.*] *Liber* in the original ſignifies the inmoſt bark of a tree.

90. Virgil uſes the conſtellation of Cancer to expreſs the

Ah! may no cold e'er blaſt my deareſt maid,
Nor pointed ice thy tender feet invade!
I go, I go, Chalcidian ſtrains to ſuit
To the ſoft ſounds of the Sicilian flute!
'Tis fix'd!—to mazes of the tangled wood,
Where cavern'd monſters roam in queſt of blood,
Abandon'd will I fly, to feed my flame
Alone, and on the trees inſcribe her name;
Faſt as the groves in ſtately growth improve,
By pow'r congenial will increaſe my love.
Mean while on ſummits of Lycaeum hoar,
With the light nymphs I'll chaſe the furious boar,
Nor me ſhall froſts forbid with horn and hound
Parthenia's echoing foreſts to ſurround.
Now, now, thro' ſounding woods I ſeem to go,
Twanging my arrows from the Parthian bow:
As if theſe ſports my wounded breaſt could heal,
Or that fell god for mortal pangs would feel!
But now, again no more the woodland maids,
Nor paſtoral ſongs delight—Farewel, ye ſhades!
No toils of ours the cruel god can change,
Tho' loſt in frozen deſarts we ſhould range,
Tho' we ſhould drink where chilling Hebrus flows,
Endure bleak winter's blaſts, and Thracian ſnows;
Or on hot India's plains our flocks ſhould feed,
Where the parch'd elm declines his ſickening head;
Beneath fierce glowing Cancer's fiery beams,
Far from cool breezes and refreſhing ſtreams.
Love over all maintains reſiſtleſs ſway,
And let us love's all-conquering power obey.
Thus, as a baſket's ruſhy frame he wove,
Your bard, ye muſes, ſung the pains of love:

tropic. The ſun enters Cancer on the 10th or 11th of our June, which is the longeſt day of the year, and naturally the hotteſt.

Pierides. vos haec facietis maxima Gallo :
Gallo, quojus amor tantum mihi creſcit in horas,
Quantum vere novo viridis ſe ſubjicit alnus.
Surgamus : ſolet eſſe gravis cunctantibus umbra.
Juniperi gravis umbra. nocent et frugibus umbrae.
Ite domum ſaturae, venit Heſperus, ite capellae.

100. *Loitering.*] La Cerda reads, *cünctantibus*, not *cantantibus*, in the original, which ſeems to be the true ſenſe.

102. Even the ſhades of juniper, tho' it is a tree whoſe leaves are ſo fragrant, are ſtill very unwholeſome.

May Gallus view the ſong with partial eyes,
For whom each hour my flames of friendſhip riſe;
Faſt as when vernal gales their influence ſpread,
The verdant alder lifts his blooming head.
But haſte, unwholſome to the loitering ſwain
The ſhades are found, and hurtful to the grain;
Ev'n juniper's ſweet ſhade, whoſe leaves around
Fragrance diffuſe, at eve are noxious found.
Homeward, ye well-fed goats, now ſinks the day;
Lo, glittering Heſper comes! my goats away.

END OF THE TENTH ECLOGUE.

Ex Gemmis Philippi de Stosch.

P. Virgilii Maronis

GEORGICA.

THE

GEORGICS

OF

VIRGIL.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

The poet begins with propoſing the ſubjects of the four books of his work; then eaſily ſlides into an invocation of ſuch deities as were proper to aſſiſt him in his execution of it, artfully introducing Auguſtus among thoſe deities. Theſe circumſtances are comprehended in the exordium. The book itſelf may be divided into ſix parts. I. *The various methods of tilling ground, according to its different natures and qualities.* II. *The origin of agriculture.* III. *The inſtruments of huſbandmen.* IV. *The proper ſeaſons for the works of huſbandmen.* V. *The prognoſtics of the weather.* VI. *The prodigies that attended the death of Julius Caeſar.*

P. VIRGILII MARONIS

GEORGICA.

AD C. CILNIUM MAECENATEM.

LIBER PRIMUS.

QUID faciat laetas ſegetes, quo ſidere terram
Vertere, Maecenas, ulmiſque adjungere vites
Conveniat: quae cura boum, qui cultus habendo
Sit pecori, atque apibus quanta experientia parcis,
Hinc canere incipiam. Vos, ô clariſſima mundi
Lumina, labentem coelo quae ducitis annum:
Liber et alma Ceres, veſtro ſi munere tellus
Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit ariſta,
Poculaque inventis Acheloïa miſcuit uvis:
Et vos agreſtum praeſentia numina, Fauni,
Ferte ſimul Faunique pedem Dryadeſque puellae:
Munera veſtra cano. tuque ô, cui prima frementem
Fudit equum magno tellus percuſſa tridenti,

Ver. 1. *Fields.*] The ſubjects of the four following books of Georgics are particularly ſpecified in theſe four firſt lines; *Corn* and *Ploughing* are the ſubject of the *firſt*, *Vines* of the *ſecond*, *Cattle* of the *third*, and *Bees* of the *laſt*. By *ſeges* Virgil generally means the fields. *Quo ſidere* is very poetical for *quo tempore*. Mr. Dryden ſays only *when* to turn, &c. I apply *experientia* to the bees after Grimoaldus and Dr. Trapp, as more poetical than the other meaning, and as ſuitable to Virgil's manner of aſcribing human qualities to theſe inſects. I wonder, ſays Mr. Holdſworth, whence Seneca came to ſpeak ſo lightly of Virgil's exactneſs in his Georgics: but this I am ſure of, that the more I have looked into the manner of agriculture uſed at preſent in Italy, the more occaſion I have had to admire

THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.

TO C. CILNIUS MAECENAS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

WHAT culture crowns the laughing fields with corn,
Beneath what heavenly ſigns the glebe to turn,
Round the tall elm how circling vines to lead,
The care of oxen, cattle how to breed,
What wond'rous arts to frugal bees belong,
Maecenas, are the ſubjects of my ſong.
Lights of the world! ye brighteſt orbs on high,
Who lead the ſliding year around the ſky!
Bacchus and Ceres, by whoſe gifts divine,
Man chang'd the cryſtal ſtream for purple wine;
For rich and foodful corn, Chaonian maſt;
Ye Fauns and virgin Dryads, hither haſte;
Ye Deities, who aid induſtrious ſwains,
Your gifts I ſing! facilitate the ſtrains!
And thou, whoſe trident ſtruck the teeming earth,
Whence ſtrait a neighing courſer ſprung to birth.

admire the juſtice and force of his expreſſions, and his exactneſs even in the minuteſt particulars. HOLDSWORTH.

7. *Lights of the world.*] *Clariſſima mundi lumina* cannot be put in appoſition or joined with *Bacchus et alma Ceres*; Virgil firſt invokes the *ſun and moon*, and then *Bacchus*.—Varro's invocation proceeds in the ſame manner.

11. *Chaonian maſt.*] The famous grove of Dodona was in Epirus or Chaonia.

Neptune; et cultor nemorum, cui pinguia Ceae
Ter centum nivei tondent dumeta juvenci:
Ipse nemus linquens patrium saltusque Lycaei
Pan ovium custos, tua si tibi Maenala curae,
Adsis ô Tegeaee favens, oleaeque Minerva
Inventrix, uncique puer monstrator aratri,
Et teneram ab radice ferens, Silvane, cupressum:
Dîque deaeque omnes, studium quibus arva tueri,
Quique novas alitis non ullo semine fruges:
Quique satis largum coelo demittitis imbrem.
Tuque adeo, quem mox quae sint habitura deorum
Concilia incertum est; urbisne invisere, Caesar,
Terrarumque velis curam, et te maximus orbis
Auctorem frugum, tempestatumque potentem
Accipiat, cingens materna tempora myrto;
An deus immensi venias maris, ac tua nautae
Numina sola colant: tibi serviat ultima Thule,
Teque sibi generum Tethys emat omnibus undis:
Anne novum tardis sidus te mensibus addas,

18. *Snow-white heifers, feeds.*] Aristaeus is here invoked, who taught the arts of curdling milk and cultivating olive trees. Triptolemus the son of Celeus was the inventor of the plough. In a contention between Neptune and Minerva about naming Athens, Neptune struck the earth with his trident, and produced a horse, and Pallas an olive tree.

19. *Lycaeus' grove.*] Lycaeus and Maenalus were two mountains in Arcadia, sacred to Pan.

25. *Sylvanus.*] Medals represent Sylvanus bearing a young cypress tree torn up by the roots. Neither Mr. Dryden nor Mr. Benson seem apprehensive of this allusion, which is very picturesque.

31. *And thou.*] The poet here begins a fine address to Augustus, asking him whether he would chuse to be the god of earth, sea, or heaven. Catrou ingeniously imagines this address was added by Virgil the year before his death, when several other passages were likewise inserted; for he says Augustus was not thus highly honoured till after his return from the conquest of Egypt.

46. *Scorpius.*] Libra, or the Balance, was originally represented as held up by Scorpius, who extended his claws for that

Come thou, whoſe herd, in Caea's fertil meads,
Of twice an hundred ſnow-white heifers, feeds:
Guardian of flocks, O leave Lycaeus' grove,
If Maenalus may ſtill retain thy love,
Tegaean Pan; and bring with thee the maid
Who firſt at Athens rais'd the olive's ſhade,
Propitious Pallas; nor be abſent thou,
Fair youth, inventor of the crooked plough;
Nor thou, Sylvanus, in whoſe hands is borne
A tender cypreſs by the roots up-torn:
Come, all ye gods and goddeſſes, who hear
The ſuppliant ſwains, and bleſs with fruits the year;
Ye, who the wild ſpontaneous feeds ſuſtain,
Or ſwell with ſhowers the cultivated grain.
And thou, thou chief, whoſe ſeat among the gods
Is yet unchoſen in the bleſt abodes,
Wilt thou, great Caeſar, o'er the earth preſide,
Protect her cities, and her empires guide,
While the vaſt globe ſhall feel thy genial pow'r,
Thee as the god of foodful fruits adore,
Sovereign of ſeaſons, of the ſtorms and wind,
And with thy mother's boughs thy temples bind?
Or over boundleſs ocean wilt thou reign,
Smooth the wild billows of the roaring main,
While utmoſt Thule ſhall thy nod obey,
To thee in ſhipwrecks ſhivering ſailors pray,
While Tethys, if ſome wat'ry nymph could pleaſe,
Would give in dow'ry all her thouſand ſeas?
Or wilt thou mount a ſplendid ſign on high,
Betwixt the Maid and Scorpius deck the ſky;

that purpoſe out of his own proper dominions; and that, under Auguſtus, or a little after his death, they made Scorpius contract his claws, and introduced a new perſonage (moſt probably Auguſtus himſelf) to hold the Balance. On the Farneſe globe it is held by Scorpius; (which, by the way, may perhaps ſhew that work to have been previous to the Auguſtan age:) in ſeveral of the gems and medals on which we

Qua locus Erigonen inter Chelaſque ſequentis
Panditur. ipſe tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens
Scorpios, et coeli juſta plus parte reliquit.
Quicquid eris; (nam te nec ſperent Tartara regem,
Nec tibi regnandi veniat tam dira cupido:
Quamvis Elyſios miretur Graecia campos,
Nec repetita ſequi curet Proſerpina matrem)
Da facilem curſum, atque audacibus adnue coeptis,
Ignaroſque viae mecum miſeratus agreſtis
Ingredere, et votis jam nunc adſueſce vocari.
Vere novo, gelidus canis cum montibus humor
Liquitur, et zephyro putris ſe gleba reſolvit;
Depreſſo incipiat jam tum mihi taurus aratro
Ingemere, et ſulco adtritus ſplendeſcere vomer.
Illa ſeges demum votis reſpondet avari
Agricolae, bis quae ſolem, bis frigora ſenſit:
Illius immenſae ruperunt horrea meſſes.
Ac prius ignotum ferro quam ſcindimus aequor;
Ventos, et varium coeli praediſcere morem
Cura ſit, ac patrios cultuſque habituſque locorum,
Et quid quaeque ferat regio, et quid quaeque recuſet.

have the ſigns of the zodiac, it is held by a man. This is ſaid to be Auguſtus. It was a very common thing among the Roman poets to compliment their emperors with a place among the conſtellations; and perhaps the Roman aſtronomers took the hint of placing Auguſtus there, and that in this very ſituation, from Virgil's compliment of this kind to the emperor. To ſay the truth, there could ſcarce have been a place or employment, better choſen for Auguſtus. The aſtronomers originally were at a loſs how to have the Balance ſupported: they were obliged, for this purpoſe, to make Scorpius take up the ſpace of two ſigns in the zodiac; which was quite irregular; and to be ſure they would be ready to lay hold of any fair occaſion of reducing to his due bounds again. On the other hand, it was quite as proper for Auguſtus, as it was improper for Scorpius, to hold it: for, beſide its being a compliment to him for his juſtice, or for his holding the balance of the affairs of the world, (if they talked of princes then, in the ſtyle we have been ſo much uſed to of late) Libra was the very ſign that was ſaid to preſide over Italy; and ſo Auguſ-

Scorpius e'en now his burning claws confines,
And more than a juſt ſhare of heav'n reſigns?
Whate'er thou chooſe; (for ſure thou wilt not deign,
With dire ambition fir'd, in hell to reign,
Tho' Greece her fair Elyſian fields admire,
Whence Proſerpine refuſes to retire)—
Look kindly down, my invocations hear!
Aſſiſt my courſe, and urge my bold career;
Pity with me, the ſimple ploughman's cares,
Now, now aſſume the god, and learn to hear our pray'rs.
In earlieſt ſpring, when melting ſnow diſtils
Adown the mountains' ſides, in trickling rills,
When Zephyr's breeze unbinds the crumbling ſoil,
Then let my groaning ſteers begin the toil;
Deep in the furrows preſs the ſhining ſhare;
Thoſe lands at laſt repay the peaſants' care,
Which twice the ſun, and twice the froſts ſuſtain,
And burſt his barns ſurcharg'd with pond'rous grain.
But ere we launch the plough in plains unknown,
Be firſt the clime, the winds and weather ſhewn;
The temper and the genius of the fields,
What each refuſes, what in plenty yields;

tus in holding that, would be ſuppoſed to be the guardian angel of his country after his deceaſe, as he had been ſo formally declared to be the father and protector of it in his lifetime. Upon the whole, I do not ſee how any thought of this kind could have been carried on with more propriety, than this ſeems to have been, by the admirers or flatterers of that emperor. POLYMETIS, Dialogue II. p. 170.

57. *In earlieſt ſpring.*] The writers of agriculture, ſays Dr. Martyn, did not confine themſelves to the computation of aſtrologers; but dated their ſpring from the end of the froſty weather. *Poſſunt igitur ac idibus Januariis, ut principem menſem Romani anni obſervet, auſpicari culturarum officia.* COLUMELLA.

63. *Which twice the ſun, and twice.*] The meaning is, that, a field which has lain ſtill two years together, inſtead of *one* (which laſt is the common method) will bear a much greater crop. BENSON.

Hic ſegetes, illic veniunt felicius uvae :
Arborei foetus alibi atque injuſſa vireſcunt
Gramina. nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles ſua tura Sabaei ?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, viroſaque Pontus
Caſtorea, Eliadum palmas Epiros equarum ?
Continuo has leges, aeternaque foedera certis
Inpoſuit Natura locis : quo tempore primum
Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem :
Unde homines nati durum genus. ergo age, terrae
Pingue ſolum primis extemplo a menſibus anni
Fortes invortant tauri, glebaſque jacentis
Pulverulenta coquat maturis ſolibus aeſtas.
At ſi non fuerit tellus fecunda ; ſub ipſum
Arcturum tenui ſat erit ſuſpendere ſulco :
Illic, officiant laetis ne frugibus herbae ;
Hic, ſterilem exiguus ne deſerat humor arenam.
Alternis idem tonſas ceſſare novalis,
Et ſegnem patiere ſitu dureſcere campum.
Aut ibi flava ſeres mutato ſidere farra,
Unde prius laetum ſiliqua quaſſante legumen,
Aut tenuis foetus viciae, triſtiſque lupini
Suſtuleris fragilis calamos ſilvamque ſonantem.
Urit enim lini campum ſeges, urit avenae :
Urunt Lethaeo perfuſa papavera ſomno.

74. *Caſtor.*] 'Tis a vulgar miſtake that the teſticles of the beaver contain the *caſtor*; for 'tis taken from ſome odoriferous glands about the groin of this animal. *Viroſa* in this place does not mean *poiſonous*, but *efficacious* or *powerful*.

87. *There, leſt the weeds.*] Virgil ſpeaks of the ſeaſons of ploughing ſtrong and light ground. The firſt, ſays he, muſt be ploughed early in the ſpring, and lie all ſummer; and the other lightly in autumn: or elſe the ſtrong ground will run all to weeds, and the light ground will have all its juices exhauſted. BENSON.

92. *The lupin ſhook.*] The *triſtis lupinus* is not our lupin, but that ſeed which they now in Italy lay aſoak ſo long in water, to get rid of its bitterneſs, and even ſell it ſo in their ſtreets.

'Tis

Here golden corn, there luſcious grapes abound,
There graſs ſpontaneous, or rich fruits are found;
See'ſt thou not Tmolus, ſaffron ſweet diſpenſe?
Her ivory, Ind? Arabia, frankincenſe?
The naked Chalybes their iron ore?
To Caſtor Pontus give it's fetid pow'r?
While for Olympic games, Epirus breeds,
To whirl the kindling car, the ſwifteſt ſteeds?
Nature, theſe laws, and theſe eternal bands,
Firſt fix'd on certain climes, and various lands,
What time the ſtones, upon th' unpeopled world,
Whence ſprung laborious man, Deucalion hurl'd.
Come on then: yoke, and ſweat thy ſturdy ſteer,
In deep, rich ſoils, when dawns the vernal year;
The turf diſclos'd, the clinging clods unbound,
Summer ſhall bake and meliorate thy ground:
But for light, ſteril land, it may ſuffice,
Gently to turn it in autumnal ſkies;
There, leſt the weeds o'er joyful ears prevail,
Here, leſt all moiſture from the ſands exhale.
The glebe ſhall reſt, whence laſt you gather'd grain,
Till the ſpent earth recover ſtrength again:
For where the trembling pods of pulſe you took,
Or from its rattling ſtalk the lupin ſhook,
Or vetches' ſeed minute, will golden corn
With alter'd grain that happy tilth adorn.
Parcht are the lands, that oats or flax produce,
Or poppies, pregnant with Lethean juice;
Nor want uncultur'd fallows grace or uſe.

'Tis but a very inſipid thing at beſt. The *faſelus* of the Romans is our lupin. HOLDSWORTH.

95. *Parcht are the lands.*] That flax, oats, and poppies, dry and impoveriſh the ſoil, we have the concurrent teſtimony of Columella, Paladius, and Pliny. The Romans cultivated poppies, not our common ſcarlet ones, but our garden poppy. MARTYN.

Sed tamen alternis facilis labor: arida tantum
Ne ſaturare fimo pingui pudeat ſola; neve
Effoetos cinerem inmundum jactare per agros.
Sic quoque mutatis requieſcunt foetibus arva.
Nec nulla interea eſt inaratae gratia terrae.
Saepe etiam ſterilis incendere profuit agros,
Atque levem ſtipulam crepitantibus urere flammis:
Sive inde occultas vires, et pabula terrae
Pinguia concipiunt: ſive illis omne per ignem
Excoquitur vitium, atque exſudat inutilis humor:
Seu pluris calor ille vias et caeca relaxat
Spiramenta, novas veniat qua ſuccus in herbas:
Seu durat magis, et venas adſtringit hiantis:
Ne tenues pluviae, rapidive potentia ſolis
Acrior, aut Boreae penetrabile frigus adurat.
Multum adeo, raſtris glebas qui frangit inertis,
Vimineaſque trahit crates, juvat arva: neque illum
Flava Ceres alto nequicquam ſpectat Olympo:
Et qui, proſciſſo quae ſuſcitat aequore terga,
Rurſus in obliquom verſo perrumpit aratro,
Exercetque frequens tellurem, atque imperat arvis.

102. *To burn the barren glebe.*] Virgil, ſays Mr. Benſon (but he ſeems to be miſtaken) ſpeaks of two different things, of burning the ſoil itſelf before the ground is ploughed, and of burning the ſtubble after the corn is taken off from arable land. The rapidity of *ſaepe levem ſtipulam crepitantibus urere flammis*, expreſſes the crackling and ſwiftneſs of the flame.

103. *While the light ſtubble.*] They ſtill uſe the method ſo much recommended by Virgil (Geo. I. 84 to 93) of burning the ſtubble, eſpecially in the more barren fields, in moſt parts of Italy; and about Rome in particular, where there is ſo much bad ground. The ſmoke is very troubleſome when they do it; and there had been ſo many complaints made of it to Clement XI. that he had reſolved to forbid that practice. When the order was laid before that pope, to be ſigned by him; a cardinal (who happened to be with his holineſs) ſpoke much of the uſe of it; ſhewed him this paſſage in Virgil; and the pope on reading it, changed his mind, and rejected the order.

HOLDSWORTH.

113. *Cold ſhould ſcorch.*] Burning applied to cold is not merely a poetical expreſſion; but we find it made uſe of by the philoſophers.

But bluſh not fattening dung to caſt around,
Or ſordid aſhes o'er th' exhauſted ground.
Thus reſt, or change of grain, improves the field,
Thus riches may ariſe from lands untill'd.
Gainful to burn the barren glebe 'tis found,
While the light ſtubble, crackling, flames around:
Whence, or to earth new ſtores of ſtrength are lent,
And large ſupplies of richer nutriment;
Or oozing off, and purify'd by fire,
The latent, noxious particles tranſpire;
Or thro' the pores relax'd, the tender blade
Freſh fructifying juices feels convey'd;
Or genial heat the hollow glebe conſtrains,
Braces each nerve, and binds the gaping veins;
Leſt ſlender ſhowers, or the fierce beams of day,
Or Boreas' baleful cold ſhould ſcorch the crops away.
Much too he helps his labour'd lands, who breaks
The crumbling clods, with harrows, drags, and rakes;
Who ploughs acroſs, and back, with ceaſeleſs toil,
Subdues to duſt, and triumphs o'er the ſoil:
Plenty to him, induſtrious ſwain! is giv'n,
And Ceres ſmiles upon his works from heav'n.

phers. Ariſtotle ſays, that cold is accidentally an active body, and is ſometimes ſaid to burn and warm, not in the ſame manner as heat, but becauſe it condenſes or conſtrains the heat by ſurrounding it. MARTYN.

116. *Who ploughs acroſs.*] What the poet ſpeaks of here retains the Roman name to this day, in many parts of England; and is called, ſowing upon the back; that is, ſowing ſtiff ground after once ploughing. Now, ſays Virgil, he that draws a harrow or hurdle over his ground before he ſows it, *multum juvat arva*, for this fills up the chinks, which otherwiſe would bury the corn; but then, ſays he, "Ceres always looks kindly on him, who ploughs his ground acroſs again." BENSON.

119. *And Ceres.*] Virgil, ſays Spence, in his Georgics gives us an idea of Ceres as regarding the laborious huſbandman from heaven, and bleſſing the work of his hand with ſucceſs. There is a picture like this in the famous old manuſcript of Virgil in the Vatican; and Lucretius has a ſtrong deſcription

Humida ſolſtitia atque hiemes orate ſerenas,
Agricolae: hiberno laetiſſima pulvere farra,
Laetus ager. nullo tantum ſe Myſia cultu
Jactat, et ipſa ſuas mirantur Gargara meſſis.
Quid dicam, jacto qui ſemine comminus arva
Inſequitur cumuloſque ruit male pinguis arenae?
Deinde ſatis fluvium inducit, rivoſque ſequentis?
Et, cum exuſtus ager morientibus aeſtuat herbis,
Ecce ſupercilio clivoſi tramitis undam
Elicit. illa cadens raucum per levia murmur
Saxa ciet, ſcatebriſque arentia temperat arva.
Quid, qui, ne gravidis procumbat culmus ariſtis,
Luxuriem ſegetum tenera depaſcit in herba;
Cum primum ſulcos aequant ſata? quique paludis
Conlectum humorem bibula deducit arena?
Praeſertim incertis ſi menſibus amnis abundans
Exit, et obducto late tenet omnia limo;
Unde cavae tepido ſudant humore lacunae.
Nec tamen (haec cum ſint hominumque boumque labores
Verſando terram experti) nihil inprobus anſer,
Strymoniacque grues, et amaris intuba fibris,
Officiunt, aut umbra nocet. pater ipſe colendi

of another deity, exactly in the ſame attitude, though with a very different regard. POLYMETIS, page 103.

This image of Ceres puts one in mind of that beautiful one in the pſalms—*Righteouſneſs* (a perſon) *hath looked down from heaven.* Pſ. lxviii. ver. 2.

121. *Solſtice.*] Solſtice, when uſed alone, is always uſed for the ſummer ſolſtice by the ancients. HOLDSWORTH.

125. *And Gargarus.*] This is one of thoſe figures that raiſe the ſtyle of the Georgics, and make it ſo majeſtic.

133. *Rills.*] When the Perſians were maſters of Aſia, they permitted thoſe who conveyed a ſpring to any place, which had not been watered before, to enjoy the benefit for five generations; and as a number of rivulets flowed from mount Taurus, they ſpared no expence in directing the courſe of their ſtreams. At this day, without knowing how they came thither, they are found in the fields and gardens.

MONTESQUIEU's Spirit of Laws, Vol. 1. p. 325.

139. *Feeds down.*] It is a common practice among the farmers

Ye husbandmen! of righteous Heav'n intreat
A winter calm and dry; a solstice wet;
For winter-dust delights the pregnant plain,
The happiest covering for the bury'd grain;
Hence matchless harvests Mysia boasting reaps,
And Gargarus admires his unexpected heaps.
Why should I tell of him, who, on his land
Fresh-sown, destroys each ridge of barren sand;
Then instant, o'er the levell'd furrows brings
Refreshful waters from the cooling springs;
Behold, when burning suns, or Syrius' beams
Strike fiercely on the fields, and withering stems;
Down from the summit of the neighb'ring hills,
O'er the smooth stones he calls the bubbling rills;
Soon as he clears, whate'er their passage stay'd,
And marks their future current with his spade,
Before him scattering they prevent his pains,
Burst all abroad, and drench the thirsty plains.
Or who, left the weak stalks be over-weigh'd,
Feeds down, betimes, the rank luxuriant blade,
When first it rises to the furrows' head.
Or why of him, who drains the marshy sands,
Collects the moisture from th' absorbing sands,
When bursting from his banks, th' indignant flood
The country covers wide, with slimy mud,
In doubtful months, when swelling dykes resound
With torrents loud, and sweat and boil around.
Yet after all these toils of swains and steers,
Still rising ills impend, and countless cares;
The glutton goose, the Thracian cranes annoy,
Succory and noxious shade thy crops destroy.

mers at present, when the corn is too rank and luxuriant, to turn in their sheep and feed it down.

149. *Goose.*] Virgil speaks of the geese as a very troublesome bird, and very pernicious to the corn. They are still so in flocks, in the *Campania Felice*, the country which Virgil had chiefly in his eye when he wrote his Georgics.

HOLDSWORTH.

Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque per artem
Movit agros, curis acuens mortalia corda,
Nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno.
Ante Jovem nulli subigebant arva coloni:
Nec signare quidem aut partiri limite campum
Fas erat. in medium quaerebant: ipsaque tellus
Omnia liberius nullo poscente ferebat.
Ille malum virus serpentibus addidit atris,
Praedarique lupos jussit, pontumque moveri:
Mellaque decussit foliis, ignemque removit,
Et passim rivis currentia vina repressit:
Ut varias usus meditando extunderet artis
Paullatim, et sulcis frumenti quaereret herbam;
Ut silicis venis abstrusum excuderet ignem.
Tunc alnos primum fluvii sensere cavatas:
Navita tum stellis numeros et nomina fecit,
Pleïadas, Hyadas, claramque Lycaonis Arcton.
Tum laqueis captare feras, et fallere visco,
Inventum; et magnos canibus circumdare saltus.
Atque alius latum funda jam verberat amnem,
Alta petens: pelagoque alius trahit humida lina.
Tum ferri rigor, atque argutae lamina serrae:
(Nam primi cuneis scindebant fissile lignum)
Tum variae venere artes. labor omnia vicit
Improbus, ac duris urguens in rebus egestas.
Prima Ceres ferro mortalis vertere terram
Instituit: cum jam glandes atque arbuta sacrae
Deficerent silvae, et victum Dodona negaret.
Mox et frumentis labor additus: ut mala culmos
Esset robigo, segnisque horreret in arvis

153. *With cares he rous'd.*] This account of the providential usefulness of some seeming evils, is not only beautifully poetical, but strictly philosophical. Want is the origin of arts: Infirmities and weaknesses are the cause and cement of human society. If man were perfect and self-sufficient, all the efforts of industry would be useless. A dead calm would reign over all the species.

' Wants,

Th' eternal fire, immutably decreed,
That tillage ſhould with toil alone ſucceed;
With cares he rous'd, and ſharpen'd human hearts,
Bright'ning the ruſt of indolence by arts.
Ere Jove had reign'd, no ſwains ſubdu'd the ground,
Unknown was property, unjuſt the mound;
At will they rov'd; and earth ſpontaneous bore,
Unaſk'd, and uncompell'd, a bounteous ſtore:
He, to fierce ſerpents deathful venom gave,
Bade wolves deſtroy, bade ſtormy ocean rave;
Conceal'd the fire, from leaves their honey ſhook;
And ſtopp'd of purple wine each flowing brook:
That ſtudious want might uſeful arts contrive;
From planted furrows foodful corn derive;
And ſtrike from veins of flints the ſecret ſpark:
Then firſt the rivers felt the hollow'd bark;
Sailors firſt nam'd and counted every ſtar,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the northern car.
Now ſnares for beaſts and birds fell hunters place,
And wide ſurround with dogs the echoing chace:
One, for the finny prey broad rivers beats,
One, from the ſea drags ſlow his loaded nets.
Erſt did the woods the force of wedges feel,
Now ſaws were tooth'd, and temper'd was the ſteel;
Then all thoſe arts that poliſh life ſucceed;
What cannot ceaſeleſs toil, and preſſing need!
Great Ceres firſt the plough to mortals brought,
To yoke the ſteer, to turn the furrow taught;
What time, nor maſt, nor fruits the groves ſupply'd,
And fam'd Dodona ſuſtenance deny'd:
Tillage grew toilſome, the choak'd harveſts dy'd;

' Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
' The common int'reſt, and endear the tye;'

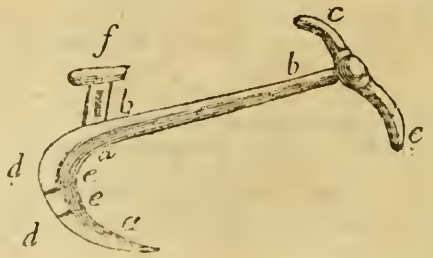
ſays the great moral poet in his *Eſſay on Man*. And this doctrine is ſtrongly illuſtrated throughout the whole ſyſtem.

Carduus. intereunt fegetes : ſubit aſpera ſilva
Lappaeque tribulique ; interque nitentia culta
Infelix lolium et ſteriles dominantur avenae.
Quod niſi et adſiduis herbam inſectabere raſtris,
Et ſonitu terrebis aves, et ruris opaci
Falce premes umbras, votiſque vocaveris imbrem :
Heu, magnum alterius fruſtra ſpectabis acervom ;
Concuſſaque famem in ſilvis ſolabere quercu.
Dicendum, et quae ſint duris agreſtibus arma :
Quîs ſine nec potuere ſeri, nec ſurgere meſſes.
Vomis, et inflexi primum grave robur aratri,
Tardaque Eleuſinae matris volventia plauſtra,
Tribulaque, traheaeque, et iniquo pondere raſtri :
Virgea praeterea Celei viliſque ſupellex,
Arbuteae crates, et myſtica vannus Iacchi.
Omnia quae multa ante memor proviſa repones ;
Si te digna manet divini gloria ruris.

189. *From forcſt-oaks.*] This is another inſtance of Virgil's poetical manner of telling plain things ; inſtead of ſaying, You will have no crop ; You will be forc'd, ſays he, to go into the wild foreſts, as man uſed to do, before he was civilized, for food.

192. *Plough.*] I have a drawing of an antique plough, from a braſs figure in the Jeſuits college at Rome. I don't know the exact time or place in which it was made, but every part of it ſeems to me to have ſomething to anſwer it in Virgil's deſcription. The figure of it is below : and I take all the bending part of the wood, or the plough tail (mark'd *a*) to be what Virgil calls *buris* ; *b* the pole or *temo* ; *c* the two pieces that go over the necks of the oxen ; which he calls *aures* ; *d* the plough-ſhare, *dentale* ; *e* the two clouts of iron to faſten the plough-ſhare, *dorſa* ; and *f* the handle of the plough, or *ſtiva*.

SPENCE.



Caltrops, wild oats, darnel, and burrs aſſail
The beauteous tilth, and blights o'er the rich crops prevail;
Unleſs with harrows' unremitted toil,
Thou break, ſubdue, and pulverize the ſoil,
Fright pecking birds, lop overſhadowing bowers,
And beg of ſmiling Heav'n refreſhful ſhowers,
Alas! thy neighbour's ſtores with envy view'd,
Thou'lt ſhake from foreſt-oaks thy taſteleſs food.
Next muſt we tell, what arms ſtout peaſants wield,
Without whoſe aid, no crops could crown the field:
The ſharpen'd ſhare, and heavy-timber'd plough,
And Ceres' pond'rous waggon, rolling ſlow;
And Celeus' harrows, hurdles, ſleds to trail
O'er the preſs'd grain, and Bacchus' flying ſail.
Theſe long before provide, you, who incline
To merit praiſe by huſbandry divine!

I have borrow'd a few lines from Mr. Benſon's tranſlation of this paſſage.

195. *Bacchus' flying ſail.*] The perſons who were initiated into any of the ancient myſteries, were to be particularly good; they looked upon themſelves as ſeparated from the vulgar of mankind, and dedicated to a life of ſingular virtue and piety. This may be the reaſon that the fan or van, the *myſtica vannus Iacchi*, was uſed in initiations: The inſtrument that ſeparates the wheat from the chaff being as proper an emblem as can well be, of ſetting apart the good and virtuous from the wicked or uſeleſs part of mankind.

In the drawings of the ancient paintings by Bellori, there are two that ſeem to relate to initiations; and each of them has the *vannus* in it. In one of them, the perſon that is initiating, ſtands in a devout poſture, and with a veil on, the old mark of devotion; while two that were formerly initiated hold the van over his head. In the other there is a perſon holding a van, with a young infant in it. The latter may ſignify much the ſame with the ſcripture expreſſion, entering into a ſtate of virtue "as a little child." Mark x. 15. The van itſelf puts one in mind of another text relating to a particular purity of life, and the ſeparation of the good from the bad, "Whoſe fan is in "his hand, and he ſhall thoroughly purge his floor, and will "gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will "burn with unquenchable fire." Luke iii. 17.

HOLDSWORTH and SPENCE.

Continuo in ſilvis magna vi flexa domatur
In burim, et curvi formam accipit ulmus aratri.
Huic ab ſtirpe pedes temo protentus in octo,
Binae aures, duplici aptantur dentalia dorſo.
Caeditur et tilia ante jugo levis, altaque fagus,
Stivaque, quae currus a tergo torqueat imos,
Et ſuſpenſa focis explorat robora fumus.
Poſſum multa tibi veterum praecepta referre;
Ni refugis, tenuiſque piget cognoſcere curas.
Area cum primis ingenti aequanda cylindro,
Et vertenda manu, et creta ſolidanda tenaci:
Ne ſubeant herbae, neu pulvere victa fatiſcat;
Tum variae inludant peſtes. ſaepe exiguus mus
Sub terris poſuitque domos atque horrea fecit:
Aut oculis capti fodere cubilia talpae.
Inventuſque cavis bufo, et quae plurima terrae
Monſtra ferunt: populatque ingentem farris acervom
Curculio, atque inopi metuens formica ſenectae.
Contemplator item, cum ſe nux plurima ſilvis
Induet in florem, et ramos curvabit olentis:
Si ſuperant foetus, pariter frumenta ſequentur,
Magnaque cum magno veniet tritura calore.
At ſi luxurie foliorum exuberat umbra,
Nequidquam pinguis palea teret area culmos.
Semina vidi equidem multos medicare ſerentes,
Et nitro prius et nigra perfundere amurca,
Grandior ut foetus ſiliquis fallacibus eſſet.
Et, quamvis igni exiguo properata maderent,
Vidi lecta diu, et multo ſpectata labore
Degenerare tamen: ni vis humana quotannis

202. *Light to.*] *Magnâ vi domatur ulmus—alta fagus caeditur—currus torqueat*—all expreſſions uſed to ennoble the deſcription. HOLDSWORTH.

208. *Floor.*] *Aream eſſe oportet—ſolidâ terrâ pavitam, maximè ſi eſt argilla, ne aeſtû paeminoſa, in rimis ejus grana deliteſcant, et recipiant aquam, et oſtia aperiant muribus & formicis. Itaque amurcâ ſolent perfundere, ea enim herbarum eſt inimica & formicarum,*

When bent betimes, and tam'd the ſtubborn bough,
Tough elm receives the figure of the plough;
Eight foot the beam, a cumbrous length appears;
The earth-boards double; double are the ears;
Light to the yoke the linden feels the wound,
And the tall beech lies ſtretcht along the ground;
They fall for ſtaves that guide the plough-ſhare's courſe,
And heat and hardening ſmoke confirm their force.
More ancient precepts could I ſing, but fear
Such homely rules may grate thy nicer ear.
To preſs the chalky floor more cloſely down,
Roll o'er its ſurface a cylindric ſtone;
Elſe thro' the looſen'd duſt, and chinky ground,
The graſs ſprings forth, and vermin will abound.
Oft working low in earth the tiny mouſe
Her garners makes, and builds her ſecret houſe;
Their neſts and chambers ſcoop, the eyeleſs moles,
And ſwelling toads that haunt the darkſome holes;
The weaſel heaps conſumes, or prudent ant
Provides her copious ſtores, 'gainſt age or want.
Mark likewiſe when in groves the almond blows,
And bends with luxury of flow'rs his boughs;
If fruit abound, the corn alike will thrive,
And toil immenſe the copious threſhing give;
But if with full exuberance of ſhade,
The cluſtering leaves a barren foliage ſpread,
Then will the chaffy ſtalks, ſo lean and poor,
In vain be trampled on the hungry floor.
Some prudent ſowers have I ſeen indeed
Steep with preventive care the manag'd ſeed,
In nitre, and black lees of oil; to make
The ſwelling pods a larger body take:
But the well-diſciplin'd, and choſen grains,
Tho' quicken'd o'er ſlow fires with ſkilful pains,
Starve and degenerate in the fatteſt plains,

carum, & talparum venenum. Thus ſays Varro, from whom 'tis plain Virgil borrow'd this precept, as he has done many others.

Maxuma quaeque manu legeret. ſic omnia fatis
In pejus ruere, ac retro ſublapſa referri.
Non aliter, quam qui adverſo vix flumine lembum
Remigiis ſubigit; ſi brachia forte remiſit,
Atque illum in praeceps prono rapit alveus amni.
Praeterea tam ſunt Arcturi ſidera nobis,
Haedorumque dies ſervandi, et lucidus Anguis;
Quam quibus in patriam ventoſa per aequora vectis
Pontus et oſtriferi fauces tentantur Abydi.
Libra die ſomnique pares ubi fecerit horas,
Et medium luci atque umbris jam dividit orbem:
Exercete, viri, tauros; ſerite hordea campis,
Uſque ſub extremum brumae intractabilis imbrem.
Nec non et lini ſegetem et Cereale papaver
Tempus humo tegere, et jamdudum incumbere raſtris,
Dum ſicca tellure licet, dum nubila pendent.

240. *The torrent.*] It is remarkable in Virgil, that he frequently joins in the ſame ſentence the complete and perfect preſent with the extended and paſſing preſent; which proves that he conſidered the two, as belonging to the ſame ſpecies of time; and therefore naturally formed to co-incide with each other.

——— *Si brachia forte remiſit,*
Atque illum in praeceps prono rapit alveus amni. Geor. I.

Terra tremit, fugere ferae. G. I.

Praeſertim ſi tempeſtas a vertice ſylvis
Incubuit, glomeratque ferens incendia ventus. G. II.

——— *Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat*
Mincius, et tenera praetexit arundine ripas. G. III.

——— *Illa noto citius, volucrique ſagittâ,*
Ad terram fugit, et portu ſe condidit alto. Aen. 5.

In the ſame manner he joins the ſame two modifications of time in the paſt; that is to ſay, the complete and perfect with the extended and paſſing.

——— *Irruerant Danai & tectum omne tenebant.* Aen. II.

Tris imbris torti radios, tris nubis aquoſae
Addiderant, rutuli tris ignis, et alitis auſtri.

Unleſs with annual induſtry and art,
They cull'd each largeſt out, and plac'd apart:
For ſuch the changeful lot of things below,
Still to decay they ruſh, and ever backwards flow.
As one, who 'gainſt a ſtream's impetuous courſe,
Scarce pulls his ſlow boat, urg'd with all his force,
If once his vigour ceaſe, or arms grow ſlack,
Inſtant, with headlong haſte, the torrent whirls him back.
We too as much muſt mark Arcturus' ſigns,
When riſe the Kids, when the bright Dragon ſhines,
As home-bound mariners, in tempeſts toſt,
Near Pontus, or Abydos' oyſter'd coaſt.
When Libra meaſures out to day and night,
Equal proportions both of ſhade and light;
Work, work your bullocks, barley ſow, ye ſwains,
'Till winter's firſt impracticable rains.
Now in their beds, your poppies hide and flax;
With frequent harrowings ſmooth the furrows' backs,
Now while ye may, while the dark welkin low'rs,
O'er the dry glebe while clouds ſuſpend their ſhow'rs.

Fulgores nunc terrificos ſonitumque metumque
Miſcebant operi, flammiſque ſequacibus iras. Aen. VIII.
HARRIS's Hermes, p. 133.

248. *Winter's.*] *Bruma* was not uſed by the ancients for the whole winter; but for one day only of it, the ſhorteſt day, or the winter ſolſtice. HOLDSWORTH.

248. *Firſt.*] The word *extremus* in Latin has two very different ſignifications; it may relate to the beginning, as well as the end of any thing; or to the neareſt part of it, as well as the fartheſt off. Thus if one was to ſay, *in extremo ponte*, it may mean the *hither* extremity or end of the bridge; and when Virgil ſays his countrymen ſhould work

Uſque ſub extremum brumae intractabilis imbrem:

it muſt be underſtood of the beginning of that rainy ſeaſon, which was itſelf unfit for work; this took up the latter half of December, which was therefore turned all into holy-days, or the *Saturnalia*, in which the ſlaves that were at other times kept hard to work, were indulged in particular liberties, and ſpent all the time in mirth and joviality. HOLDSWORTH.

Vere fabis ſatio. tum te quoque, Medica, putres
Accipiunt ſulci; et milio venit annua cura:
Candidus auratis aperit cum cornibus annum
Taurus, et averſo cedens Canis occidit aſtro.
At ſi triticeam in meſſem robuſtaque farra
Exercebis humum, ſoliſque inſtabis ariſtis:
Ante tibi Eoae Atlantides abſcondantur,
Cnoſſiaque ardentis decedat ſtella Coronae,
Debita quam ſulcis committas ſemina, quamque
Invitae properes anni ſpem credere terrae.
Multi ante occaſum Maiae coepere: ſed illos
Exſpectata ſeges vanis eluſit avenis.
Si vero viciamque ſeres vilemque faſelum,
Nec Peluſiacae curam aſpernabere lentis;
Haud obſcura cadens mittet tibi ſigna Boötes.
Incipe, et ad medias ſementem extende pruinas.
Idcirco certis dimenſum partibus orbem
Per duodena regit mundi Sol aureus aſtra.
Quinque tenent coelum zonae: quarum una coruſco
Semper ſole rubens, ac torrida ſemper ab igni:
Quam circum extremae dextra laevaque trahuntur,
Caerulea glacie concretae atque imbribus atris.

257. *His backward-riſing ſtar.*] By *averſo aſtro*, in the original, 'tis moſt probable Virgil means the *Bull*; for that conſtellation riſes with his hinder parts upwards. Throughout Manilius the Bull is called *aſtrum averſum*. Some read *adverſum*; but that is ſcarce reconcileable to the ſenſe of this paſſage.

260. *Pleiades.*] The heliacal ſetting of theſe ſtars *Eoae Atlantides* is pointed out by the word *abſcondantur*. Wherever Virgil ſpeaks of the ſetting of any ſtars in general, and without any ſuch reſtriction, it is always to be underſtood of their natural ſetting. HOLDSWORTH.

272. *Five zones.*] Under the torrid or burning zone lies that part of the earth which is contained between the two tropics. This was thought by the ancients to be uninhabitable, becauſe of the exceſſive heat: but later diſcoveries have ſhewn it to be inhabited by many great nations. It contains a great part of Aſia, Africa, and South America. Under the two frigid or cold zones lie thoſe parts of the earth, which

V. 1

pa 21

P. Fourdrinier Sculp

Sow beans in ſpring: in ſpring, the crumbling ſoil
Receives thee, lucern! Media's flowery ſpoil;
But ſtill to millet give we annual care,
When the Bull opes with golden horns the year,
And the Dog ſets, to ſhun his backward-riſing ſtar.
But if for wheat alone, for ſtronger grain,
And bearded corn, thou exerciſe the plain,
Firſt let the morning Pleiades go down,
From the ſun's rays emerge the Gnoſſian crown,
Ere to th' unwilling earth thou truſt the ſeed,
And marr thy future hopes with ill-judg'd ſpeed.
Some have begun, ere Maia ſunk; but them
Their full-ear'd hope mock'd with a flattering ſtem.
If the mean vetch, or tare, thou deign to ſow,
Nor ſcorn to bid Aegyptian lentils grow,
Signs, not obſcure, Boötes, ſetting yields,
Begin, and ſow, thro' half the froſts, thy fields.
For this the golden ſun, in his career,
Rules thro' the world's twelve ſigns the quarter'd year;
Five zones infold heav'n's radiant concave: one,
Plac'd full beneath the burnings of the ſun,
For ever feels his culminating rays,
And gaſps for ever in the ſcorching blaze;
On each ſide which, two more their circles mark,
Clog'd with thick ice, with gloomy tempeſts dark;

are included within the two polar circles, which are ſo cold, being at a great diſtance from the ſun, as to be ſcarce habitable. Within the artic circle, near the north pole, are contained Nova Zembla, Lapland, Greenland, &c. within the antartic circle, near the ſouth pole, no land as yet has been diſcovered; tho' the great quantities of ice found there make it probable, that there is more land near the ſouth than the north pole. Under the two temperate zones are contained thoſe parts of the globe which lie between the tropics and polar circles. The temperate zone, between the artic circle and the tropic of Cancer, contains the greateſt part of Europe and Aſia, part of Africa, and almoſt all North America. That between the antartic circle and the tropic of Capricorn, contains part of South America, or the Antipodes.

Has inter mediamque duae mortalibus aegris
Munere conceſſae divôm. via ſecta per ambas,
Obliquus qua ſe ſignorum verteret ordo.
Mundus ut ad Scythiam Riphaeaſque arduus arcis
Conſurgit; premitur Libyae devexus in auſtros.
Hic vertex nobis ſemper ſublimis: at illum
Sub pedibus Styx atra videt, Maneſque profundi:
Maximus hic flexu ſinuoſo elabitur anguis
Circum, perque duas in morem fluminis Arctos,
Arctos Oceani metuentis aequore tingui.
Illic, ut perhibent, aut intempeſta ſilet nox
Semper, et obtenta denſentur nocte tenebrae:
Aut redit a nobis Aurora, diemque reducit:
Noſque ubi primus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis,
Illic ſera rubens accendit lumina Veſper.
Hinc tempeſtates dubio praediſcere caelo
Poſſumus, hinc meſſiſque diem, tempuſque ferendi;
Et quando infidum remis impellere marmor
Conveniat: quando armatas deducere claſſis,
Aut tempeſtivam ſilvis evertere pinum.
Nec fruſtra ſignorum obitûs ſpeculamur et ortus,
Temporibuſque parem diverſis quatuor annum.
Frigidus agricolam ſi quando continet imber,
Multa, forent quae mox caelo properanda ſereno,

281. *Roll the ſigns.*] Here the poet deſcribes the zodiac, which is a broad belt ſpreading about five or ſix degrees on each ſide of the ecliptic line, and contains the twelve conſtellations or ſigns. They are Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, Piſces. The ecliptic line cuts the equinoctial obliquely in two oppoſite points, whence the poet calls the zodiac *obliquus ſignorum ordo*. It traverſes the whole torrid zone, but neither of the temperate zones; ſo that *per ambas*, muſt mean *between*, not *thro'* them. Thus preſently after, ſpeaking of the Dragon, he ſays it twines, *per duas arctes:* now that conſtellation cannot be ſaid to twine thro' the two Bears, but between them. The zodiac is the annual path of the ſun, thro' each ſign of which he paſſes in and about the ſpace of a month. He is ſaid to be in one of thoſe ſigns, when he appears in that part of the heavens, where thoſe ſtars are of which the ſign is compoſed.
MARTYN.

Betwixt the firſt and theſe, indulgent Heav'n
Two milder zones to feeble man hath giv'n;
Acroſs them both a path oblique inclines,
Where in refulgent order roll the ſigns.
Bleak Scythia's ſnows, Riphaea's tow'ring clifts,
High as this elevated globe uplifts,
So low to ſouthern Libya it deſcends,
And with an equal inclination bends.
One pole for ever o'er our heads is roll'd,
One, darkſome Styx and hell's pale ghoſts behold
Beneath their feet: here, the vaſt Dragon twines
Between the Bears, and like a river winds;
The Bears that ſtill with fearful caution keep
Unting'd beneath the ſurface of the deep.
There, in dead ſilence, ſtill night loves to reſt,
Night without end, with thickeſt gloom oppreſt;
Or from our hemiſphere, the morning ray
Returns alternate, and reſtores the day;
And when to us the orient car ſucceeds,
And o'er our climes have breath'd its panting ſteeds,
There ruddy Veſper, kindling up the ſky,
Caſts o'er the glowing realms his evening eye.
Hence, changeful Heav'n's rough ſtorms we may foreknow,
The days to reap, the happieſt times to ſow;
When with ſafe oars it may be fit to ſweep
The glaſſy ſurface of the faithleſs deep;
When to the waves the well-arm'd fleet reſign,
And when in foreſts fell the timely pine.
Nor vain to mark the varying ſigns our care,
Nor the four ſeaſons of th' adjuſted year;
Whene'er the hind a fleety ſhow'r detains,
Full many a work that ſoon muſt coſt him pains

290. *The Bears.*] Mr. Benſon thinks this line in the original ſpurious, and omits it as ſuch.

Maturare datur. durum procudit arator
Vomeris obtusi dentem: cavat arbore lintres:
Aut pecori signum, aut numeros inpressit acervis.
Exacuunt alii vallos, furcasque bicornis,
Atque Amerina parant lentae retinacula viti.
Nunc facilis Rubia texatur fiscina virga:
Nunc torrete igni fruges, nunc frangite saxo.
Quippe etiam festis quaedam exercere diebus
Fas et jura sinunt: rivos diducere nulla
Religio vetuit, segeti praetendere sepem,
Insidias avibus moliri, incendere vepres,
Balantumque gregem fluvio mersare salubri.
Saepe oleo tardi costas agitator asselli,
Vilibus aut onerat pomis: lapidemque revertens
Incusum, aut atrae massam picis urbe reportat.
Ipsa dies alios alio dedit ordine Luna
Felices operum. quintam fuge: pallidus Orcus,
Eumenidesque satae. tum partu terra nefando
Coeumque Iapetumque creât, saevomque Typhoëa,
Et conjuratos caelum rescindere fratres.
Ter sunt conati inponere Pelio Ossam
Scilicet, atque Ossae frondosum involvere Olympum:

313. *Mark.*] How came the Romans not to find out the art of printing many ages ago? The Cæsars impressed their whole names on grants and letters, and this practice was so common a one, that even shepherds impressed their names on their cattle.

——Vivi quoque pondera melle
Argenti coquito, lentumque bitumen aheno,
Impressurus ovi tua nomina; hanc tibi lites
Aufert ingentes lectus professor in arvo.
Calphurnius, Ecl. 3. 85. SPENCE.

The same observation is made by Toland, in his Letters on the Druids.

337. *Ossa on Pelion.*]

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam.

To represent the giants piling up the mountains on each other,

The

To hurry forward, when the ſky is fair,
He may with prudent foreſight now prepare;
Now to a point the blunted ſhare may beat;
Scoop troughs from trees, mark flocks, or ſacks of wheat;
Long ſpars and forks may ſharpen; or ſupply
Amerian twigs the creeping vine to tie;
With Rubean rods now baſkets may be wove,
Now grain be ground with ſtones, now parch'd upon the [ſtove.
Nor do the laws of man, or Gods above,
On ſacred days ſome labours diſapprove;
No ſolemn rite ſhould e'er forbid the ſwain,
The mead with ſudden ſtreams o'erflow'd, to drain:
To raiſe ſtrong fences for the ſpringing corn,
To lay the ſnare for birds, to burn the thorn;
Nor to forbear to waſh the bleating flock,
And ſoundly plunge them in the healthy brook.
Oft' the ſlow aſs's ſides the driver loads,
With oil, or apples, or domeſtic goods,
And for the mill brings an indented ſtone,
Or with black lumps of pitch returns from town.
For various works behold the moon declare
Some days more fortunate—the fifth beware!
Pale Orcus and the Furies then ſprung forth,
Iapetus and Cocus, having earth
Produc'd, a foul abominable birth!
And fierce Typhoeus, Jove who dar'd defy,
Leagu'd in conjunction dire to ſtorm the ſky!
Oſſa on Pelion, thrice t' uplift they ſtrove,
And high o'er nodding Oſſa roll above

The line too labours, and the words move ſlow.
POPE.

The verſe cannot be read without making pauſes; ſo judiciouſly are the hiatus's contrived. Heſiod has nobly deſcribed this battle of the giants in his Theogony. See Milton's battle of the angels, Book 6, and compare it with Heſiod.

Ter pater exſtructos disjecit fulmine montis.
Septuma poſt decumam felix et ponere vitem,
Et prenſos domitare boves, et licia telae
Addere. nona fugae melior, contraria furtis.
Multa adeo melius gelida ſe nocte dedere,
Aut cum ſole novo terras inrorat Eous.
Nocte leves melius ſtipulae, nocte arida prata
Tondentur: noctis lentus non deficit humor.
Et quidam ſeros hiberni ad luminis ignes
Pervigilat, ferroque faces inſpicat acuto.
Interea longum cantu ſolata laborem
Arguto conjunx percurrit pectine telas:
Aut dulcis muſti Volcano decoquit humorem,
Et foliis undam tepidi deſpumat aheni.
At rubicunda Ceres medio ſucciditur aeſtu,
Et medio toſtas aeſtu terit area fruges.
Nudus ara, ſere nudus. hiems ignava colono.
Frigoribus parto agricolae plerumque fruuntur,
Mutuaque inter ſe laeti convivia curant.
Invitat genialis hiems, curaſque reſolvit:
Ceu preſſae cum jam portum tetigere carinae,
Puppibus et laeti nautae inpoſuere coronas.
Sed tamen et quernas glandes tum ſtringere tempus,
Et lauri baccas, oleamque, cruentaque myrta.
Tum gruibus pedicas et retia ponere cervis,
Auritoſque ſequi lepores: tum figere damas,
Stuppea torquentem Balearis verbera fundae,

357. *Corn.*] The Romans did not *threſh* or *winnow* their corn: in the heat of the day, as ſoon as it was reaped, they laid it on a floor made on purpoſe, in the middle of the field, and then they drove horſes or mules round about it, till they trod all the grain out. BENSON.

This was the common practice too all over the eaſt; and that humane text of ſcripture, "Thou ſhall not muzzle the "ox that treadeth out the corn," is a plain alluſion to it.

Olympus ſhagg'd with woods; th' almighty ſire
Thrice daſh'd the mountains down with forky fire.
Next to the tenth, the ſeventh to luck inclines,
For taming oxen, and for planting vines;
Then beſt her woof the prudent houſewife weaves;
Better for flight the ninth, adverſe to thieves.
Ev'n in cold night ſome proper taſks purſue,
Or when gay morn impearls the field with dew;
At night dry ſtubble, and parcht meadows mow,
At night, fat moiſture never fails to flow;
One, by the glowing ember's livid light,
Watches and works the livelong winter's night,
Forms ſpiky torches with his ſharpen'd knife;
Mean while with equal induſtry his wife,
Beguiling time ſings in the glimmering room,
To chear the labours of the rattling loom;
Or on the luſcious muſt while bubbles riſe,
With leaves the trembling cauldron purifies.
But cut the golden corn in mid-day's heat,
And the parcht grain at noon's high ardor beat.
Plough naked; naked ſow; the buſy hind
No reſt but in bleak wintry hours can find;
In that drear ſeaſon, ſwains their ſtores enjoy,
Mirth all their thought, and feaſting their employ;
The genial time to mutual joy excites,
And drowns their cares in innocent delights.
As when a freighted ſhip has touch'd the port,
The jovial crews upon their decks reſort,
With fragrant garlands all their ſterns are crown'd,
And jocund ſtrains from ſhip to ſhip reſound.
Yet then from leafleſs oaks their acorns ſtrip,
From bays and myrtles bloody berries ſlip,
For noxious cranes then plant the guileful ſnare,
O'er tainted ground purſue the liſtening hare;
Pitch toyls for ſtags, and whirling round the ſtring,
Smite the fat doe with Balearic ſling,

Cum nix alta jacet, glaciem cum flumina trudunt.
Quid tempeſtates autumni et ſidera dicam?
Atque ubi jam breviorque dies, et mollior aeſtas,
Quae vigilanda viris? vel cum ruit imbriferum ver;
Spicea jam campis cum meſſis inhorruit, et cum
Frumenta in viridi ſtipula lactentia turguent?
Saepe ego, cum flavis meſſorem induceret arvis
Agricola, et fragili jam ſtringeret hordea culmo,
Omnia ventorum concurrere proelia vidi:
Quae gravidam late ſegetem ab radicibus imis
Sublime expulſum eruerent: ita turbine nigro
Ferret hiems culmumque levem ſtipulaſque volantis.
Saepe etiam inmenſum caelo venit agmen aquarum,
Et foedam glomerant tempeſtatem imbribus atris
Conlectae ex alto nubes. ruit arduus aether,
Et pluvia ingenti ſata laeta boumque labores
Diluit. inplentur foſſae, et cava flumina creſcunt
Cum ſonitu, fervetque fretis ſpirantibus aequor.
Ipſe pater, media nimborum in nocte, coruſca
Fulmina molitur dextra. quo maxuma motu
Terra tremit: fugêre ferae; et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis ſtravit pavor. ille flagranti

395. *Great Jove himſelf pavilion'd.*] This deſcription is very ſublime. While the winds are roaring, the rains deſcending, the rivers overflowing, he nobly introduces Jupiter himſelf ſurrounded with a thick cloud, and from thence darting his thunderbolts, and ſplitting the loftieſt mountains, all the earth trembling and aſtoniſhed with fear and dread. I follow Mr. Benſon and Maſvicius, in reading *plangit* (inſtead of *plangunt*) becauſe it adds a poetical and bold image of Jupiter's ſtriking the woods and ſhores. This deſcription, fine as it is, is excelled by the ſtorm in the 18th pſalm. God is deſcribed flying upon the wings of the wind——"He made darkneſs his ſecret place, his pavilion round about him, with dark water and thick clouds to cover him.——The ſprings of waters were ſeen, and the foundations of the round world were diſcovered at thy chiding, O Lord." See the whole, too long to be tranſcribed, but inimitably great and ſublime.

Cedite Romani ſcriptores, cedite Graii!

While on the ground the ſnow deep-cruſted lies,
And the clog'd floods puſh down thick flakes of ice.
Why ſhould I ſing autumnal ſtars and ſkies;
What ſtorms in that uncertain ſeaſon riſe?
How careful ſwains ſhould watch in ſhorter days,
When ſoften'd ſummer feels abated rays:
Or what, in ſhowery ſpring, the farmer fears,
When ſwell with milky corn the briſtling ears.
When hinds began to reap, and bind the field,
All the wild war of winds have I beheld
Riſe with united rage at once, and tear
And whirl th' uprooted harveſt into air,
With the ſame force, as by a driving blaſt
Light chaff or ſtubble o'er the plains are caſt.
Oft in one deluge of impetuous rain,
All heav'n's dark concave ruſhes down amain,
And ſweeps away the crops and labours of the ſwain.
The roaring rivers drown the oxen's toil,
The toſſing ſeas in furious eddies boil;
Great Jove himſelf, whom dreadful darkneſs ſhrouds,
Pavilion'd in the thickneſs of the clouds,
With lightning arm'd his red right hand puts forth,
And ſhakes with burning bolts the ſolid earth.
The nations ſhrink appall'd; the beaſts are fled;
All human hearts are ſunk, and pierc'd with dread:

398. *The beaſts are fled.*] Dr. Trapp juſtly obſerves, that *fugêre* being put in the preter-perfect tenſe has a wonderful force: "We ſee, ſays he, the beaſts ſcudding away, and they "are gone, and out of ſight in a moment." It is a pity that learned gentleman did not preſerve the force of this tenſe in his tranſlation. He has not only uſed the preſent tenſe, but has diminiſhed the ſtrength and quickneſs of the expreſſion, which Virgil has made to conſiſt only of two words, *fugêre ferae*, by adding an epithet to beaſts, and mentioning the place they fly to:

——————Savage beaſts to coverts fly.

Dryden has been guilty of the ſame overſight:

And flying beaſts in foreſts ſeek abode.

The

Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
Dejicit: ingeminant auſtri, et denſiſſimus imber:
Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc litora plangit.
Hoc metuens, caeli menſis, et ſidera ſerva,
Frigida Saturni ſeſe quo ſtella receptet,
Quos ignis caeli Cyllenius erret in orbis.
In primis venerare deos, atque annua magnae
Sacra refer Cereri laetis operatus in herbis,
Extremae ſub caſum hiemis, jam vere ſereno.
Tum pingues agni, et tum molliſſima vina:
Tum ſomni dulces, denſaeque in montibus umbrae.
Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agreſtis adoret.
Quoi tu lacte favos, et miti dilue baccho:
Terque novas circum felix eat hoſtia fruges;
Omnis quam chorus, et ſocii comitentur ovantes;
Et Cererem clamore vocent in tecta: neque ante
Falcem maturis quiſquam ſupponat ariſtis,
Quam Cereri torta redimitus tempora quercu
Det motus incompoſitos, et carmina dicat.
Atque haec ut certis poſſimus diſcere ſignis,
Aeſtuſque, pluviaſque, et agentis frigora ventos;
Ipſe pater ſtatuit, quid menſtrua Luna moneret,
Quo ſigno caderent Auſtri: quid ſaepe videntes
Agricolae, propius ſtabulis armenta tenerent.
Continuo ventis ſurgentibus aut freta ponti
Incipiunt agitata tumeſcere, et aridus altis
Montibus audiri fragor; aut reſonantia longe

The Latin, ſays Mr. Benſon, is as quick and ſudden as their flight. *Fugére ferae,* they are all vaniſhed in an inſtant. But in Mr. Dryden's tranſlation, one would imagine theſe creatures were drove out of ſome incloſed country, and were ſearching for entertainment in the next foreſt. Yet Mr. Benſon himſelf did not obſerve the beauty of the tenſe.

Far ſhakes the earth, beaſts fly, and mortal hearts
Pale fear dejects.

417. *And Ceres call.*] This ſacrifice the Romans called *Ambarvalia* from *ambire arva*; for they led the victim round the fields.

He ſtrikes vaſt Rhodope's exalted crown,
And hurls huge Athos, and Ceraunia down.
Thick fall the rains; the wind redoubled roars; [ſhores.
The God now ſmites the woods, and now the ſounding
Warn'd by theſe ills, obſerve the ſtarry ſigns,
Whither cold Saturn's joyleſs orb inclines,
Whither light Hermes' wandering flame is driv'n.
Firſt to the Gods be all due honours giv'n;
To Ceres chief her annual rites be paid,
On the green turf, beneath a fragrant ſhade,
When winter ends, and ſpring ſerenely ſhines,
Then fat the lambs, then mellow are the wines,
Then ſweet are ſlumbers on the flowery ground,
Then with thick ſhades are lofty mountains crown'd.
Let all thy hinds bend low at Ceres' ſhrine;
Mix honey ſweet, for her, with milk and mellow wine;
Thrice lead the victim the new fruits around,
And Ceres call, and choral hymns reſound:
Preſume not, ſwains, the ripen'd grain to reap,
Till crown'd with oak in antic dance ye leap,
Invoking Ceres, and in ſolemn lays,
Exalt your rural queen's immortal praiſe.
  Great Jove himſelf unerring ſigns ordains,
Of chilling winds, and heats, and driving rains;
The moon declares when bluſt'ring Auſter falls,
When herds ſhould be confin'd near ſhelt'ring ſtalls.
When winds approach, the vex'd ſea heaves around,
From the bleak mountain comes a hollow ſound,

427. *Mountain.*] This puts me in mind of a paſſage in Thomſon's Seaſons on the ſame ſubject, the approach of a ſtorm:

Along the woods, along the mooriſh fens,
Sighs the ſad genius of the coming ſtorm;
And up among the looſe diſjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave preſageful ſend a hollow moan,
Reſounding long in liſtening fancy's ear.
THOMSON'S Winter, ver. 70.

Litora miſceri, et nemorum increbreſcere murmur.
Jam ſibi tum a curvis male temperat unda carinis,
Cum medio celeres revolant ex aequore mergi,
Clamoremque ferunt ad litora: cumque marinae
In ſicco ludunt fulicae: notaſque paludes
Deſerit, atque altam ſupra volat ardea nubem.
Saepe etiam ſtellas, vento impendente, videbis
Praecipites caelo labi, noctiſque per umbram
Flammarum longos a tergo albeſcere tractus:
Saepe levem paleam et frondes volitare caducas,
Aut ſumma nantis in aqua conludere plumas.
At Boreae de parte trucis cum fulminat, et cum
Eurique Zephyrique tonat domus; omnia plenis
Rura natant foſſis, atque omnis navita ponto
Humida vela legunt. numquam inprudentibus imber
Obfuit. aut illum ſurgentem vallibus imis
Aëriae fugere grues: aut bucula caelum
Suſpiciens patulis captavit naribus auras:
Aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo:
Et veterem in limo ranae cecinere querelam.
Saepius et tectis penetralibus extulit ova
Auguſtum formica terens iter, et bibit ingens
Arcus: et e paſtu decedens agmine magno
Corvorum increpuit denſis exercitus alis.
Jam varias pelagi volucres, et quae Aſia circum
Dulcibus in ſtagnis rimantur prata Cayſtri,
Certatim largos humeris infundere rores;
Nunc caput objectare fretis, nunc currere in undas,
Et ſtudio incaſſum videas geſtire lavandi.

446. *The heifer toſſing.*] This prognoſtic is taken from Aratus; and I would obſerve once for all, that almoſt each of the ſigns of weather are borrowed (and indeed beautified) from that ancient writer. The line

Arguta lacus, circumvolitavit hirundo,

with ſeveral that precede and follow it, are intirely taken with very ſmall alterations from Varro Atacinus, as may be ſeen in Servius.

The loud blaſt whiſtles o'er the echoing ſhore,
Ruſtle the murm'ring woods, the riſing billows roar.
From the frail bark that ploughs the raging main,
The greedy waves unwillingly refrain,
When loud the corm'rant ſcreams and ſeeks the land,
And coots and ſea-gulls ſport upon the ſand;
And the tall hern his marſhy haunts forſakes,
And tow'rs to heav'n above the 'cuſtom'd lakes:
Oft, ſtars fall headlong thro' the ſhades of night,
And leave behind white tracks of trembling light,
In circles play light chaff and wither'd leaves,
And floating feathers dance upon the waves.
But when keen lightnings flaſh from Boreas' pole,
From Eurus' houſe to weſt, when pealing thunders roll,
The country ſwims, all delug'd are the dales,
And every pilot furls his humid ſails.
Sure warnings ſtill the ſtormy ſhowers precede;
The conſcious cranes forſake the vapoury mead,
The heifer toſſing high her head in air,
With broader noſtrils ſnuffs the gale afar;
Light ſkims the chirping ſwallow o'er the flood,
The frogs croak hoarſely on their beds of mud;
Her eggs abroad the prudent piſmire bears,
While at her work a narrow road ſhe wears.
Deep drinks the bow; on ruſtling pinions loud, [crowd.
The crows, a numerous hoſt! from paſture homeward
Lo! various ſea-fowl, and each bird that breeds
In Aſian lakes, near ſweet Cayſter's meads,
O'er their ſmooth ſhoulders ſtrive the ſtream to fling,
And waſh in wanton ſport each ſnowy wing;
Now dive, now run upon the wat'ry plain,
And long to lave their downy plumes in vain:

452. *Deep drinks the bow.*] Alludes to the ridiculous notion of the ancients, that the rainbow ſuck'd up water with its horns from lakes and rivers.

Tum cornix plena pluviam vocat improba voce,
Et ſola in ſicca ſecum ſpatiatur arena.
Ne nocturna quidem carpentes penſa puellae
Neſcivere hiemem: teſta cum ardente viderent
Scintillare oleum, et putris concreſcere fungos.
Nec minus eximbris ſoles et aperta ſerena
Proſpicere, et certis poteris cognoſcere ſignis.
Nam neque tum ſtellis acies obtuſa videtur,
Nec fratris radiis obnoxia ſurgere Luna;
Tenuia nec lanae per caelum vellera ferri.
Non tepidum ad ſolem pennas in litore pandunt
Dilectae Thetidi Alcyones: non ore ſolutos
Inmundi meminere ſues jactare maniplos.
At nebulae magis ima petunt, campoque recumbunt:
Solis et occaſum ſervans de culmine ſummo
Nequicquam ſeros exercet noctua cantus.
Adparet liquido ſublimis in aëre Niſus,
Et pro purpureo poenas dat Scylla capillo.
Quacumque illa levem fugiens ſecat aethera pennis,
Ecce inimicus atrox magno ſtridore per auras
Inſequitur Niſus: qua ſe fert Niſus ad auras,
Illa levem fugiens raptim ſecat aethera pennis.
Tum liquidas corvi preſſo ter gutture voces
Aut quater ingeminant: et ſaepe cubilibus altis,
Neſcio qua praeter ſolitum dulcedine laeti,
Inter ſe foliis ſtrepitant. juvat imbribus actis
Progeniem parvam dulciſque reviſere nidos.

461. *Stalks acroſs the ſcorching ſands.*] The line admirably repreſents the action of the crow, and is an echo to the ſenſe. Thoſe who are fond of alliteration, are delighted with this verſe, where ſo many S's are found together: they may ſay the ſame of *plena pluviam, & vocat voce*, in the preceding line.

467. *Calm.*] According to what Pierius found in ſeveral old manuſcripts: *ex imbres* in the original, for the poet begins to ſpeak of fair weather.

Loudly the rains the boding rook demands,
And ſolitary ſtalks acroſs the ſcorching ſands.
Nor leſs the virgins nightly taſks that weave
With buſy hands, approaching ſtorms perceive,
While on the lamp they mark the ſputtering oil,
And fungous clots the light, adheſive, ſoil.
Nor leſs by certain marks may'ſt thou deſcry
Fair ſeaſons, in the calm, and ſtormleſs ſky;
Then ſhine the ſtars with keener luſtre bright,
Nor Cynthia borrows from her brother's light.
No fleecy clouds flit lightly through the air,
The miſts deſcend, and low on earth appear.
Nor Thetis' halcyons baſking on the ſtrand,
Their plumage to the tepid ſun expand:
Nor ſwine deep delving with the ſordid ſnout,
Delight to toſs the bundled ſtraw about.
To watch the ſetting ſun, the ſullen owl
Sits penſive, and in vain repeats her baleful howl;
Niſus appears ſublime in liquid air,
And Scylla rues the raviſh'd purple hair:
Where with ſwift wings ſhe cuts th' etherial way,
Fierce Niſus preſſes on his panting prey,
Where Niſus wheels, ſhe ſwiftly darts away.
With throats compreſs'd, with ſhrill and clearer voice,
The tempeſt gone, the cawing rooks rejoice;
Seek with unuſual joys, on branches hung
Their much-lov'd neſts, and feed their callow young.

477. *In vain repeats.*] Dr. Trapp interprets *nequicquam, in vain*, Dr. Martyn, *not* repeats.—If we underſtand the poet to be ſpeaking of the continuance of fair weather, *nequicquam* muſt ſignify *not*; becauſe, according to Pliny, the hooting of the owl at ſuch a time would be a ſign of rain.

Mr. Dryden has ſtrangely tranſlated this paſſage:

And owls that mark the ſetting ſun declare,
A ſtar-light evening and a morning fair.

Haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.
Verum, ubi tempestas, et caeli mobilis humor
Mutavere vias, et Juppiter uvidus austris
Densat, erant quae rara modo, et, quae densa, relaxat;
Vertuntur species animorum, et pectora motus
Nunc alios, alios, dum nubila ventus agebat,
Concipiunt. hinc ille avium concentus in agris,
Et laetae pecudes, et ovantes gutture corvi.
Si vero solem ad rapidum lunasque sequentis
Ordine respicies; numquam te crastina fallet
Hora, neque insidiis noctis capiere serenae.
Luna revertentes cum primum conligit ignis,
Si nigrum obscuro conprenderit aëra cornu,
Maxumus agricolis pelagoque parabitur imber.
At, si virgineum suffuderit ore ruborem,
Ventus erit. vento semper rubet aurea Phoebe.
Sin ortu quarto (namque is certissimus auctor)
Pura, neque obtusis per caelum cornibus ibit;
Totus et ille dies, et qui nascentur ab illo
Exactum ad mensem, pluvia ventisque carebunt:
Votaque servati solvent in litore nautae
Glauco, et Panopeae, et Inoo Melicertae.
Sol quoque et exoriens, et cum se condit in undas,
Signa dabit. solem certissima signa sequuntur,
Et quae mane refert, et quae surgentibus astris.
Ille ubi nascentem maculis variaverit ortum
Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit orbe;

487. *Not that to them.*] This is a remarkable instance of Virgil's clear and beautiful style in expressing even the most abstruse notions. The meaning of the words *fato prudentia major*, which occasions difficulties among the commentators, seems to be, a greater knowledge (than men have) in the fate of things.

505. *Clearly.*] The verse in the original is quoted by Seneca in his works, in a different manner from the common reading, —PLENA, *nec obtusis per coelum cornibus ibit*; and he certainly meant

Not that to them a genius Heav'n hath lent,
Or piercing foreſight of each dark event,
But when the changeful temper of the ſkies,
The rare condenſes, the denſe rarifies,
New motions on the alter'd air impreſt,
New images and paſſions fill their breaſt:
Hence the glad birds in louder concert join,
Hence croaks th' exulting rook, and ſport the luſty kine.
But if thou ſhalt obſerve the rapid ſun,
And mark the moons their following courſes run,
No night ſerene with ſmiles, ſhall e'er betray,
And ſafely may'ſt thou truſt the coming day:
When the young moon returning light collects,
If 'twixt her horns we ſpy thick gloomy ſpecks,
Prepare, ye mariners and watchful ſwains,
For waſteful ſtorms and deluges of rains!
But if a virgin-bluſh her cheeks o'erſpread,
Lo, winds! they tinge her golden face with red;
But the fourth evening if ſhe clearly riſe,
And ſail unclouded thro' the azure ſkies,
That day, and all the following month behind,
No rattling ſtorm ſhall feel of rain or wind:
And ſailors ſav'd from the devouring ſea,
To Glaucus vows prefer and Panope.
Nor leſs the ſun, when eaſtern hills he leaves,
And when he ſinks behind the bluſhing waves,
Prognoſtics gives: he brings the ſafeſt ſigns
At morn, and when the ſtarry evening ſhines:
When with dark ſpots his opening face he clouds,
Shorn of his beams, and half his glory ſhrouds,

meant it ſo, by what he ſays of it. If this be the true reading, it may be thus underſtood.—"If on the fourth day of the new moon, its WHOLE DISK appears, and the horns of that part of it which is enlighten'd, are ſharp, and well-pointed; then the next day, and all the following to the end of the month, will be free both from high winds and rain." HOLDSWORTH.

Suſpecti tibi ſint imbres. namque urguet ab alto
Arboribuſque ſatiſque Notus pecorique ſiniſter.
Aut ubi ſub lucem denſa inter nubila ſeſe
Divorſi rumpent radii, aut ubi pallida ſurget
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile;
Heu, male tum mitis defendet pampinus uvas:
Tam multa in tectis crepitans ſalit horrida grando.
Hoc etiam, emenſo cum jam decedet Olympo,
Profuerit meminiſſe magis. nam ſaepe videmus
Ipſius in voltu varios errare colores.
Caeruleos pluviam denuntiat, igneus Euros.
Sin maculae incipient rutilo inmiſcerier igni;
Omnia tunc pariter vento nimbiſque videbis
Fervere. non illa quiſquam me nocte per altum
Ire, neque a terra moneat convellere funem.
At ſi, cum referetque diem, condetque relatum,
Lucidus orbis erit, fruſtra terrebere nimbis,
Et claro ſilvas cernes aquilone moveri.
Denique, quid veſper ſerus vehat, unde ſerenas
Ventus agat nubes, quod cogitet humidus Auſter,
Sol tibi ſigna dabit. Solem quis dicere falſum
Audeat? ille etiam caecos inſtare tumultus
Saepe monet, fraudemque et operta tumeſcere bella.
Ille etiam extincto miſeratus Caeſare Romam,

525. *The duſky, rain.*] Tho' I believe there is no one thing in the whole language of the Romans, that we are more at a loſs about now, than their names of colours; it appears evidently enough, that *coeruleus* was uſed by them for ſome dark colour or other. One might bring a number of inſtances to prove this, but one or two from Virgil will be ſufficient:

Coeruleus pluviam denuntiat.
—— Coeruleus ſupra caput aſtitit imber,
Noctem hyememque ferens, et inhorruit unda tenebris.
Aen. 3. 195.
POLYMETIS, pag. 167. note 24.

536. *Auſter meditate.*] Several of the commentators that have been uſed to conſider the winds only in a natural way, and never perhaps in an allegorical one, are greatly offended at the word *cogitet* here. The *thinking of a wind* is to them the higheſt

Suſpect thou ſhowers: the ſouth from ocean borne,
Springs noxious to the cattle, trees and corn.
When ſcatter'd are his rays; with paleneſs ſpread
When faint Aurora leaves Tithonus' bed;
Ah! can the leaves their ripening grapes defend!
Such heaps of horrid hail on rattling roofs deſcend!
Obſerve too, when he ends his heavenly race,
What various colours wander o'er his face:
The duſky, rain; the fiery, wind denotes;
But if with glowing red he mingle ſpots,
Then ſhowers and winds commixt ſhalt thou behold
In dreadful tempeſt thro' black aether roll'd;
In ſuch a night, when ſoon the waves will roar,
None ſhould perſuade to looſe my bark from ſhore.
But if his orb be lucid, clear his ray,
When forth he uſhers, or concludes the day,
Fear not the ſtorms: for mild will be the breeze,
And Aquilo but gently wave the trees.
In fine, what winds may riſe at evening late,
What ſhow'rs may humid Auſter meditate,
By ſureſt marks th' unerring ſun declares,
And who, to call the ſun deceitful, dares?
He too foretells ſedition's ſecret ſchemes,
Tumults and treaſons, wars and ſtratagems.
He too, bewailing her unhappy doom,
When fell her glorious Caeſar, pitied Rome;

higheſt pitch of abſurdity that can be. They are therefore for altering the paſſage into *quid cogat et humidus auſter*, or *quid concitet——contra omnes codices*, as themſelves ſay: If theſe gentlemen would pleaſe to conſider that it is not they, but Virgil that is ſpeaking here; that the winds were frequently repreſented as perſons in his time; that he had been uſed to ſee them ſo repreſented both in Greece and in his own country; that they were commonly worſhipped as gods—and they may perhaps be perſuaded not to think this ſo ſtrange an expreſſion for him to uſe. POLYMETIS, Dial. 13. p. 204.

Horace ſpeaking of the river Aufidus ſays finely, *Diluviem* MEDITATUR *agris*. Od. 14. Lib. 4.

541. *He too, bewailing.*] 'Tis ſomething ſtrange that the beſt hiſtorians, Pliny, Plutarch, and Appian, join in relating theſe

Cum caput obſcura nitidum ferrugine texit,
Inpiaque aeternam timuerunt ſaecula noctem.
Tempore quamquam illo tellus quoque, et aequora ponti,
Obſcenaeque canes, inportunaeque volucres
Signa dabant. quoties Cyclopum effervere in agros
Vidimus undantem ruptis fornacibus Aetnam,
Flammarumque globos, liquefactaque volvere ſaxa!
Armorum ſonitum toto Germania caelo
Audiit: inſolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes.
Vox quoque per lucos volgo exaudita ſilentis
Ingens, et ſimulacra modis pallentia miris
Viſa ſub obſcurum noctis, pecudeſque locutae,
Infandum! ſiſtunt amnes, terraeque dehiſcunt,
Et maeſtum inlacrimat templis ebur, aeraque ſudant.
Proluit inſano contorquens vortice ſilvas
Fluviorum rex Eridanus, campoſque per omnes
Cum ſtabulis armenta tulit. nec tempore eodem
Triſtibus aut extis fibrae adparere minaces,
Aut puteis manare cruor ceſſavit: et alte
Per noctem reſonare, lupis ululantibus, urbes.
Non alias caelo ceciderunt plura ſereno
Fulgura: nec diri toties arſere cometae.
Ergo inter ſeſe paribus concurrere telis
Romanas acies iterum videre Philippi:

prodigies. Plutarch not only mentions the paleneſs of the ſun, for a whole year after Caeſar's death, but adds, that the fruits rotted for want of heat. Appian relates the ſtories of the claſhing of arms, and ſhouts in the air, an ox ſpeaking with a human voice, ſtatues ſweating blood, wolves howling in the Forum, and victims wanting entrails.

562. *Eridanus.*] The redundant ſyllable in *fluviorum*, is expreſſive of the inundation. Dion Caſſius relates, that the river Po did not only overflow and occaſion prodigious damages, but left likewiſe great quantities of ſerpents when it retired.

569. *Philippi*] Many learned critics have diſputed about the meaning of this paſſage, which was never cleared up till Mr. Holdſworth publiſhed a judicious diſſertation on the ſubject. He is of opinion, that Virgil means by his two battles of

With duſky redneſs veil'd his chearful light,
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night:
Then too, the trembling earth, and ſeas that rag'd,
And dogs, and boding birds dire ills preſag'd:
What globes of flames hath thund'ring Aetna thrown,
What heaps of ſulphur mix'd with molten ſtone,
From her burſt entrails did ſhe oft exſpire,
And deluge the Cyclopean fields with fire!
A clank of arms and ruſhing to the wars,
The ſound of trampling ſteeds, and clattering cars,
Heard thro' th' aſtoniſh'd ſky, Germania ſhock'd,
The ſolid Alps unuſual tremblings rock'd!
Thro' ſilent woods a diſmal voice was heard,
And glaring ghoſts all grimly pale appear'd,
At duſky eve; dumb cattle ſilence broke,
And with the voice of man (portentous!) ſpoke!
Earth gapes aghaſt; the wondering rivers ſtop;
The brazen ſtatues mourn, cold ſweats from ivory drop;
Monarch of mighty floods, ſupremely ſtrong,
Eridanus, whoſe foreſts whirl'd along,
And rolling onwards with a ſweepy ſway,
Bore houſes, herds, and helpleſs hinds away:
The victims' entrails dire events forebode!
Wolves howl in cities! wells o'erflow with blood.
Ne'er with ſuch rage did livid lightnings glare,
Nor comets trail ſuch lengths of horrid hair!
For this, Philippi ſaw, with civil rage,
The wretched Roman legions twice engage;

of Philippi, not two battles fought on the ſame individual ſpot, but at two diſtant places of the ſame name, the former at Philippi (alias *Thebae Phthiae*) near Pharſalus in Theſſaly: the latter at Philippi near the confines of Thrace. And though hiſtorians (all except Lucius Florus) for diſtinction's ſake, call the latter battle only by the name of Philippi; yet as there was one at Philippi near Pharſalia, in ſight of which the former was fought, the poets call both by the ſame name. As to the reaſons which he ſays determined Virgil to call both battles by the

Nec fuit indignum ſuperis, bis ſanguine noſtro
Emathiam, et latos Haemi pingueſcere campos.
Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exeſa inveniet ſcabra robigine pila :
Aut gravibus raſtris galeas pulſabit inanis,
Grandiaque effoſſis mirabitur oſſa ſepulcris.
Dî patrii Indigetes, et Romule, Veſtaque mater,
Quae Tuſcum Tiberim, et Romana Palatia ſervas,
Hunc ſaltem everſo juvenem ſuccurrere ſaeclo
Ne prohibete. ſatis jam pridem ſanguine noſtro
Laomedonteae luimus perjuria Troiae.
Jam pridem nobis caeli te regia, Caeſar,
Invidet, atque hominum queritur curare triumphos.

ſame name, the chief of them I think is this: that in compliment to Auguſtus, he might impreſs the ſuperſtitious Romans with a belief, that the vengeance of the Gods againſt the murderers of Caeſar was denounced by numbers of prodigies and omens; and in ſo remarkable a manner that there appeared in it a particular ſtroke of providence, according to the heathen ſuperſtition, that the ſecond battle which proved fatal to the Romans, ſhould be fought in the ſame province with the firſt, and near a ſecond Philippi.

574. *Ploughs.*] The delicate art of the poet in returning to his ſubject by inſerting this circumſtance of the ploughman's finding old armour, cannot be ſufficiently admired. Philips has finely imitated it in his *Cyder*, where ſpeaking of the deſtruction of old Ariconium, he adds,

——Upon that treacherous tract of land
She whilom ſtood; now Ceres, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and, with ruddieſt freight bedeck'd
The apple-tree, by our foreſathers' blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious muſe,
Urging her deſtin'd labours to purſue.
PHILIPS's Cyder, Book I.

579. *Ye greater guardian gods.*] Virgil (ſays Mr. Spence) by the *dii patrii*, here means the great train of deities, firſt received all over the eaſt, and afterwards ſucceſſively in Greece and Italy. Among the Romans, the three deities received as ſupreme,

Emathia, (Heaven decreed!) was twice imbru'd,
And Haemus' fields twice fatten'd with our blood.
The time at length ſhall come, when lab'ring ſwains,
As with their ploughs they turn theſe guilty plains,
'Gainſt hollow helms their heavy drags ſhall ſtrike,
And claſh 'gainſt many a ſword, and ruſty pike;
View the vaſt graves with horror and amaze,
And at huge bones of giant heroes gaze.
Ye greater guardian gods of Rome, our pray'r,
And Romulus, and thou, chaſte Veſta, hear!
Ye, who preſerve with your propitious powers,
Etrurian Tiber, and the Roman towers!
At leaſt permit this youth to ſave the world
(Our only refuge!) in confuſion hurl'd:
Let ſtreams of blood already ſpilt atone
For perjuries of falſe Laomedon!
The Gods, O Caeſar, envy and complain,
That men and earthly cares thy ſteps detain;

ſupreme, were Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva; and therefore Virgil adds the word *indigetes*, to fix it to the θεοι πατρωοι, or the three great ſupreme gods, received as ſuch in his own country. *Indigetes* here is much the ſame as *noſtri* in Juvenal, when he ſpeaks of theſe very deities. Mr. Spence obſerves how faultily Dryden has tranſlated this paſſage.

POLYMETIS, Dial. 20.

582. *Etrurian.*] Virgil in this place, and in Geo. 2. 530. ſpeaks of Tuſcany and Rome almoſt as if they were upon the ſame footing; chiefly out of complaiſance for his great patron Mecaenas, who was deſcended from the old race of the kings of that country. HOLDSWORTH.

586. *Falſe Laomedon.*] Apollo and Neptune being hired by Laomedon, to aſſiſt him in building a wall round his city of Troy, when the work was finiſhed were by him defrauded of their pay.

587. *O Caeſar.*] I at firſt tranſlated it *great* Caeſar; but obſerved afterwards that the poet joins no epithet to Caeſar; I therefore omitted ſo improper an addition; which weakens the dignity and ſimplicity of the original.

Quippe ubi fas verſum atque nefas: tot bella per orbem:
Tam multae ſcelerum facies: non ullus aratro
Dignus honos. ſqualent abductis arva colonis,
Et curvae rigidum falces conflantur in enſem.
Hinc movet Euphrates, illinc Germania bellum:
Vicinae ruptis inter ſe legibus urbes
Arma ferunt. ſaevit toto Mars impius orbe.
Ut, cum carceribus ſeſe effudere quadrigae,
Addunt in ſpatia, et fruſtra retinacula tendens
Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.

590. *Impious wars.*] The amiable and gentle temper, the univerſal benevolence of Virgil, appear in this ſtriking paſſage. A certain melancholy flow in the numbers, and an air of pity for the diſtreſſes of his fellow-creatures, make theſe lines more valuable than even the poetry they contain. At the time I write this, 1761, it is impoſſible to read them without feeling their force.

Where ſacred order, fraud and force confound,
Where impious wars and tumults rage around,
And every various vice and crime is crown'd:
Diſhonour'd lies the plough; the baniſh'd ſwains
Are hurried from th' uncultivated plains;
The ſickles into barbarous ſwords are beat,
Euphrates here, there war the Germans threat.
The neighbouring cities break faith's mutual bands,
And ruthleſs Mars raves wild o'er all the lands.
As when four furious courſers whirl away
The trembling driver, nor his cries obey,
With headlong haſte ſwift-pouring o'er the plains,
The chariot bounds along, nor hears the reins.

END OF THE FIRST GEORGIC.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

This Book, which treats of planting, is divided into seven parts. I. *The poet ſpeaks of the various ways in which trees are produced, both by nature and art.* II. *Their different ſpecies and ſorts, and how they are to be managed.* III. *What ſoils are moſt ſuitable to each; from whence he naturally digreſſes into an encomium on the ſoil and productions of Italy.* IV. *The method of diſcovering and diſtinguiſhing the nature of each ſoil.* V. *The culture and management of the vine.* VI. *The culture of the olive and other trees.* VII. *The praiſes of a country life.*

P. VIRGILII MARONIS

GEORGICA.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

HACTENUS arvorum cultus, et ſidera coeli :
Nunc te, Bacche, canam, nec non ſilveſtria tecum
Virgulta, et prolem tarde creſcentis olivae.
Huc, pater ô Lenaee, (tuis hic omnia plena
Muneribus : tibi pampineo gravidus auctumno
Floret ager ; ſpumat plenis vindemia labris)
Huc, pater ô Lenaee, veni ; nudataque muſto
Tingue novo mecum direptis crura cothurnis.
Principio arboribus varia eſt natura creandis.
Namque aliae, nullis hominum cogentibus, ipſae
Sponte ſua veniunt, campoſque et flumina late
Curva tenent : ut molle ſiler, lentaeque geniſtae,
Populus, et glauca canentia fronde ſalicta.
Pars autem poſito ſurgunt de ſemine : ut altae
Caſtaneae, nemorumque Jovi quae maxima frondet

Ver. 2. *Now thee I ſing, O Bacchus.*] Inſtead of coolly propoſing the ſubject he is going to treat of, viz. the cultivation of vines, olives, &c. the poet at once breaks out into a rapturous addreſs to Bacchus, in the ſtyle of an hymn ; the image contained in the following lines is beautiful and pictureſque.

Huc, pater ô Lenaee, veni : nudataque muſto
Tingue novo mecum direptis crura cothurnis.

We ſee the god treading the wine-preſs. Mr. Dryden's tranſlation of this paſſage is remarkable.

Come, ſtrip with me, my god, come drench all o'er
Thy limbs in muſt of wine, and drink at ev'ry pore.

THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THUS far of tillage, and the heav'nly ſigns;
Now thee I ſing, O Bacchus, god of vines!
With thee the native race of ſylvan trees,
And olives, blooming late by ſlow degrees.
Come, ſacred fire, with luſcious cluſters crown'd,
Here all the riches of thy reign abound;
Each field replete with bluſhing autumn glows,
And in deep tides for thee, the foaming vintage flows.
O come, thy buſkins, ſacred fire, unlooſe,
And tinge with me thy thighs in purple juice.
Kind nature trees, by ſeveral means, ſupplies,
Spontaneous ſome, by art untaught, ariſe;
At will, by brook, in lawn or meadow, bloom
Th' obedient oſier, and the bending broom;
While with the poplar on the mazy ſhore
The willow waves its azure foliage hoar.
Part by the force of quick'ning ſeed ariſe,
Hence tow'rs the lofty cheſnut to the ſkies;
And Aeſculus, great monarch of the grove,
Supreme and ſtatelieſt of the trees of Jove:

11. *Kind nature trees.*] The poet ſays, wild trees are produced three ſeveral ways, 1. SPONTANEOUSLY, 2. by SEEDS, 3. and by SUCKERS. He ſtill uſes the ſame order at verſe the 61ſt, &c.

Aeſculus, atque habitae Graiis oracula quercus.
Pullulat ab radice aliis denſiſſima ſilva:
Ut ceraſis, ulmiſque: etiam Parnaſia laurus
Parva ſub ingenti matris ſe ſubjicit umbra.
Hos Natura modos primum dedit: his genus omne
Silvarum, fruticumque viret, nemorumque ſacrorum.
Sunt alii, quos ipſe via ſibi repperit uſus.
Hic plantas tenero abſcindens de corpore matrum
Depoſuit ſulcis: hic ſtirpes obruit arvo,
Quadrifidaſque ſudes, et acuto robore vallos:
Silvarumque aliae preſſos propaginis arcus
Exſpectant, et viva ſua plantaria terra.
Nil radicis egent aliae: ſummumque putator
Haud dubitat terrae referens mandare cacumen.
Quin et caudicibus ſectis (mirabile dictu)
Truditur e ſicco radix oleagina ligno.
Et ſaepe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque inſita mala
Ferre pirum, et prunis lapidoſa rubeſcere corna.
Quare agite ô, proprios generatim diſcite cultus,
Agricolae, fructuſque feros mollite colendo:
Neu ſegnes jaceant terrae: juvat Iſmara baccho
Conſerere, atque olea magnum veſtire Taburnum.

22. *Greece devoutly paid.*] In this, and many other paſſages, he glances at, and ridicules the ſuperſtitions of the Grecians.

24. *Cherries.*] This kind of fruit had not been brought into Italy many years before Virgil wrote. 'Tis ſaid, Lucullus firſt introduced them into that country after he had conquered Mithridates.

29. *Yet other means.*] Having ſpoken of trees which ſpontaneouſly propagate their ſpecies, he now proceeds to mention thoſe methods which are uſed by human induſtry. Theſe are by ſuckers, ſets, layers, cuttings, pieces of cleft wood, and ingrafting. MARTYN.

32. *Croſs-ſplit, or ſharpen'd ſtakes.*] There are two ways of planting ſetters. The *quadrifidas ſudes* (ſays Mr. Benſon) is when the bottom is ſlit acroſs both ways; the *acuto robore* is when it is cut into a point, which is called the colt's foot.

37. *Olive.*] It is common in Italy to ſee old olive-trees, that

With the proud oak, beneath whoſe aweful ſhade
Religious rites fond Greece devoutly paid.
Some pour an infant foreſt from their roots,
Thus elms and cherries ſpring in frequent ſhoots.
Thus too, their tender tops Parnaſſus' bays,
Beneath their mother's ſheltering ſhadow, raiſe.
So ſpring, as nature various means approves,
Or woods, or ſhrubs, or conſecrated groves.
Yet other means hath ſage experience found;
This, from the mother-trunk, within the ground
The tender ſucker ſets; another takes
Of larger growth, croſs-ſplit, or ſharpen'd ſtakes.
And oft, in native earth, the boughs we ſee
Inverted, multiply the parent tree:
Nor fears the gard'ner oft, the ſmalleſt ſhoot
To truſt to earth; ſome aſk not for a root.
Nay from cleft olive-trunks with age decay'd
New fibres ſhoot, and ſprings a wond'rous ſhade.
Even different kinds a mutual change aſſume,
And ſtill improv'd, with alien foliage bloom;
By pear-trees are ingrafted apples borne,
And ſtony corneils bluſhing plums adorn.
Search then, ye farmers, with ſagacious mind,
How beſt to manage every various kind.
With culture civilize your ſavage trees,
Nor let your lands lie dead in ſlothful eaſe.
What joy the grapes on Iſmarus to crop,
And clothe with olives huge Taburnus' top!

that ſeem totally dead in the trunk, and yet have very flouriſhing young heads. The ſame is often as ſurprizing in old willows; of which I have ſeen ſeveral (and particularly ſome in the garden iſland in St. James's Park) which ſend down a tap-root from their heads through the trunk, that often ſeems intirely decayed; and ſo form a young tree on an old ſtock, which looks as flouriſhing as the other does rotten. SPENCE.

47. *Iſmarus.*] Iſmarus is a mountain in Thrace; Taburnus in Campania, famous for olives.

Tuque ades, inceptumque una decurre laborem,
O decus, ô famae merito pars maxima noſtrae,
Maecenas; pelagoque volans da vela patenti.
Non ego cuncta meis amplecti verſibus opto:
Non, mihi ſi linguae centum ſint, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox. ades, et primi lege litoris oram.
In manibus terrae. non hic te carmine ficto,
Atque per ambages et longa exorſa tenebo.
Sponte ſua quae ſe tollunt in luminis oras,
Infecunda quidem, ſed laeta et fortia ſurgunt:
Quippe ſolo Natura ſubeſt. tamen haec quoque ſi quis
Inſerat, aut ſcrobibus mandet mutata ſubactis,
Exuerint ſilveſtrem animum: cultuque frequenti,
In quaſcumque voces artis, haud tarda ſequentur.
Nec non et, ſterilis quae ſtirpibus exit ab imis,
Hoc faciet, vacuos ſi ſit digeſta per agros:
Nunc altae frondes, et rami matris opacant,
Creſcentique adimunt foetus, uruntque ferentem.
Jam, quae ſeminibus jactis ſe ſuſtulit, arbos
Tarda venit, ſeris factura nepotibus umbram:

51. *Do thou, Maecenas.*] If I miſtake not, no patron was ever ſo finely commended as Maecenas is in this work. Indeed all Virgil ſays to him, or of him, is as follows, viz. In the firſt book, Virgil names him in the ſecond line. In the ſecond book, he begs him to aſſiſt him in his undertaking, and declares he owes the greateſt part of his reputation to him. In the third book, he mentions the difficulty of the taſk Maecenas had put him upon, and again begs his aſſiſtance. In the fourth book, he deſires him to look favourably upon that piece, and addreſſes it more particularly to him, than he had done any of the former. 'Tis true there is no great eclat in all this, but the compliment to Maecenas lies here. Virgil undertook a very neceſſary work for the ſervice of his prince, and his country. He declares it was Maecenas put him upon it. He found the work very difficult, but ſtill Maecenas perſuades him to perſiſt in it; and by his patronage, and his generoſity, enabled him to go through with it; ſo that the whole, all the juſtice that is done to Auguſtus's character, all the ſervice that work could do his country, was owing to Maecenas. This was complimenting him in the fineſt manner. He was

Haſte then, my better part of fame, my pride,
Do thou my courſe at once aſſiſt and guide;
Do thou, Maecenas, ſhare with me the gale,
And o'er expanded ſeas unfurl the ſwelling ſail.
Nor ſoars my thought ambitious to rehearſe
All nature's wonders, in my ſhorter verſe;
A taſk like this, would aſk an hundred tongues,
An hundred mouths, and iron-armed lungs.
Still will we keep the friendly ſhore at hand,
Nor dare to launch too boldly from the land:
Nor will I tire thine ear with fables vain,
With long preambles and ſuperfluous ſtrain.
The trees, whoſe ſhades ſpontaneous pierce the ſkies,
Tho' barren, beautiful and vig'rous riſe;
For nature works beneath: but if thy toil
Graft, or tranſplant them in a gentler ſoil,
Their genius wild, where-e'er thou lead'ſt the way,
Of diſcipline ſequaceous, will obey:
So will the ſprouts that from the roots aroſe,
If plac'd amid the plain, in order'd rows:
For elſe the mother's overſhadowing top,
Or blaſts the fruit, or checks the promis'd crop.
All trees from ſeed advance by ſlow degrees,
And for a future race their ſhades increaſe;

was ſpeaking of a miniſter. The character he gives him is that of a perſon, who employs his power and fortune in countenancing one that could be of uſe to his maſter, and the public. Here the poet makes a graceful figure, whilſt he ſhews his gratitude by owning his obligations, and at the ſame time that he makes his court to his patron, he makes his patron's court to his prince. BENSON.

59. *Fables vain.*] He points at the truth, and the dignity, and the utility of his ſubject, exalting it above ſubjects of mere fiction, and Grecian tales.

61. *The trees.*] The poet had before mentioned the three ways by which wild trees are produced.—Here he follows the ſame method, and ſhews by what culture each ſort may be meliorated. MARTYN.

Pomaque degenerant ſuccos oblita priores:
Et turpis avibus praedam fert uva racemos.
Scilicet omnibus eſt labor inpendendus, et omnes
Cogendae in ſulcum, ac multa mercede domandae.
Sed truncis oleae melius, propagine vites,
Reſpondent, ſolido Paphiae de robore myrtus.
Plantis edurae coruli naſcuntur, et ingens
Fraxinus, Herculeaeque arbos umbroſa coronae,

80. *But quite full-grown.*] A curious diſſertation on the ſubject of theſe verſes by Mr. Holdſworth was publiſhed not long ago, of whom I have heard many able judges declare, that he underſtood Virgil better than any man living. In my humble opinion, ſays he, after the general concluſion of planting out,

Scilicet omnibus eſt labor impendendus, & omnes
Cogendæ in ſulcum, ac multa mercede domandæ,

and the ſhort remark added, that ſome trees thrive beſt, not by the ordinary way of planting, but by layers and truncheons,

Sed truncis oleae melius, &c.

Virgil proceeds next to another ſort of planting, ſtill more difficult; and tells us, that not only young plants and truncheons may be removed, but even grown trees. This is methodical, and conſiſtent with what preceded, the tranſition eaſy, and the climax juſt. We continue ſtill in the plantation, but we are led into a part we had ſeen nothing of before, a grove of ſome conſiderable growth, newly planted. And therefore we may obſerve, all the epithets and decorations, uſed here to enliven the ſubject, are ſuited to trees of an advanced age,

Plantis edurae coryli, &c.

By this interpretation it muſt appear already, that the epithet *ardua*, which is a difficulty with Dr. Martyn, becomes plain and eaſy: and indeed it was ſo far from embarraſſing me, that it helped to explain what went before. We advance farther in the plantation, and are ſhewn, that even the palm too (an exotic) may be tranſplanted when tall, or, in poetic language, be born a tree; and ſo likewiſe the fir, when grown fit for a maſt.

We may very reaſonably imagine, that in Virgil's time, that age of luxury, the great men of Rome tranſplanted tall trees from woods and nurſeries, as is frequently done with us, into their walks and gardens. Maecenas, to whom this book is dedicated,

Fruits of the richeſt juice in time decay,
And birds amid degenerate vineyards prey;
All, all, muſt feel the force of toil intenſe,
Be to the trench confin'd, and tam'd with large expence.
With beſt ſucceſs, from truncheons olives ſpring;
Layers of the vine the faireſt cluſters bring;
From ſets will bloom the myrtle, plant of love;
But quite full-grown tranſplant the hazle grove;
Aſh too, tho' tall, and that fair tree whoſe boughs
Bear the broad crown that binds Alcides' brows,

dicated, had a garden, we know, on the Eſquiline hill, celebrated by Horace and others; and 'tis not improbable, that in order to bring it ſooner to perfection, this might be practis'd there, perhaps juſt at the time when Virgil was writing this Georgic. If ſo, how artfully does the poet here inſinuate, with his uſual addreſs, a compliment to his patron? I only hint this as a conjecture; but am more inclin'd to believe, that ſomething of the wilderneſs part of a garden is intended, by the palm being placed among the others; which, tho' a fruit-tree in its own country, yet is not improperly put here in the company of foreſt-trees, becauſe it did not bear fruit, nor was counted a fruit-tree at that time in Italy; as Pliny informs us lib. iii. c. 4. and therefore could be planted only, as the others might, for beauty and ornament to gardens.

Whether Virgil had any ſuch view or not, there can at leaſt be no doubt but that removing tall trees was practis'd among the Romans. We find by Pliny, that the common method of making their *arbuſta*, or plantations for ſupporting vines, was by planting out elms, when about five years old, or about twenty foot high: lib. xvii. c. 11. And the fir, mention'd above, which Pliny tells us had ſo deep a root, muſt certainly have been a tall tree, and yet, he ſays, was removed. As to the palm, tho' it did not arrive to ſuch perfection in Italy, as to bear fruit, yet we find it was common there; and a tree which not only would bear removing, but thrive the better for it.

And to put this matter about removing tall trees beyond diſpute, Virgil himſelf confirms it in another place, and makes his Corycius Senex put it in practice, Georg. iv. 144, &c.

Ille etiam ſeras in verſum diſtulit ulmos,
Eduramque pirum, & ſpinos jam pruna ferentes,
Jamque miniſtrantem platanum potantibus umbras.

'Tis true, moſt of the commentators and tranſlators ſeem not to have rightly apprehended the meaning of this paſſage, as Dr.

Chaoniique patris glandes: etiam ardua palma
Naſcitur, et caſus abies viſura marinos.
Inſeritur vero ex foetu nucis arbutus horrida;
Et ſteriles platani malos geſſere valentis,
Caſtaneas fagus, ornuſque incanuit albo
Flore piri, glandemque ſues fregere ſub ulmis.
Nec modus inſerere, atque oculos inponere ſimplex.
Nam qua ſe medio trudunt de cortice gemmae,
Et tenuis rumpunt tunicas: anguſtus in ipſo
Fit nodo ſinus: huc aliena ex arbore germen
Includunt, udoque docent inoleſcere libro.
Aut rurſum enodes trunci reſecantur, et alte
Finditur in ſolidum cuneis via: deinde feraces
Plantae inmittuntur. nec longum tempus, et ingens
Exiit ad caelum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes, et non ſua poma.
Praeterea genus haud unum, nec fortibus ulmis,
Nec ſalici, lotoque, neque Idaeis cypariſſis:
Nec pingues unam in faciem naſcuntur olivae,
Orchades, et radii, et amara pauſia bacca,

Martyn obſerves, and thereby have loſt much of its ſpirit. But ſince he has render'd it juſtly, and given it its full force, I doubt not, but when he compares the expreſſions of both paſſages together, he will more eaſily agree to my interpretation; and will be ſurpriz'd, as indeed I am, how it before eſcap'd him. With regard to the verſes following in the original,

Inſeritur vero ex foetu nucis arbutus horrida;
Et ſteriles platani malos geſſere valentis,
Caſtaneas fagus, ornuſque incanuit albo
Flore piri, glandemque ſues fregere ſub ulmis.

Mr. Holdſworth obſerves, that Virgil had before ſpoken of grafting in the common method, from ver. 32 to 34.

Et ſaepe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque inſita mala
Ferre pirum, et prunis lapidoſa rubeſcere corna.

As he there grafts only kernel fruit on kernel, and ſtone on ſtone, he ſhews plainly that he underſtood what was the common method, and conforms to it. Again, from ver. 49 to 51.

Jove's oak, or palm high-waving o'er the ſteep,
And fir now fit to tempt the dang'rous deep.
On th' horrid arbute graft the walnut's ſpray,
Or bid with apples barren planes look gay:
Oft has the beech improv'd, the cheſnut bore,
The wild aſh ſtood with pear-tree bloſſoms hoar,
And ſwine beneath the elm have crack'd the maſty ſtore.
The ſwains who graft, employ a different art
From thoſe, who to the bark a bud impart:
For thro' the rind where burſts the tender gem,
Faſt by the knot they wound the taper ſtem,
Then in the ſlit an alien bud confin'd,
They teach to knit congenial with the rind;
Or thro' the poliſh'd trunk they wedge their way,
And in the chaſm inſert a luſty ſpray;
Ere long to heaven the ſoaring branches ſhoot,
And wonder at their height, and more than native fruit.
Beſides, of ſturdy elms a different kind,
Of willows, and the watery lote, we find.
Th' Idean cypreſs various looks aſſumes,
In numerous forms the luſcious olive blooms:
Nor Orchite's nor the Radius' kind is one,
Nor Pauſia's by their bitter berries known;

under the articles of improvements, he obſerves, that chance-plants, which are naturally wild, may be civilized by grafting, as crabs, ſloes, or wild plums, &c.

——— *Tamen haec quoque ſi quis*
Inſerat, aut ſcrobibus mandet mutata ſubactis,
Exuerint ſylveſtrem animum.

Having thus ſufficiently mentioned this practice, and there being no neceſſity to repeat it as he endeavours to be as conciſe as poſſible; he proceeds in the next place to tell us, that trees of different kinds may likewiſe be grafted on each other. And as he had before ſhewed, in the four preceding verſes, what art could do in tranſplanting tall trees; he advances here to ſhew what may likewiſe be done by the help of art in grafting, viz. that any ſcion may be ingrafted on any ſtock. All the tranſlators have miſtaken this paſſage: and I am indebted to Mr. Holdſworth for his clearing it up.

Pomaque, et Alcinoi ſilvae: nec ſurculus idem
Cruſtumiis, Syriiſque piris, gravibuſque volemis.
Non eadem arboribus pendet vindemia noſtris,
Quam Methymnaeo carpit de palmite Leſbos.
Sunt Thaſiae vites, ſunt et Marcotides albae:
Pinguibus hae terris habiles, levioribus illae.
Et paſſo Pſythia utilior, tenuiſque Lageos,
Tentatura pedes olim, vincturaque linguam,
Purpureae, preciaeque. et quo te carmine dicam,
Rhaetica? nec cellis ideo contende Falernis.
Sunt etiam Amminеae vites firmiſſima vina,
Tmolius adſurgit quibus, et rex ipſe Phanaeus,
Argitiſque minor: cui non certaverit ulla,
Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per annos.
Non ego te, Dis et menſis accepta ſecundis,
Tranſierim, Rhodia, et tumidis, bumaſte, racemis.
Sed neque quam multae ſpecies, nec nomina quae ſint,
Eſt numerus; neque enim numero comprendere refert:
Quem qui ſcire velit, Libyci velit aequoris idem
Diſcere quam multae zephyro turbentur arenae:
Aut, ubi navigiis violentior incidit eurus,
Noſſe quot Ionii veniant ad litora fluctus.
Nec vero terrae ferre omnes omnia poſſunt.
Fluminibus ſalices, craſſiſque paludibus alni
Naſcuntur: ſteriles ſaxoſis montibus orni.
Litora myrtetis laetiſſima. denique apertos
Bacchus amat collis: aquilonem et frigora taxi.

114. *Pſythia.*] *Paſſum* is a wine made from raiſins, or dried grapes, common both in Italy and the ſouth of France. But the grapes are only hung up to dry, and not ſqueezed into barrels like our common raiſins.

126. *Libatious.*] Among the Romans the firſt courſe conſiſted of fleſh, and the ſecond of fruit, at which they poured out wine to offer to the gods, called a Libation.

ARBUTHNOT on Coins.

127. *Plumpeſt.*] *Bumaſtus* is the very large red ſort of grapes, that they give you ſo perpetually in their deſerts in

In ſeveral hues to ſhine the apple loves;
How many ſpecies deck Alcinous' groves?
What vaſt varieties each orchard bears,
In ſyrian, bergamot, and pounder pears?
Nor the ſame grape Heſperia's vintage fills,
Which Leſbos gathers from Methymnia's hills.
Of Thaſian vines, and Mareotic white,
One loves a fatten'd ſoil, and one a light;
Beſt are the Pſythian when by Phoebus dry'd;
Thin is Lageos' penetrating tide,
By which the faultering tongue, and ſtaggering feet are try'd;
Purple there are, and grapes which early ſpring,
But in what ſtrains thee, Rhaetic, ſhall I ſing?
Yet dare not thou with Falern juice conteſt!
Amminean wines for body are the beſt;
To theſe, ev'n Tmolus bends his cluſter'd brows,
And, king of vine-clad hills, Phanaeus bows;
By theſe is Argos' leſſer grape ſurpaſt,
Tho' fam'd ſo much to flow, ſo long to laſt.
Nor thine, O Rhodes, I paſs, whoſe ſtreams afford
Libations to the Gods, and crown the board:
Nor thee, Bumaſtus, grape of plumpeſt ſize;
But can my ſong each various race compriſe?
He that cou'd each rehearſe, the ſands might count,
That from the Libyan waſte in whirling eddies mount:
Or tell the billows as they beat the ſhores,
When all th' Ionian ſea with raging Boreas roars.
Nor every race will thrive in every ground:
Willows along the river-banks abound;
While adders bud in wet and weeping plains,
The wild aſh on the ridgy mountain reigns:
Myrtles the ſhore, the baleful eugh approves
Bleak blaſts, and Bacchus ſunny ſummits loves.

Italy: and particularly at Florence. It has its name from its ſhape, each grape being like the teat of a cow; Varro half latiniſes the word, where he calls it *tumamma*. HOLDSWORTH.

Aſpice et extremis domitum cultoribus orbem,
Eoaſque domos Arabum, pictoſque Gelonos.
Diviſae arboribus patriae. ſola India nigrum
Fert ebenum: ſolis eſt turea virga Sabaeis.
Quid tibi odorato referam ſudantia ligno
Balſamaque, et baccas ſemper frondentis acanthi?
Quid nemora Aethiopum molli canentia lana?
Velleraque ut foliis depectunt tenuia Seres?
Aut quos Oceano propior gerit India lucos,
Extremi ſinus orbis? ubi aëra vincere ſummum
Arboris haud ullae jactu potuere ſagittae.
Et gens illa quidem ſumtis non tarda pharetris.
Media fert triſtis ſuccos, tardumque ſaporem
Felicis mali; quo non praeſentius ullum,
Pocula ſi quando ſaevae infecere novercae,
Miſcueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba,
Auxilium venit, ac membris agit atra venena.
Ipſa ingens arbos, faciemque ſimillima lauro;
Et, ſi non alium late jactaret odorem,
Laurus erat. ſolia haud ullis labentia ventis:
Flos ad prima tenax. animas et olentia Medi
Ora fovent illo, et ſenibus medicantur anhelis.
Sed neque Medorum ſilvae ditiſſima terra,
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus,

154. *Median fields.*] Virgil here gives a very high character of this tree, both for its beauty and uſefulneſs: I take it that he means orange-trees, which were brought firſt into Italy from Media in his time. As the orange-tree was not yet generally known in Italy, he deſcribes it by its likeneſs to a tree, well known there, the laurel-tree. The leaves, ſays he, reſemble the leaves of that; but have a finer and more diffuſed ſmell, and it is almoſt always beautify'd with flowers. Pliny (Nat. Hiſt. lib. xii. c. 3.) calls the orange-tree *malus Medica*, and his account of it agrees extremely with this in Virgil.

HOLDSWORTH.

166. *Media's groves.*] We are now come to his moſt beautiful praiſes of Italy; nor is it eaſy to determine which is greateſt, the poet's ſkill, or the patriot's love of his country. He glances at Greece with ſome ironical ſarcaſms, in ſeveral parts of this paſſage;

Th' extreme of cultivated lands ſurvey,
The painted Scythians, and the realms of day;
All trees allotted keep their ſeveral coaſts,
India alone the ſable ebon boaſts;
Sabaea bears the branch of frankincenſe.
And ſhall I ſing, how teeming trees diſpenſe
Rich fragrant balms in many a trickling tear,
With ſoft Acanthus' berries, never ſear?
From Aethiop woods, where woolly leaves increaſe,
How Syrians comb the vegetable fleece?
Or ſhall I tell how India hangs her woods,
Bound of this earth, o'er Ocean's unknown floods?
Where to ſuch height the trees gigantic grow,
That far they leave the ſounding ſhaft below,
Tho' ſkiil'd the natives are to bend the bow.
The Median fields rich citron fruits produce,
Tho' harſh the taſte, and clammy be the juice;
Bleſt antidote! which, when in evil hour
The ſtep-dame mixes herbs of poiſonous power,
And crowns the bowl with many a mutter'd ſpell,
Will from the veins the direful draught expell.
Large is the trunk, and laurel-like its frame,
And 'twere a laurel, were its ſcent the ſame.
Its laſting leaf each roaring blaſt defies,
Tenacious of the ſtem its flourets riſe:
Hence a more wholeſome breath the Medes receive,
And of pale fires the lab'ring lungs relieve.
But neither Media's groves, her teeming mold,
Fair Ganges' flood, nor Hermus thick with gold;

paſſage; particularly he ſeems to laugh at ſome of their abſurd ſtories: in theſe lines,

Haec loca non tauri ſpirantes naribus ignem
Invertêre, ſatis inmanis dentibus hydri,

he alludes to the famous ſtory of Jaſon. Mr. Thomſon has finely imitated theſe praiſes of Italy in his Seaſons, where he celebrates Great Britain. See his Summer.

Laudibus Italiae certent: non Bactra, neque Indi,
Totaque turiferis Panchaïa pinguis arenis.
Haec loca non tauri ſpirantes naribus ignem
Invertêre, ſatis inmanis dentibus hydri;
Nec galeis, denſiſque virûm ſeges horruit haſtis:
Sed gravidae fruges, et Bacchi Maſſicus humor
Inplevere: tenent oleae armentaque laeta.
Hinc bellator equus campo ſeſe arduus infert:
Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxuma taurus
Victima, ſaepe tuo perfuſi flumine ſacro,
Romanos ad templa deûm duxere triumphos.
Hic ver adſiduum, atque alienis menſibus aeſtas:
Bis gravidae pecudes, bis pomis utilis arbos.
At rabidae tigres abſunt, et ſaeva leonum
Semina: nec miſeros fallunt aconita legentis;
Nec rapit inmenſos orbis per humum, neque tanto
Squameus in ſpiram tractu ſe conligit anguis.
Adde tot egregias urbis, operumque laborem,
Tot congeſta manu praeruptis oppida ſaxis;
Fluminaque antiquos ſubterlabentia muros.
An mare, quod ſupra, memorem, quodque adluit infra,

181. *Clitumnus.*] Now called *Clitumno*; it riſes a little below the village of Campello in Ombria. The inhabitants near this river ſtill retain a notion, that its waters are attended with a ſupernatural property, imagining that it makes the cattle white that drink of it; a quality for which it is likewiſe celebrated by many of the Latin poets. See MELMOTH's Pliny, p. 455.

196. *With towns—cliffs.*] Among other inſtances of the happineſs of Italy, Virgil mentions its having ſo many towns built on craggy rocks and hills. There were more formerly, and are ſeveral ſtill. In the road from Rome to Naples, you ſee no leſs than four in one view, from the hill on which Piperno now ſtands; reckoning that for one of them. Theſe were very uſeful, of old, for defence, among ſuch a fighting race of people: and are ſo ſtill for their coolneſs, in ſo hot a climate, that they are generally forced to drive their flocks of ſheep up upon the mountains for the ſummer ſeaſon, as they uſually feed them in the ſheltered plains by the ſea-ſide in the winter.
HOLDSWORTH and SPENCE.

198. *Ocean.*] Italy is waſhed on the north ſide by the Adriatic ſea, or gulph of Venice, which is called *mare ſuperum*, or the

Nor all the ſtores Panchaia's glebe expands,
Where ſpices overflow the fragrant ſands;
Nor Bactrian, nor Arabian fields can vie
With the bleſt ſcenes of beauteous Italy.
Bulls breathing fire her furrows ne'er have known,
Ne'er with the dreadful dragon's teeth were ſown,
Whence ſprung an iron crop, an armed train,
With helm and ſpear embattell'd on the plain.
But plenteous corn ſhe boaſts, and gen'rous wine,
The luſcious olive, and the joyful kine.
Hence o'er the plain the warrior-ſteed elate,
Prances with portly pace in martial ſtate;
Hence ſnowy flocks waſh'd in thy ſacred ſtream,
Clitumnus, and of victims the ſupreme
The mighty bull, have led, thro' ſhouting trains,
Rome's pompous triumphs to the lofty fanes.
The fields here ſpring's perpetual beauties crown,
Here ſummer ſhines in ſeaſons not her own.
Twice teem the cattle each revolving year,
And twice the trees their bluſhing burthen bear.
Nor here the tygreſs rears her rav'nous breed,
Far hence is the fell lion's ſavage ſeed;
Nor wretched ſimplers ſpecious weeds invite,
For wholeſome herbs, to crop pale aconite:
Nor ſcaly ſnakes in ſuch vaſt volumes glide,
Nor on a train ſo thick, and ſpires ſo lofty ride.
Add too around what far-fam'd cities riſe,
What ſtately works of daedal artifice!
With tow'red towns here craggy cliffs are crown'd,
Here rivers roll old moſs-grown ramparts round.
And ſhall my ſong her two-fold ocean boaſt,
That pours its riches forth on either coaſt?

the upper ſea; and on the ſouth ſide by the *Tyrrhene* or Tuſcan ſea, which is called *mare inferum*, or the lower ſea. The Larius is a great lake at the foot of the Alps in the Milaneſe, now called, *Lago di Como*. The Benacus is another great lake in

An ne lacus tantos? te, Lari maxime, teque,
Fluctibus et fremitu adsurgens, Benace, marino?
An memorem portus, Lucrinoque addita clauſtra:
Atque indignatum magnis ſtridoribus aequor,
Julia qua ponto longe ſonat unda refuſo,
Tyrrhenuſque fretis inmittitur aeſtus Avernis?
Haec eadem argenti rivos, aeriſque metalla
Oſtendit venis, atque auro plurima fluxit.
Haec genus acre virûm Marſos, pubemque Sabellam,
Adſuetumque malo Ligurem, Volſcoſque verutos
Extulit: haec Decios, Marios, magnoſque Camillos:
Scipiadas duros bello: et te, maxime Caeſar:
Qui nunc extremis Aſiae jam victor in oris
Inbellem avertis Romanis arcibus Indum.
Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus;
Magna virûm: tibi res antiquae laudis et artis
Ingredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontis,
Aſcraeumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.
Nunc locus arvorum ingeniis: quae robora cuique,
Quis color, et quae ſit rebus natura ferendis.
Difficiles primum terrae, colleſque maligni,
Tenuis ubi argilla, et dumoſis calculus arvis,
Palladia gaudent ſilva vivacis olivae.

in the Veroneſe, now called *Lago di Garda*; out of which flows the Mincius, on the banks of which our poet was born. Lucrinus and Avernus are two lakes of Campania; the former of which was almoſt wholly deſtroyed by an earthquake, but the latter is ſtill remaining, and now called *Lago d'Averno*.

214. *The Scipios.*] The elder Scipio delivered his country from the invaſion of Hannibal, by transferring the war into Africa; where he ſubdued the Carthaginians, impoſed a tribute upon them, and took hoſtages. Hence he had the ſurname of Africanus, and the honour of a triumph. The younger Scipio triumphed for the concluſion of the third Punic war, by the total deſtruction of Carthage. Hence they were called the thunderbolts of war—*duo fulmina belli Scipiadas.* Aen. 6. Virgil borrows the expreſſion, from Lucretius, *Scipiades belli fulmen.*

218. *All hail.*] The concluſion of Pliny's Natural Hiſtory bears a very near reſemblance to this paſſage, and is very beautiful.

Her ſpacious lakes; firſt mighty Larius, thee?
And thee, Benacus, roaring like a ſea?
Her ports and harbours, and the Lucrine mounds,
From which the beating main indignant bounds;
Where Julius' flood of bonds impatient raves,
And calm Avernus' ſtreights confine the Tuſcan waves?
Her fields with braſs and ſilver veins have glow'd,
Her pregnant rocks with gold abundant flow'd.
She birth to many a race, in battle brave,
The Marſian, and the Sabine ſoldier, gave.
Her's are Liguria's ſons, untaught to yield,
And her's the Volſci, ſkill'd the ſpear to wield;
The Decian hence, and Marian heroes came,
Hence ſprung thy line, Camillus, mighty name:
Hence roſe the Scipios, undiſmay'd in fight,
And thou, great Cæſar, whoſe victorious might,
From Rome's high walls, on Aſia's utmoſt plains,
Aw'd into peace fierce India's rage reſtrains.
All hail, Saturnian ſoil! hail, parent great
Of fruits and mighty men! my lays repeat
For thee this argument of ancient art,
Theſe uſeful toils, rever'd of old, impart;
For thee, I dare unlock the ſacred ſpring,
And thro' the Roman ſtreets Aſcrean numbers ſing.
Next, of each various ſoil the genius hear!
Its colour, ſtrength, what beſt diſpos'd to bear.
Th' unfriendly cliffs, and unprolific ground,
Where clay jejune, and the cold flint abound,
Where buſhes overſpread the ſtubborn field,
Will beſt th' unfading grove of Pallas yield:

tiful. *Ergo in toto orbe et quacunque coeli convexitas vergit, pulcherrima eſt omnium, rebuſque merito principatum obtinens, Italia, rectrix parenſque mundi altera; viris, foeminis, ducibus, militibus, ſervitiis, artium praeſtantiâ, ingeniorum claritatibus, jam ſitu ac ſalubritate coeli atque temperie, acceſſu cunctarum gentium facili, littoribus portuoſis, benigno ventorum afflatu.* The whole paſſage is worth the reader's peruſal.

Indicio eſt, tractu ſurgens oleaſter eodem
Plurimus, et ſtrati baccis ſilveſtribus agri.
At quae pinguis humus, dulcique uligine laeta,
Quique frequens herbis et fertilis ubere campus,
Qualem ſaepe cava montis convalle ſolemus
Diſpicere: huc ſummis liquuntur rupibus amnes,
Felicemque trahunt limum: quique editus Auſtro,
Et ſilicem curvis inviſam paſcit aratris:
Hic tibi praevalidas olim multoque fluentes
Sufficiet baccho vitis: hic fertilis uvae,
Hic laticis, qualem pateris libamus et auro,
Inflavit cum pinguis ebur Tyrrhenus ad aras,
Lancibus et pandis fumantia reddimus exta.
Sin armenta magis ſtudium vituloſque tueri,
Aut foetus ovium, aut urentis culta capellas:
Saltus, et ſaturi petito longinqua Tarenti,
Et qualem infelix amiſit Mantua campum,
Paſcentem niveos herboſo flumine cycnos.
Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina decrunt:
Et quantum longis carpent armenta diebus,
Exigua tantum gelidus ros nocte reponet.
Nigra fere, et preſſo pinguis ſub vomere terra,
Et cui putre ſolum, (namque hoc imitamur arando)
Optuma frumentis. non ullo ex aequore cernes
Plura domum tardis decedere plauſtra juvencis:
Aut unde iratus ſilvam devexit arator,
Et nemora evertit multos ignava per annos,
Antiquaſque domos avium cum ſtirpibus imis
Eruit: illae altum nidis petiere relictis.

Here the wild olive woods luxuriant ſhoot,
And all the plains are ſtrewn with ſylvan fruit.
But the rich ſoil with genial force endu'd,
All green with graſs, with moiſture ſweet bedew'd,
Such as we oft ſurvey from cavern'd hills,
Whence many a ſtream deſcends in dripping rills,
And with rich ooze the fatt'ning valley fills;
Or that which feels the balmy ſouthern air,
And feeds the fern unfriendly to the ſhare;
Ere long will vines of luſtieſt growth produce,
And big with bounteous Bacchus' choiceſt juice,
Will give the grape, in ſolemn ſacrifice,
Whoſe purple ſtream the golden goblet dies;
When the fat Tuſcan's horn has call'd the god,
And the full chargers bend beneath the ſmoking load.
But bullocks would you rear, and herds of cows,
Or ſheep, or goats that crop the budding boughs;
Seek rich Tarentum's plains, a diſtant coaſt,
And fields like thoſe my luckleſs Mantua loſt;
His ſilver-pinion'd ſwans where Mincio feeds,
As ſlow they ſail among the wat'ry weeds.
There for thy flocks freſh fountains never fail,
Undying verdure cloaths the graſſy vale;
And what is crop'd by day, the night renews,
Shedding refreſhful ſtores of cooling dews.
A ſable mold and fat beneath the ſhare,
That crumbles to the touch, of texture rare,
And (what our art effects) by nature looſe,
Will the beſt growth of foodful gain produce:
And from no field, beneath pale evening's ſtar
With heavier harveſts fraught, returns the nodding car.
Or elſe the plain, from which the ploughman's rage
Has fell'd the foreſt, hoar through many an age,
And tore the tall trees from their ancient baſe,
Long the dark covert of the feathery race;

At rudis enituit impulso vomere campus.
Nam jejuna quidem clivosi glarea ruris
Vix humilis apibus casias roremque ministrat:
Et tophus scaber, et nigris exesa chelydris
Creta, negant alios aeque serpentibus agros
Dulcem ferre cibum, et curvas praebere latebras.
Quae tenuem exhalat nebulam, fumosque volucris;
Et bibit humorem, et, cum volt, ex se ipsa remittit.
Quaeque suo semper viridi se gramine vestit,
Nec scabie et salsa laedit robigine ferrum;
Illa tibi laetis intexet vitibus ulmos:
Illa ferax oleo est: illam experiere colendo,
Et facilem pecori, et patientem vomeris unci,
Talem dives arat Capua, et vicina Vesevo
Ora jugo, et vacuis Clanius non aequus Acerris.
Nunc, quo quamque modo possis cognoscere, dicam.
Rara sit, an supra morem si densa, requiras;
Altera frumentis quoniam favet, altera baccho;
Densa magis cereri, rarissima quaeque lyaeo:
Ante locum capies oculis, alteque jubebis
In solido puteum demitti, omnemque repones
Rursus humum, et pedibus summas aequabis arenas.
Si deerunt, rarum pecorique et vitibus almis
Aptius uber erit. sin in fua posse negabunt

272. *Roremque ministrat.*] *Ros* does not in this place signify *dew*, as Dryden translates it, but *rosemary*. Virgil says that the dry hungry soil (now under consideration) is of so barren a nature, that not even those common plants, casia and rosemary, will grow in it. Dr. Martyn has proved the casia here mentioned not to be the celebrated aromatic casia, but a very vulgar herb. Perhaps the epithet *humilis*, in this place, ought to be construed *mean* or *insignificant*, rather than *low of growth*.

288. *Densa.*] *Densa* signifies such a soil, as will not easily admit the rain, is easily crack'd and apt to gape, and so let in the sun to the root of the vines, and in a manner to strangle the young plants. This therefore must be a hard or stiff soil; *rara*, lets the showers quite through, and is apt to be dry'd up with the sun. Therefore this must be a loose soil. See Dr. Martyn,

Baniſh'd their bow'rs, abroad they mount in air,
While ſhines the recent glebe beneath the ſhare.
For the lean gravel of the ſloping field,
And mould'ring ſtones, where ſnakes their manſions build,
Where in dark windings filthy reptiles breed,
And find ſweet food their lurking young to feed;
To bees ungenial, ſcarcely will ſupply
Their caſia-flow'rs, and dewy roſemary.
In that bleſt ground, which from its opening chinks,
At will, a ſteaming miſt emits, or drinks;
Which blooms with native graſs for ever fair,
Nor blunts with eating ruſt the gliding ſhare,
Round thy tall elms the joyous vines ſhall weave;
And floods of luſcious oil thy olives give;
This, with due culture, thou ſhalt ſurely find
Obedient to thy plough, and to thy cattle kind.
Such fertile lands rich Capua's peaſants till,
And ſuch the ſoil beneath Veſevus' hill;
And that, where o'er Acerrae's proſtrate tow'rs
Clanius his ſwelling tide too fiercely pours.
Rules to know different ſoils I next diſpenſe;
How to diſtinguiſh from the rare the denſe.
This beſt for vines, that golden grain approves,
Ceres, the denſe; the rare Lyaeus loves.
Firſt chooſe a ſpot that's for the purpoſe fit,
Then dig the ſolid earth; and ſink a pit;
Next, to its bed th' ejected ſoil reſtore,
And preſs with trampling feet the ſurface o'er;
If the mold fail, 'tis light; that ſoil inclines
To fatten herds, and ſwell thy cluſter'd vines.

Martyn, who grounds this interpretation on Julius Graecinus, as he is quoted by Columella.

289. *Chooſe.*] It is extremely difficult to make this experiment, which is told with great dignity in the Latin, read gracefully and agreeably in a tranſlation, particularly the animated expreſſions, *negabunt ire loca, et ſuperabit terra.*

Ire loca, et ſcrobibus ſuperabit terra repletis,
Spiſſus ager: glebas cunctantis craſſaque terga
Exſpecta, et validis terram proſcinde juvencis.
Salſa autem tellus, et quae perhibetur amara,
Frugibus infelix (ea nec manſueſcit arando,
Nec baccho genus, aut pomis ſua nomina ſervat)
Tale dabit ſpecimen. tu ſpiſſo vimine qualos,
Colaque praelorum fumoſis deripe tectis.
Huc ager ille malus, dulceſque à fontibus undae
Ad plenum calcentur. aqua eluctabitur omnis
Scilicet, et grandes ibunt per vimina guttae.
At ſapor indicium faciet manifeſtus, et ora
Triſtia tentantum ſenſu torquebit amaror.
Pinguis item quae ſit tellus, hoc denique pacto
Diſcimus. haud umquam manibus jactata fatiſcit,
Sed picis in morem ad digitos lenteſcit habendo.
Humida majores alit herbas, ipſaque juſto
Laetior. ah nimium ne ſit mihi fertilis illa,
Neu ſe praevalidam primis oſtendat ariſtis!
Quae gravis eſt, ipſo tacitam ſe pondere prodit;
Quaeque levis. promptum eſt oculis praediſcere nigram,
Et quis cui color. at ſceleratum exquirere frigus
Difficile eſt: piceae tantum, taxique nocentes
Interdum, aut ederae pandunt veſtigia nigrae.
His animadverſis, terram multo ante memento
Excoquere, et magnos ſcrobibus concidere montis,
Ante ſupinatas aquiloni oſtendere glebas,
Quam laetum infodias vitis genus. optima putri
Arva ſolo: id venti curant, gelidaeque pruinae,
Et labefacta movens robuſtus jugera foſſor.

309. *Bitter.*] *Amaror* is in the ſtyle of Lucretius, and the true reading; though many read *amaro*, making it agree with *ſenſu*. SERVIUS.

311. *It ſticks.*] *Ad digitos lenteſcit habendo*, cannot ſtartle a delicate ear ſo much as muſt the tranſlation of that expreſſion from

But o'er the pit repleniſh'd, if the ground
Still riſe, and in ſuperfluous heaps abound,
O'er the thick glebe let ſturdy bullocks toil,
Cleave the compacted clods and ſluggiſh ſoil.
But earth that's bitter, or with ſalt imbu'd,
Too wild for culture, for the plough too rude,
Where apples boaſt no more their purple hues,
And drooping Bacchus yields degen'rate juice,
May thus be known: Of twigs a baſket twine
Like that from whence is ſtrain'd the recent wine;
This with the ſoil and cryſtal water fill,
Then ſqueeze the maſs, while thro' the twigs diſtil
The big round drops in many a trickling rill;
Soon ſhall its nature from its taſte appear,
And the wry mouth the bitter juice declare.
We learn from hence a fat and viſcid land;
It ſticks like pitch uncrumbled to the hand;
The moiſter mold a rank luxuriance feeds,
Of lengthen'd graſs, and tall promiſcuous weeds;
O may be mine no over-fertile plain,
That ſhoots too ſtrongly forth its early grain!
The light and heavy in the balance try,
The black and other colours ſtrike the eye;
Not ſo the cold; lo! there dark ivy ſpreads,
Or yews on pitch-trees lift their gloomy heads.
Theſe rules obſerv'd, expoſe the clods to dry,
Bak'd and concocted by the northern ſky.
Trench deep, and turn the ſoil, before ye place
The tender vines, a joy-diffuſing race;
Fat molds grow mellow by the delver's pains,
By fanning winds and froſts, and cooling rains.

from the ſingle circumſtance, of a vulgar idea being quite concealed in any dead language.

At ſi quos haud ulla viros vigilantia fugit ;
Ante locum ſimilem exquirunt, ubi prima paretur
Arboribus ſeges, et quo mox digeſta feratur,
Mutatam ignorent ſubito ne ſemina matrem.
Quin etiam caeli regionem in cortice ſignant :
Ut, quo quaeque modo ſteterit, qua parte calores
Auſtrinos tulerit, quae terga obverterit axi,
Reſtituant. adeo in teneris conſueſcere multum eſt.
Collibus, an plano melius ſit ponere vitem,
Quaere prius. ſi pinguis agros metabere campi,
Denſa fere : in denſo non ſegnior ubere bacchus.
Sin, tumulis adclive ſolum colliſque ſupinos,
Indulge ordinibus : nec ſecius omnis in unguem
Arboribus poſitis ſecto via limite quadret.
Ut ſaepe ingenti bello cum longa cohortis
Explicuit legio, et campo ſtetit agmen aperto,
Directaeque acies, ac late fluctuat omnis
Aere renidenti tellus, nec dum horrida miſcent

327.] Columella ſays the trenches ſhould be dug a year beforehand. Mr. Heidſworth uſed to ſay, that Columella's treatiſe on huſbandry was by much the beſt comment on Virgil's Georgics, that he knew of. SPENCE.

327. *Two ſoils.*] Having explained the ſeveral ſorts of ſoil, ſays Martyn, he proceeds to give ſome inſtructions concerning the planting of vines ; and ſpeaks of the trenches to be made to receive the plants out of the nurſery ; of taking care that the nurſery and the vineyard's ſhould have a like ſoil, and that the plants ſhould be ſet with the ſame aſpect which they had in the nurſery.

346. *As in juſt ranks.*] Virgil, ſays Dr. Martyn, does not mean the form of a *Quincunx* in this deſcription, but that you ſhould plant your vines in a ſquare in the following order :

* * * * *
* * * * *
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As Virgil compares the diſpoſition of the trees in a vineyard, to an army drawn up in battle array, 'tis evident that he muſt mean this figure. The Romans uſually allowed three foot

But hinds of greater diligence and care,
Two ſoils, of genius ſimilar prepare,
Leſt the fond offſpring its chang'd mother mourn,
And genial lap whence ſuddenly 'tis torn:
Thus plants from infancy to ſtrength arrive,
And in a kindred ſoil, tranſplanted thrive.
Beſides their former ſite they nicely mark,
With ſharpen'd knife upon the yielding bark;
And place them as before they ſtood inclin'd
To the hot ſouth, or bluſtering northern wind:
Such is the ſtrength of cuſtom, ſuch appears
The force of habits gain'd in tender years.
Conſider, firſt, if beſt the vine will grow
On the high hill, or in the valley low.
If on rich plains extends thy level ground,
Thick ſet thy plants, and Bacchus will abound;
If on a gentle hill or ſloping bank,
In meaſur'd ſquares exact your vineyards rank;
Each narrow path and equal opening place,
To front, and anſwer to the croſſing ſpace.
As in juſt ranks, and many an order'd band,
On ſome vaſt plain the Roman legions ſtand,
Before the ſhouting ſquadrons battle join,
And earth reflects the dazzling armour's ſhine,

ſquare for every common ſoldier to manage his arms, that is, ſix foot between each, which is a proper diſtance for the vines in Italy, according to Columella, who ſays the rows ſhould not be wider than ten feet, nor nearer than four.

349. *And earth reflects.*] *Aere renidenti tellus*, ſays the original. This expreſſion is borrowed from Lucretius's *aere renideſcit tellus*. Both theſe poets ſeem to have had Euripides in their eye;

——καταχαλκον ἀπαν
Πεδιον ἀςραπτει. Phaeniſs. ver. 110.

The ſhining beauties of the cluſters of the vines (ſays Dr. Martyn) is finely repreſented by the ſplendor of the brazen arms. I beg for once to diſſent from this learned gentleman, and to obſerve, that this part of the compariſon ſeems too minute, and too much like an Italian conceit, for Virgil to have thought of.

Proelia, ſed dubius mediis Mars errat in armis.
Omnia ſint paribus numeris dimenſa viarum :
Non animum modo uti paſcat proſpectus inanem :
Sed quia non aliter vires dabit omnibus aequas
Terra, neque in vacuum poterunt ſe extendere rami.
Forſitan et ſcrobibus quae ſint faſtigia quaeras.
Auſim vel tenui vitem committere ſulco.
Altior ac terrae penitus defigitur arbos,
Aeſculus in primis : quae quantum vertice ad auras
Aetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.
Ergo non hiemes illam, non flabra, neque imbres
Convellunt. inmota manet, multoſque nepotes,
Multa virûm volvens durando ſaecula vincit.
Tum fortis late ramos et brachia tendens
Huc illuc, media ipſa ingentem ſuſtinet umbram.
Neve tibi ad ſolem vergant vineta cadentem :
Neve inter vites corulum ſere : neve flagella
Summa pete, aut ſumma deſtringe ex arbore plantas :
(Tantus amor terrae) neu ferro laede retuſo
Semina, neve oleae ſilveſtris inſere truncos.
Nam ſaepe incautis paſtoribus excidit ignis,
Qui furtim pingui primum ſub cortice tectus
Robora conprendit, frondeſque elabſus in altas
Ingentem caelo ſonitum dedit. inde ſecutus
Per ramos victor, perque alta cacumina regnat,
Et totum involvit flammis nemus, et ruit atram
Ad caelum picea craſſus caligine nubem :
Praeſertim ſi tempeſtas a vertice ſilvis
Incubuit, glomeratque ferens incendia ventus.

350. *Mars ſternly.*] This is the only ſimile in all this Georgic ; the reaſon of which ſeems to be, that metaphors and ſhort deſcriptions, which are ſo frequent in every part of this Georgic, are of the ſame nature and uſe in poetry, as ſimiles. BENSON.

370. *To the weſt decline.*] 'Tis worth obſerving that the poet has brought together here, more precepts than in any part of all the Georgics ; but it is likewiſe remarkable, that he has placed them very artfully betwixt that fine paſſage juſt mentioned, and another equally beautiful. BENSON.

Mars ſternly ſtalks each equal front betwixt,
Nor yet the fate of either hoſt is fixt:
Ev'n thus, your vines diſpos'd at diſtance due,
Not only ſtrike with joy the gazer's view,
But earth more equal nutriment ſupplies,
The plants find ſpace to ſpread, and vigorous riſe.
Perhaps the depth of trenches you'll demand;
The vine I dare to plant in ſhallow land;
But foreſt-trees that rear their branches higher,
A deeper mold, and wider room require:
Chief the tall Aeſculus, that tow'rs above
Each humbler tree, the monarch of the grove;
High as his head ſhoots lofty to the ſkies,
So deep his root in hell's foundation lies;
While ſtorms and wintry blaſts and driving rain
Beat fiercely on his ſtately top in vain;
Unhurt, unmov'd, he ſtands in hoary ſtate,
For many an age beyond frail mortals' date.
This way and that, his vaſt arms widely ſpread,
He in the midſt ſupports the thick-ſurrounding ſhade.
Nor let thy vineyards to the weſt decline;
Nor hazles plant amid the joyous vine;
No ſcions pluck a-top, but near the roots;
Nor wound with blunted ſteel the red'ning ſhoots;
Nor let wild olives (noxious plants!) be found
Nigh to thoſe ſpots where luſcious grapes abound:
For oft from heedleſs ſhepherds falls a ſpark,
Which lurking firſt beneath the unctuous bark,
Seizes the ſolid tree; with dreadful roar
The flames thro' catching leaves and branches ſoar,
Swift thro' the crackling wood triumphant fly,
And hurl the pitchy clouds into the darken'd ſky.
But moſt they ravage, if the roaring wind
With doubled rage ſhould riſe, with fire combin'd;

376. *Falls a ſpark.*] This fine deſcription of a fire raging among the vines and their ſupporters, judiciouſly relieves the dryneſs of the Didactic lines preceding.

Hoc ubi; non a ſtirpe valent, caeſaeque reverti
Poſſunt, atque ima ſimiles revireſcere terra:
Infelix ſuperat foliis oleaſter amaris.
Nec tibi tam prudens quiſquam perſuadeat auctor,
Tellurem Borea rigidam ſpirante moveri.
Rura gelu tum claudit hiems: nec ſemine jacto
Concretam patitur radicem adfigere terrae.
Optima vinetis ſatio, cum vere rubenti
Candida venit avis longis inviſa colubris:
Prima vel auctumni ſub frigora, cum rapidus Sol
Nondum hiemem contingit equis. jam praeterit aeſtas.
Ver adeo frondi nemorum, ver utile ſilvis:
Vere tument terrae, et genitalia ſemina poſcunt.
Tum pater omnipotens fecundis imbribus Aether
Conjugis in gremium laetae deſcendit, et omnes
Magnus alit, magno conmixtus corpore, foetus.
Avia tum reſonant avibus virgulta canoris,
Et venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus:
Parturit almus ager, Zephyrique tepentibus auris
Laxant arva ſinus. ſuperat tener omnibus humor;
Inque novos ſoles audent ſe germina tuto
Credere: nec metuit ſurgentis pampinus Auſtros,
Aut actum caelo magnis Aquilonibus imbrem:
Sed trudit gemmas, et frondis explicat omnis.
Non alios prima creſcentis origine mundi
Inluxiſſe dies, aliumve habuiſſe tenorem
Crediderim. ver illud erat: ver magnus agebat
Orbis, et hibernis parcebant flatibus Euri:

394. *In ſpring.*] There are few paſſages in the Georgics more charming than this deſcription of ſpring. He ſtrives hard to excel Lucretius, but I am afraid it cannot be ſaid that he has done it. The *conjugis in gremium* is evidently taken from

In gremium matris terrai praecipitavit.

And the following lines of the ſame writer, to whom Virgil is

No vines, hereafter, ſow'd, or prun'd, will thrive;
The bitter-leav'd wild olives ſole ſurvive.
Let none perſuade to plant, in winter hoar,
When rigid Boreas' ſpirit bluſters frore;
Winter the pores of earth ſo cloſely binds,
No paſſage the too tender fibre finds;
Plant beſt the vines, in bluſhing ſpring's freſh bloom,
When the white bird, the dread of ſnakes, is come:
Or in cool autumn, when the ſummer's paſt,
Ere Phoebus' ſteeds to the cold tropic haſte.
In ſpring, in bluſhing ſpring, the woods reſume
Their leafy honours, and their fragrant bloom;
Earth ſwells with moiſture all her teeming lands,
A genial fructifying ſeed demands;
Almighty Jove deſcends, more full of life,
On the warm boſom of his kindling wife;
The birds with muſic fill the pathleſs groves,
Stung by deſire the beaſts renew their loves;
The buried grain appears, the fields unbind
Their pregnant boſoms to the weſtern wind;
The ſpringing graſs to truſt this ſeaſon dares;
No tender vine the gathering tempeſts fears,
By the black north or roaring Auſter roll'd,
But ſpreads her leaves, and bids her gems unfold.
Such were the days, the ſeaſon was the ſame,
When firſt aroſe this world's all-beauteous frame;
The ſky was cloudleſs, balmy was the air,
And ſpring's mild influence made young nature fair:

is indeed infinitely obliged, are very fine; he is likewiſe ſpeaking of the genial influence of the ſpring:

Hinc laetas urbes pueris florere videmus,
Frondiferaſque novis avibus canere undique ſylvas.
Hinc feſſae pecudes pingues per pabula laeta
Corpora deponunt, et candens lacteus humor
Uberibus manat diſtentis; hinc nova proles
Artibus infirmis teneras laſciva per herbas
Ludit lacte mero, mentes percuſſa novellas.

404. The aſcribing boldneſs and fear to trees is highly poetical.

Cum primae lucem pecudes hauſere, virûmque
Ferrea progenies duris caput extulit arvis,
Inmiſſaeque ferae ſilvis, et ſidera caelo.
Nec res hunc tenerae poſſent perferre laborem,
Si non tanta quies iret friguſque caloremque
Inter, et exciperet caeli indulgentia terras.
Quod ſupereſt, quaecumque premes virgulta per agros,
Sparge ſimo pingui, et multa memor occule terra :
Aut lapidem bibulum, aut ſqualentis infode conchas.
Inter enim labentur aquae, tenuiſque ſubibit
Halitus, atque animos tollent ſata. jamque reperti,
Qui ſaxo ſuper, atque ingentis pondere teſtae
Urguerent : hoc effuſos munimen ad imbris :
Hoc, ubi hiulca ſiti findit Canis aeſtifer arva.
Seminibus poſitis, ſupereſt deducere terram
Saepius ad capita, et duros jactare bidentis :
Aut preſſo exercere ſolum ſub vomere, et ipſa
Flectere luctantis inter vineta juvencos.
Tum levis calamos, et raſae haſtilia virgae,
Fraxineaſque aptare ſudes, furcaſque bicornis :
Viribus eniti quarum, et contemnere ventos
Adſueſcant, ſummaſque ſequi tabulata per ulmos.
Ac, dum prima novis adoleſcit frondibus actas,
Parcendum teneris : et dum ſe laetus ad auras

415. *Stars.*] This ſeems to be oddly put together at firſt ſight. The foreſts were ſtock'd with beaſts, and the heavens with conſtellations. It was not ſo in thoſe times, when the conſtellations were generally conſidered as real animals, and many of them as men, but moſt of them as beaſts. The prologue to Plautus's Rudens is ſpoken by Arcturus, as one of the *Dramatis Perſonae*. SPENCE.

422. *Pebbles hide.*] Mr. Evelyn mentions the placing potſherds, pebbles, or flints near the root of the ſtem; but then he adds, remember you remove them after a competent time, elſe the vermin, ſnails, and inſects, which they produce and ſhelter, will gnaw and greatly injure their bark; and therefore to lay a coat of moiſt rotten litter with a little earth upon it, will preſerve it moiſt in ſummer, and warm in winter, enriching the ſhowers and dews that ſtrain thro' it.

EVELYN of Foreſt Trees.

When cattle firſt o'er new-born mountains ſpread,
And man, an iron race, uprear'd his hardy head:
When beaſts thro' pathleſs brakes began to prowl,
And glittering ſtars thro' heav'n's blue concave roll.
Nor could this infant world ſuſtain th' extremes
Of piercing winter, and hot Sirius' beams,
Did not kind Heav'n, the fierce exceſs between,
Bid gentler ſpring's ſoft ſeaſon intervene.
Now, when you bend the layers to the ground,
Caſt fatt'ning dung and copious mold around;
Or near the roots rough ſhells and pebbles hide,
Thro' which the foſtering rains may gently glide;
Thro' which may ſubtle vapours penetrate,
And to large growth the tendrils inſtigate.
There are, with weights of ſtone who preſs the roots,
Beſt ſafeguard to the plants, and future fruits,
Both in immoderate ſhowers, or ſummer's heat,
When Sirius' beams on the parcht vineyard beat.
About the roots oft turn the neighb'ring ſoil,
And urge the drag and hough with frequent toil;
Or introduce thy plough's unwieldy load,
And 'twixt thy vines the ſtruggling bullocks goad.
Then the ſmooth cane, the forky aſh prepare,
Auxiliar pole, and ſtrong ſupporting ſpear;
Aſſiſted thus, the luſty plants deſpiſe
The ſhattering whirlwinds, and the ſtormy ſkies,
And to the tall elm's top by juſt gradations riſe.
The new-born buds, the tender foliage ſpare;
The ſhoots that vigorous dart into the air,

436. *Aſſiſted thus.*] The word *tabulata* in the original ſignifies the branches of elms extended at proper diſtances to ſuſtain the vines.

440. *Dart into the air.*] The original ſays, *laxis per purum immiſſus habenis:* this expreſſion is doubtleſs extremely bold and ſtrong, but the poet had the authority of his maſter Lucretius.

Creſcendi magnum immiſſis certamen habenis.

Palmes agit, laxis per purum inmiſſus habenis,
Ipſa acies nondum falcis tentanda, ſed uncis
Carpendae manibus frondes, interque legendae.
Inde ubi jam validis amplexae ſtirpibus ulmos
Exierint, tum ſtringe comas, tum brachia tonde.
Ante reformidant ferrum: tum denique dura
Exerce imperia, et ramos conpeſce fluentis.
Texendae ſepes etiam, et pecus omne tenendum:
Praecipue dum frons tenera inprudenſque laborum:
Cui, ſuper indignas hiemes ſolemque potentem,
Silveſtres uri aſſidue capreaeque ſequaces
Inludunt: paſcuntur oves avidaeque juvencae.
Frigora nec tantum cana concreta pruina,
Aut gravis incumbens ſcopulis arentibus aeſtus,
Quantum illi nocuere greges, durique venenum
Dentis, et admorſo ſignata in ſtirpe cicatrix.
Non aliam ob culpam Baccho caper omnibus aris
Caeditur, et veteres ineunt proſcenia ludi:
Praemiaque ingeniis pagos et compita circum
Theſidae poſuere, atque inter pocula laeti
Mollibus in pratis unctos ſaliere per utres.
Nec non Auſonii, Troja gens miſſa, coloni
Verſibus incomtis ludunt, riſuque ſoluto;
Oraque corticibus ſumunt horrenda cavatis:
Et te, Bacche, vocant per carmina laeta, tibique
Oſcilla ex alta ſuſpendunt mollia pinu.

460. *Hence on the lofty ſtage.*] The antient theatre was a ſemicircular building, appropriated to the acting of plays, the name being derived from θεαομαι to behold. It was divided into the following parts. 1. The *porticus*, *ſcalae*, *ſedilia*; the rows of *ſedilia*, or ſeats, were called *cunei*, becauſe they were formed like wedges, growing narrower, as they came nearer the center of the theatre; and theſe were all diſpoſed about the circumference of the theatre. 2. The orcheſtra, ſo called from ορχεισθαι to dance: it was the inner part, or center of the theatre, and the loweſt of all, and hollow, whence the whole open ſpace of the theatre was called *cavea*. Here ſat the ſenators, and here were the dancers and muſic. 3. The *proſcenium*, which was a place drawn from one horn of the heatre

Diſdaining bonds, all free, and full of life,
O dare not wound too ſoon with ſharpen'd knife!
Inſert your bending fingers, gently cull
The roving ſhoots, and red'ning branches pull:
But when they claſp their elms with ſtrong embrace,
Lop the luxuriant boughs, a lawleſs race;
Ere this, they dread the ſteel; now, now, reclaim
The flowing branches, the bold wand'rers tame.
Guard, too, from cattle thy new-planted ground,
And infant-vines that ill can bear a wound:
For not alone by winter's chilling froſt,
Or ſummer's ſcorching beam the young are loſt;
But the wild buffaloes and greedy cows,
And goats and ſportive kids the branches browze;
Not piercing colds, nor Sirius' beams that beat
On the parcht hills, and ſplit their tops with heat,
So deeply injure, as the nibbling flocks,
That wound with venom'd teeth the tender, fearful ſtocks.
Hence is the goat on Bacchus' altar laid,
Hence on the lofty ſtage are fables play'd.
Th' Athenians firſt to rival wits decreed,
In ſtreets and villages the poet's meed;
The feaſt with mirth and foaming goblets kept,
And on the goat-ſkin bladders rudely leapt.
Nor leſs th' Auſonian ſwains deriv'd from Troy,
Sport in rough numbers and unwieldy joy;
Their hollow vizards ſcoop from barks of trees,
And ſtain their ghaſtly maſks with purple lees;
Bacchus, on thee they call, in hymns divine,
And hang thy ſtatues on the lofty pine:

theatre to the other, between the orcheſtra and the ſcene, being higher than the orcheſtra, and lower than the ſcene: here the comic and tragic actors ſpoke and acted upon an elevated place, which was called the *pulpitum*, or ſtage. 4. The ſcene was the oppoſite part to the audience, decorated with pictures and columns, and originally with trees, to ſhade the actors, when they performed in the open air. 5. *Proſcenium*, or part behind the ſcenes. RUAEUS.

Hinc omnis largo pubeſcit vinea foetu :
Conplentur valleſque cavae ſaltuſque profundi,
Et quocumque Deus circum caput egit honeſtum.
Ergo rite ſuos Baccho dicemus honores
Carminibus patriis, lanceſque et liba feremus ;
Et ductus cornu ſtabit ſacer hircus ad aram,
Pinguiaque in verubus torquebimus exta colurnis.
Eſt etiam ille labor curandis vitibus alter :
Cui numquam exhauſti ſatis eſt. namque omne quotannis
Terque quaterque ſolum ſcindendum, glebaque verſis
Aeternum frangenda bidentibus : omne levandum
Fronde nemus. redit agricolis labor actus in orbem,
Atque in ſe ſua per veſtigia volvitur annus.
Ac jam olim feras poſuit cum vinea frondis,
Frigidus et ſilvis Aquilo decuſſit honorem ;
Jam tum acer curas venientem extendit in annum
Ruſticus, et curvo Saturni dente relictam
Perſequitur vitem adtondens, fingitque putando.
Primus humum fodito, primus devecta cremato
Sarmenta, et vallos primus ſub tecta referto :
Poſtremus metito. bis vitibus ingruit umbra :
Bis ſegetem denſis obducunt ſentibus herbae.
Durus uterque labor. laudato ingentia rura :
Exiguum colito. nec non etiam aſpera ruſci
Vimina per ſilvam, et ripis fluvialis arundo
Caeditur, incultique exercet cura ſalicti.
Jam vinctae vites : jam falcem arbuſta reponunt :
Jam canit effoetus extremos vinitor antes.

473. *The God.*] Virgil ſpeaks of ſome little heads of Bacchus, which the countrymen of old hung up on trees, that the face might turn every way; out of a notion that the regards of this god gave felicity to their vineyards: and Ovid mentions Bacchus's turning his face towards him, as a bleſſing. The former, in a paſſage, which is not very eaſy to be underſtood of itſelf; and for the full underſtanding of which, I was obliged to a gem in the Great Duke's collection at Florence. Virgil on this occaſion ſays, that there is plenty whereever this god turns his beautiful face. Mr. Dryden, in his tranſlation of the words, ſeems to have borrowed his idea of Bacchus

Hence plenty every laughing vineyard fills,
Thro' the deep vallies and the ſloping hills;
Where-e'er the God inclines his lovely face,
More luſcious fruits the rich plantations grace.
Then let us Bacchus' praiſes duly ſing,
And conſecrated cakes, and chargers bring;
Dragg'd by their horns let victim-goats expire,
And roaſt on hazel ſpits before the ſacred fire.
Another toil in dreſſing vines remains,
Unconquerable ſtill by ceaſeleſs pains;
Thrice and four times the ſoil, each rolling year,
The ponderous ploughs, and heavy drags muſt bear;
Leaves muſt be thinn'd: ſtill following in a ring
The months freſh labours to the peaſants bring.
Ev'n when the tree its laſt pale leaves hath ſhed,
And Boreas ſtript the honours of its head,
To the next year the careful farmers look,
And form the plant with Saturn's bending hook.
Dig thou the firſt, and ſhoots ſuperfluous burn,
And homeward firſt the vineyard's ſtakes return;
But, unbetray'd by too impatient haſte,
To reap thy luſcious vintage be the laſt.
Twice noxious weeds, twice ſhade, o'er-run the land,
Whoſe rank increaſe requires the pruner's hand.
To larger vineyards praiſe or wonder yield,
But cultivate a ſmall and manageable field.
Nor fail to cut the broom and watery reed,
And the wild willow of the graſſy mead.
The vines now ty'd with many a ſtrengthening band,
No more the culture of the knife demand.
Glad for his labour paſt and long employ,
At the laſt rank the dreſſer ſings for joy!

Bacchus from the vulgar repreſentations of him on our ſign-poſts, and ſo calls it, [in *downright Engliſh*] *Bacchus's honeſt face.* POLYMETIS, page 130.

502. *At the laſt rank.*] Mr. Benſon complains, that he could not find that the word *antes* in the original, was uſed

Sollicitanda tamen tellus, pulviſque movendus,
Et jam maturis metuendus Juppiter uvis.
Contra, non ulla eſt oleis cultura: neque illae
Procurvam exſpectant falcem raſtroſque tenaces,
Cum ſemel haeſerunt arvis, auraſque tulerunt.
Ipſa ſatis tellus, cum dente recluditur unco,
Sufficit humorem, et gravidas cum vomere fruges.
Hoc pinguem et placitam Paci nutritor olivam.
Poma quoque, ut primum truncos ſenſere valentis,
Et viris habuere ſuas, ad ſidera raptim
Vi propria nituntur, opiſque haud indiga noſtrae.
Nec minus interea foetu nemus omne graveſcit,
Sanguineiſque inculta rubent aviaria baccis.
Tondentur cytiſi, taedas ſilva alta miniſtrat,
Paſcunturque ignes nocturni, ac lumina fundunt.
Et dubitant homines ſerere, atque impendere curam?
Quid majora ſequar? ſalices, humileſque geneſtae,
Aut illae pecori frondem, aut paſtoribus umbras,
Sufficiunt: ſepemque ſatis, et pabula melli.
Et juvat undantem buxo ſpectare Cytorum,
Naryciaeque picis lucos: juvat arva videre,
Non raſtris hominum, non ulli obnoxia curae.

by any other Roman writer, and ſays, that he did not know what to make of it. It undoubtedly ſignifies *ranks* or *files*, and is a metaphor taken from the army. For Cato *de Re Militari*, ſays, *pedites quatuor agminibus, equites duobus antibus duces.*

505. *But happier olives.*] We are now come to a new ſcene. Hitherto Virgil has expatiated on the vine; but now he enters on a very different ſubject. He has ſhewn what endleſs labour the vine requires, and the uncertainty of the product at laſt. Now, ſays he, quite contrary to the vine, the olive requires no labour at all, after it is once well ſettled in the ground. All you need do, is to plough the ſoil about them, and you may be ſure of a crop of olives.

After olives, he goes on to fruit trees; and all the trouble that belongs to them is nothing but ingrafting. Then he proceeds to the wild foreſt fruits, which require no manner of labour; afterwards to the cytiſus, willows, furze, box, and other plants; and laſtly, he declares the uſefulneſs of old decayed trees.

Thus

Yet ſtill muſt he ſubdue, ſtill turn the mold,
And his ripe grapes ſtill fear Jove's piercing cold.
But happier olives aſk nor pains nor care,
When rooted once, they mount into the air,
Nor harrow's teeth, nor arched knives demand,
But ſelf-ſuſtain'd, alone, and vigorous, ſtand.
If crooked teeth juſt make her ſurface looſe,
The earth alone the plants ſupplies with juice;
But if more deep thy ploughs unlock the ſoil,
From the large berries burſt rich floods of oil:
Then ne'er to raiſe the fruitful olive ceaſe,
The plant of Pallas, and the pledge of peace.
And when th' engrafted apples feel their ſtrength,
Their trunks they ſtretch, and doubled is their length;
While ſwift they dart into the lofty ſkies,
Self-nouriſh'd ſtand, nor aſk from man ſupplies.
Nor leſs wild fruits in pathleſs foreſts grow;
And haunts of birds with bluſhing berries glow;
The cytiſus of foodful leaves is ſhorn,
And prudence finds an uſe in ev'ry thorn.
The pitchy pines afford us heat and light,
To cheat the tedious gloom of wintry night.
And can the ſwains ſtill doubt, and ſtill forbear,
To plant, to dig, and cultivate, with care?
Why ſing I trees alone, that loftier riſe?
The lowly broom to cattle, browze ſupplies;
Willows to panting ſhepherds ſhade diſpenſe,
To bees their honey, and to corn defence.
What joy to ſee Cytorus wave with box,
And pines nod aweful on Narycium's rocks!
Fields, that ne'er felt or rake or cleaving ſhare,
Wild above art, diſdaining human care!

Thus he makes this work of univerſal concern. All lands will not bear vines, or corn, or olives; but every land will bear ſomething or other, and by pointing out the produce of the ſeveral kinds of ſoil, he applies himſelf to all ſorts of country people. BENSON.

Ipſae Caucaſio ſteriles in vertice ſilvae,
Quas animoſi Euri aſſiduc franguntque feruntque,
Dant alios aliae foetus : dant utile lignum
Navigiis pinus, domibus cedrumque cupreſſoſque.
Hinc radios trivere rotis, hinc tympana plauſtris
Agricolae, et pandas ratibus poſuere carinas.
Viminibus ſalices fecundae, frondibus ulmi :
At myrtus validis haſtilibus, et bona bello
Cornus : Ituraeos taxi torquentur in arcus.
Nec tiliae leves aut torno raſile buxum
Non formam accipiunt, ferroque cavantur acuto.
Nec non et torrentem undam levis innatat alnus,
Miſſa Pado : nec non et apes examina condunt,
Corticibuſque cavis vitioſaeque ilicis alvo.
Quid memorandum aeque Baccheïa dona tulerunt ?
Bacchus et ad culpam cauſſas dedit. ille furentis
Centauros leto domuit, Rhoetumque, Pholumque,
Et magno Hylaeum Lapithis cratere minantem.
O fortunatos nimium, ſua ſi bona nôrint,
Agricolas ! quibus ipſa, procul diſcordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victum juſtiſſima Tellus.
Si non ingentem foribus domus alta ſuperbis
Mane ſalutantum totis vomit aedibus undam;
Nec varios inhiant pulchra teſtudine poſtes,

541. *Elms, foodful leaves.*] The uſe of the very leaves of this tree, eſpecially of the female, is not to be deſpiſed ; for being ſuffered to dry in the ſun upon the branches, and the ſpray ſtripped off about the decreaſe in Auguſt (as alſo where the ſuckers and ſtolones are ſupernumerary, and hinder the thriving of their nurſes) they will prove a great relief to cattle in winter, and ſcorching ſummers; when hay and fodder is dear, they will eat them before oats, and thrive exceedingly well with them. EVELYN.

550. *The fierce Centaurs.*] This happened at the nuptials of Pirithous, king of the Lapithæ, where a Centaur, aided by his brethren, attempted to raviſh his bride Hippodamia.

552. *Thrice happy ſwains.*] The following deſcription of the pleaſures of a country life is celebrated almoſt to a proverb; it affords the higheſt ideas of Virgil's uncorrupt mind, as well as of

Ev'n the rough woods on Caucaſus ſo bleak,
Which ever-roaring whirlwinds bend and break,
For ſhipping pines afford, thrice uſeful trees,
For houſes, cedars and tall cypreſſes:
Hence peaſants turn their ſpokes; hence orb their wheels,
Hence find for ſwift-wing'd veſſels crooked keels;
Elms, foodful leaves; and twigs, the willows bear;
Cornels and myrtles give the martial ſpear:
The yew obedient to the bender's will,
Forms the ſtrong bows with which the Parthians kill,
And limes and poliſh'd box confeſs the carver's ſkill:
Do'n Po's ſwift torrents the light alders glide,
And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.
What gifts like theſe can Bacchus' fruits beſtow?
To Bacchus crimes and conteſts, mortals owe;
He, the fierce Centaurs, Rhoetus, Pholus ſlew,
And Hyleûs who enrag'd, a maſſy goblet threw.
Thrice happy ſwains! whom genuine pleaſures bleſs,
If they but knew and felt their happineſs!
From wars and diſcord far, and public ſtrife,
Earth with ſalubrious fruits ſupports their life:
Tho' high-arch'd domes, tho' marble halls they want,
And columns cas'd in gold and elephant,
In aweful ranks where brazen ſtatues ſtand,
The poliſh'd works of Grecia's ſkilful hand;
Nor dazzling palace view, whoſe portals proud
Each morning vomit out the cringing crowd;

of his poetry. He has aſſembled here all the moſt ſtriking and beautiful objects of nature. No contraſt was ever worked up more ſtrongly, than this between the city and country life.

553. *Felt their happineſs.*] *Sua ſi bona norint*, is a tender reproach to the Romans for their inſenſibility of being delivered *a diſcordibus armis*, and reſtored to the quiet enjoyment of their poſſeſſions. BENSON.

556. *Tho' high-arch'd domes.*] Virgil hath ſo evidently taken the very turn and manner of expreſſion in theſe lines from a paſſage in his maſter Lucretius, that I cannot forbear inſerting it; and ſhall leave the reader to judge which of the two is moſt beautiful.

Inluſaſque auro veſtis, Ephyreïaque aera;
Alba neque Aſſyrio fucatur lana veneno,
Nec caſia liquidi corrumpitur uſus olivi:
At ſecura quies, et neſcia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; at latis otia fundis,
Speluncae, vivique lacus; at frigida Tempe,
Mugituſque boum, molleſque ſub arbore ſomni
Non abſunt. illic ſaltus ac luſtra ferarum,
Et patiens operum, exiguoque adſueta juventus,
Sacra Deûm, ſanctique patres: extrema per illos
Juſtitia excedens terris veſtigia fecit.
Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Muſae,
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti percuſſus amore,
Accipiant; caelique vias, et ſidera monſtrent:
Defectus ſolis varios, lunaeque labores:
Unde tremor terris: qua vi maria alta tumeſcant
Objicibus ruptis, rurſumque in ſe ipſa reſidant:
Quid tantum Oceano properent ſe tinguere ſoles
Hiberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus obſtet.
Sin, has ne poſſim naturae accedere partes,
Frigidus obſtiterit circum praecordia ſanguis;
Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;
Flumina amem ſilvaſque inglorius. ô, ubi campi,
Sperchеoſque, et virginibus bacchata Lacaenis

Si non aurea ſunt juvenum ſimulacra per aedes,
Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris,
Lumina nocturnis epulis ut ſuppeditentur;
Nec domus argento fulget, auroque renidet:
Attamen inter ſe proſtrati in gramine molli
Propter aquae rivum, ſub ramis arboris altae,
Non magnis opibus jucunde corpora curant. B. 2. 24.

588. *Me may the lowly vales.*] Cowley obſerves upon this paſſage, that the firſt wiſh of Virgil was to be a good philoſopher; the ſecond, a good huſbandman; and God, whom he ſeemed to underſtand better than moſt of the learned heathens, dealt with him juſt as he did with Solomon; becauſe he prayed for wiſdom in the firſt place, he added all things elſe which were ſubordinately to be deſired. He made him one of the beſt philoſophers, and the beſt huſbandman; and to adorn and communicate both thoſe faculties, the beſt poet: he made him beſides all this a rich man, and a man who deſired to be no richer.

Nor wear the tiſſu'd garment's cumb'rous pride,
Nor ſeek ſoft wool in Syrian purple dy'd,
Nor with fantaſtic luxury defile
The native ſweetneſs of the liquid oil;
Yet calm content, ſecure from guilty cares,
Yet home-felt pleaſure, peace, and reſt, are theirs;
Leiſure and eaſe, in groves, and cooling vales,
Grottoes, and bubbling brooks, and darkſom dales;
The lowing oxen, and the bleating ſheep,
And under branching trees delicious ſleep!
There foreſts, lawns, and haunts of beaſts abound,
There youth is temperate, and laborious found;
There altars and the righteous Gods are fear'd,
And aged ſires by duteous ſons rever'd.
There Juſtice linger'd ere ſhe fled mankind,
And left ſome traces of her reign behind!
Take me, ye muſes, your devoted prieſt,
Whoſe charms with holy raptures fire my breaſt!
Teach me the ways of Heav'n, the ſtars to know;
The radiant ſun and moon's eclipſes ſhew;
Whence trembles earth, what force old Ocean ſwells
To burſt his bounds, and backward what repells;
Why wintry ſuns roll down with rapid flight,
And whence delay retards the lingering night.
But if my blood's cold ſtreams, that feebly flow,
Forbid my ſoul great nature's works to know,
Me may the lowly vales, and woodlands pleaſe,
And winding rivers, and inglorious eaſe!
O that I wander'd by Sperchius' flood!
Or on Taygetus' ſacred top I ſtood!

590. *O that I wander'd.*] *O, ubi campi, &c.* It cannot poſſibly be the poet's enquiry where theſe places are ſituated, tho' moſt of the tranſlators take it ſo; but it is an ardent wiſh to be placed in ſuch delightful retreats. Catrou, and the learned M. Huet, biſhop of Avranches, read *O ubi Tempe,* inſtead of *campi,* which is moſt conſiſtent with the paſſage.

Taygeta; ô, qui me gelidis in vallibus Haemi
Siſtat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!
Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſſas:
Atque metus omnis et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, ſtrepitumque Acherontis avari!
Fortunatus et ille, deos qui novit agreſtis,
Panaque, Silvanumque ſenem, Nymphaſque ſorores!
Illum non populi faſces, non purpura regum
Flexit, et infidos agitans diſcordia fratres;
Aut conjurato deſcendens Dacus ab Hiſtro:
Non res Romanae, perituraque regna. neque ille
Aut doluit miſerans inopem, aut invidit habenti.
Quos rami fructus, quos ipſa volentia rura
Sponte tulere ſua, carpſit: nec ferrea jura,
Inſanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.
Sollicitant alii remis freta caeca, ruuntque
In ferrum; penetrant aulas, et limina regum:
Hic petit excidiis urbem, miſeroſque penatis,
Ut gemma bibat, et Sarrano indormiat oſtro.
Condit opes alius, defoſſoque incubat auro.

592. *Haemus.*] The very beſt of the Roman poets copied ſo much after the Greeks, that they ſometimes give us ideas of things, that would be proper enough for a Greek, but ſound quite improper from a Roman. Virgil's and Horace's inſtancing Thrace, as ſo very cold a country, is a ſtrong proof of this. ——Thrace was full north of Greece, and ſome of the Greeks therefore might talk of the coldneſs of that country as ſtrongly, perhaps, as ſome among us talk of the coldneſs of Scotland. The Roman writers ſpeak juſt in the ſame ſtile of the coldneſs of Thrace, tho' a conſiderable part of Italy lay in as northern a latitude, and ſome of it even farther north than Thrace.

SPENCE.

594. *Happy the man.*] Theſe noble lines are undoubtedly a compliment to Lucretius, to whoſe poem Virgil is much indebted, and whoſe ſyſtem muſt lead him to deſpiſe the fears of death and hell: how ſtrongly and poetically is the latter particular expreſſed by the roaring (din or noiſe) of the infernal river Acheron!

604. *He weeps no wretch's.*] The meaning of *nec doluit miſerans inopem* is not, that he looks on diſtreſs and miſery with a

Who, in cold Haemus' vales my limbs will lay,
And in the darkeſt thicket hide from day!
Happy the man, whoſe vigorous ſoul can pierce
Thro' the formation of this univerſe!
Who nobly dares deſpiſe, with ſoul ſedate,
The din of Acheron, and vulgar fears, and fate.
And happy too, tho' humbler, is the man,
Who loves Sylvanus old, the Nymphs, and Pan:
Nor power, nor purple pomp his thoughts engage,
Nor courts and kings, nor faithleſs brothers' rage,
Nor falls of nations, nor affairs of Rome,
Nor Dacians leagu'd in arms, near rapid Iſter's foam:
He weeps no wretch's pitiable ſtate,
Nor looks with pining envy on the great:
The loaded trees, the willing fields afford
Unpurchas'd banquets for his temperate board;
The noiſy people's rage he never ſaw,
Nor frauds and cruelties of iron law.
Some brave the tempeſts of the roaring main,
Or ruſh to dangers, toils, and blood for gain;
Some ravage lands, or crowded cities burn,
Nor heed how many helpleſs widows mourn,
To ſatiate mad ambition's wild deſire,
To quaff in gems, or ſleep on ſilks of Tyre:
This, to ſollicit ſmiles of kings reſorts,
Deep practis'd in the dark cabals of courts;
This, low in earth conceals his ill-got ſtore,
Hov'ring and brooding on his uſeleſs ore:

ſtoical apathy and indifference, but that there is no body in the country (ſo happy are they) to be pitied. BENSON and TRAPP. But I fear this interpretation is groundleſs.

608. *The noiſy people's rage.*] The *tabularium* in the original was the place where the publick records were kept at Rome. It was in the temple of Liberty. CATROU.

615. *To quaff in gems.*] The Romans carried luxury ſo far, as to procure large drinking cups made of *one* entire gem. See inſtances of this kind in Pliny's Natural Hiſtory. *Pocula myrrhina* were common among them. Tyre was anciently called *Sarra*, hence *Sarrano oſtro*.

Hic ſtupet adtonitus Roſtris : hunc plauſus hiantem
Per cuneos (geminatus enim) plebiſque patrumque
Conripuit : gaudent perfuſi ſanguine fratrum ;
Exſilioque domos et dulcia limina mutant ;
Atque alio patriam quaerunt ſub ſole jacentem.
Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro :
Hinc anni labor : hinc patriam parvoſque penatis
Suſtinet ; hinc armenta boum, meritoſque juvencos.
Nec requies, quin aut pomis exuberet annus,
Aut foetu pecorum, aut Cerealis mergite culmi :
Proventuque oneret ſulcos, atque horrea vincat.
Venit hiems ; teritur Sicyonia bacca trapetis,
Glande ſues laeti redeunt, dant arbuta ſilvae :
Et varios ponit foetus auctumnus, et alte
Mitis in apricis coquitur vindemia ſaxis.
Interea dulces pendent circum oſcula gnati :
Caſta pudicitiam ſervat domus. ubera vaccae
Lactea demittunt, pingueſque in gramine laeto
Inter ſe adverſis luctantur cornibus haedi.
Ipſe dies agitat feſtos ; fuſuſque per herbam,
Ignis ubi in medio, et ſocii cratera coronant,
Te libans, Lenaee, vocat : pecoriſque magiſtris
Velocis jaculi certamina ponit in ulmo ;
Corporaque agreſti nudant praedura paleſtrae.
Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini :
Hanc Remus, et frater : ſic fortis Etruria crevit :

641. *His infants.*] *Pendent circum oſcula, hang about his kiſſes,* is an image moſt poetical and well expreſſed; but would not bear a literal tranſlation. The paſſage in Lucretius, from whom this is imitated, has an image ſtill more tender and natural.—He ſays,—*nec dulces occurrunt oſcula nati praeripere.*——which laſt word, repreſenting the children running out to meet their father, and ſtriving which ſhall have the *firſt* kiſs is very beautiful.

652. *The frugal Sabines.*] To raiſe the praiſes of the country life ſtill higher, he tells us, that this was the life their glorious anceſtors, and the firſt founders of their city were ſo fond of. *Virum bonum cum laudabant, ita laudabant bonum agricolam bonum colonum. Ampliſſimè laudari exiſtimabatur qui ita laudabatur,* ſays the venerable old Cato.

One doats with fondneſs on the roſtrum's fame,
To gain the prize of eloquence, his aim:
The people's and patrician's loud applauſe,
To crowded theatres, another draws;
Some ſhed a brother's blood, and trembling run
To diſtant lands, beneath another ſun;
Condemn'd in hopeleſs exile far to roam
From their ſweet country, and their ſacred home.
The happier peaſant yearly ploughs the plains,
His country hence, his houſhold hence ſuſtains;
His milky droves, his much-deſerving ſteers:
Each ſeaſon brings him, in the circling years,
Or bluſhing apples, or increaſe of kine,
Or burſts his barns with Ceres' gifts divine.
Preſt are his Sicion olives in the mills,
His ſwine with fat'ning maſt the foreſt fills,
In winter wild: and yellow autumn crowns
With various fruits his farms and ſmiling grounds,
While every rocky mountain's ſunny ſide
The melting grapes with livid ripeneſs hide.
He feels the father's and the huſband's bliſs,
His infants climb, and ſtruggle for a kiſs;
His modeſt houſe ſtrict chaſtity maintains,
Nor breach of marriage-vows his nuptials ſtains;
Fat are the kine, with milk o'er-flow the pails,
His kids in ſportive battles ſkim the vales:
The jocund maſter keeps the ſolemn days,
To thee, great Bacchus, due libations pays;
Around the chearful hearth unbends his ſoul,
And crowns amid his friends the flowing bowl;
Diſtributes prizes to the ſtrong-nerv'd ſwains,
Who beſt can dart or wreſtle on the plains.
The frugal Sabines thus their acres till'd,
Thus Remus and his brother lov'd the field:

Scilicet et rerum facta eſt pulcherrima Roma,
Septemque una ſibi muro circumdedit arces.
Ante etiam ſceptrum Dictaei regis, et ante
Inpia quam caeſis gens eſt epulata juvencis,
Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat.
Necdum etiam audierant inflari claſſica, necdum
Inpoſitos duris crepitare incudibus enſes.
Sed nos inmenſum ſpatiis confecimus aequor:
Et jam tempus equûm ſpumantia ſolvere colla.

654. *Tuſcans.*] He mentions Etruria in compliment to Maecenas, who was deſcended from the ancient kings of Tuſcany. *Tyrrhena regum progenies, &c.* HOR.

660. *Uſeful bullock's gore.*] Varro informs us, that in ancient times it was deemed a capital crime to kill an ox; *Hic ſocius hominum in ruſtico opere, et Cereris miniſter. Ab hoc, antiqui manus ita abſtineri voluerunt, ut capite ſanxerit, ſi quis occidiſſet.* I could not forbear quoting this paſſage for its great humanity.

661. *Old Saturn led.*] An author, whoſe elegance and clearneſs and chaſtity of ſtyle and thought approaches neareſt to that of Virgil, of any in the Auguſtan age, and who deſerves to be more univerſally read than he is at preſent, thus deſcribes the reign of Saturn: a ſubject which all the poets of that time have touched on.

Quam bene Saturno vivebant rege, priuſquam
Tellus in longas eſt patefacta vias.
Nondum cæruleas pinus contempſerat undas,
Effuſum ventis præbueratque ſinum.
Nec vagus ignotis repetens compendia terris
Preſſerat externa navita merce ratem.
Illo non validus ſubiit juga tempore taurus,
Non domito frænos ore momordit equus.

Non

The Tuſcans to theſe arts their greatneſs owe,
'Twas hence majeſtic Rome began to grow,
Rome, nobleſt object of the things below;
Who, while ſhe ſubject earth with wonder fills,
Hath, ſingle, deck'd with towers her ſeven hills.
Ere Cretan Jove a ſceptre ſway'd, before
Man dar'd to ſpill the uſeful bullock's gore,
Such was the peaceful life old Saturn led,
Such was the golden age, from guilt ſecure and dread!
Ere the loud trumpet ſounded dire alarms,
Or impious ſwords were forg'd, and clattering arms.
But we have paſs'd a broad and boundleſs plain,
'Tis time the ſmoaking courſers to unrein.

Non domus ulla fores habuit, non fixus in agris,
Qui regeret certis finibus arva, lapis.
Ipſæ mella dabant quercus, ultroque ferebant
Obvia ſecuris ubera lactis oves.
Non acies, non ira fuit, non bella; neque enſes
Immiti fævus duxerat arte faber.
TIBULL. Lib. 1. El. 3. v. 35.

664. *Impious ſwords.*] Upon naming the ſword, the poet ſeems to ſtart, as if all the miſeries of the civil war were brought afreſh to his ſight, and inſtantly concludes. BENSON.

THE END OF THE SECOND GEORGIC.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

The exordium of this book is particularly pompous and elevated. The precepts of our poet concerning the breeding of cattle, the subject of this book, are divided into four parts. I. *Of the best methods of breeding cows and horses, with rules to distinguish the best breeds of each.* II. *Of sheep and goats.* III. *Of dogs.* IV. *Of things that are pernicious to cattle; particularly serpents, vipers, scabs, the murrain, fevers, and the plague; with a moving and sublime description of which last, this book concludes. The descriptions and digressions in the book are more frequent than in any of the rest. Such is this description of the chariot-race; of the insect Asilus; of the loves of the beasts; and the Scythian winter.*

P. VIRGILII MARONIS

GEORGICA.

LIBER TERTIUS.

TE quoque, magna Pales, et te memorande canemus
Paſtor ab Amphryſo: vos ſilvae amneſque Lycaei.
Cetera, quae vacuas tenuiſſent carmine mentes,
Omnia jam volgata. quis aut Euryſthea durum,
Aut inlaudati neſcit Buſiridis aras? 5
Quoi non dictus Hylas puer, et Latonia Delos?
Hippodameque, humeroque Pelops inſignis eburno
Acer equis? tentanda via eſt, qua me quoque poſſim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora
Primus ego in patriam mecum, modo vita ſuperſit, 10
Aonio rediens deducam vertice Muſas:
Primus Idumaeas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas:

Ver. 1. *Thy praiſes too, great Pales.*] This is the book which appears to me the moſt charming of all the Georgics. Mr. Addiſon's favourite is the fourth, which indeed is more ſweet and elegant, but the beauties of this are more great, more manly, and ſublime. He invokes Pales as the goddeſs of ſhepherds, and Apollo who fed the herds of king Admetus on the banks of the river Amphryſus.

5. *Who knows not all the ſongs.*] Virgil here ſtrongly ridicules the trite and fabulous ſubjects of the Grecian poets. 'Tis ingeniouſly conjectured by Fulvius Urſinus, that he alludes to particular authors who had treated of the fabulous ſtories he mentions. Thus Homer has related the fable of Euryſtheus in the eighteenth Iliad. Athenaeus quotes the Buſiris of Mneſimachus in his ninth book. Theocritus and Apollonius finely relate the ſtory of Hylas and Hercules his grief for his loſs. Callimachus is referred to in *Latonia Delos*, and the firſt Olympic

THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THY praiſes too, great Pales, will we ſing,
With thee fam'd ſhepherd of Amphryſus' ſpring;
Ye too, Lycaeus' groves, and guſhing ſtreams,
For vain are ancient tales, and vulgar themes;
Who knows not all the ſongs that once cou'd pleaſe,
Buſiris' ſhrines, Euryſtheus' dire decrees?
Can Dian's iſle, or Hylas, longer charm?
Or Pelops famous for his ivory arm,
Whoſe ſteeds victorious in the duſty race
Won him the fair Hippodame's embrace?
I too muſt find a path untrod before,
And far from groveling earth, to fame ſublimely ſoar.
I firſt of Romans to th' Heſperian plain,
Will lead th' Aonian nymphs, if life remain:
I firſt will bid Idumes' palms ariſe,
Exchange their ſoil, and bloom in Mantuan ſkies.

Olympic ode of Pindar is to be underſtood by the mention of Hippodamia and Pelops. He breaks out at laſt into a noble triumph of aſſurance, that he ſhall rival theſe Greek poets:

Tentanda via eſt, qua me quoque poſſim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.

Mr. Pope uſed to ſay, that this triumph of Virgil over the Greek poets, was one of the vaineſt things that ever was writ. ——But ſurely its ſublimity makes amends for this imputed vanity.

Et viridi in campo templum de marmore ponam
Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius, ac tenera praetexit arundine ripas.

19. *Spreading wide his ling'ring waters.*] This deſcription of the Mincio is as exact as poſſible; the force of it lies chiefly in the epithets, *tardis, ingens*——the wide ſpreading and almoſt ſtagnation of the river, which forms the lake of Mantua.

17. *Theſe hands.*] Mr. Hurd, in his notes on Horace's Epiſtle to Auguſtus, hath diſcourſed ſo entertainingly on the introductory lines of this third book, that it was thought proper to inſert the following extract from that judicious work.

On the idea of the Apotheoſis, which was the uſual mode of flattery in the Auguſtan age, but, as having the countenance of public authority, ſometimes inartificially enough employed, Virgil hath projected one of the nobleſt allegories in ancient poetry, and at the ſame time hath given to it all the force of *juſt* compliment, the *occaſion* itſelf allowed. *Each* of theſe excellencies was to be expected from his talents. For as his genius led him to the *ſublime*; ſo his exquiſite judgment would inſtruct him to palliate this bold fiction, and qualify as much as poſſible, the ſhocking adulation implied in it. So ſingular a beauty deſerves to be ſhewn at large.

The *third* GEORGIC ſets out with an apology for the low and ſimple argument of that work, which yet the poet eſteemed, for its novelty, preferable to the ſublimer, but trite, themes of the Greek writers. Not but he intended, on ſome future occaſion, to adorn a nobler ſubject. This was the great plan of the Aeneis, which he now *prefigures* and unfolds at large. For, taking advantage of the nobleſt privilege of his *art*, he breaks away, in a fit of *prophetic* enthuſiaſm, to predict his ſucceſſes in this projected enterprize, and under the imagery of the ancient *triumph*, which comprehends or ſuggeſts to the imagination, whatever is moſt auguſt in human affairs, to delineate the future glories of this ambitious deſign. The whole conception, as we ſhall ſee, is of the utmoſt grandeur and magnificence; though, according to the uſual management of the poet (which as not being apprehended by his critics, hath furniſhed occaſion even to the beſt of them to charge him with a want of the *ſublime*) he hath contrived to ſoften and *familiarize* its appearance to the reader; by the artful manner in which it is introduced. It ſtands thus:

Tentanda via eſt, qua me quoque poſſim
Tollere humo, VICTORQUE *virûm volitare per ora.*

The idea of *victory*, thus caſually dropped, he makes the baſis of his imagery; which, by means of this gradual preparation, offers itſelf eaſily to the apprehenſion, though it thereby loſes,

Theſe hands a fane of Parian ſtone ſhall build,
Where Mincio's ſtream bedews the verdant field;
And ſpreading wide his ling'ring waters, feeds
Around his winding ſhores the tender reeds.

as the poet deſigned it ſhould, much of that *broad glare*, in which writers of leſs judgment love to ſhew their ideas, as tending to ſet the common reader at a gaze. The allegory then proceeds:

Primus ego in patriam mecum, modo vita ſuperſit,
Aonio rediens deducam vertice Muſas.

The projected conqueſt was no leſs than that of all the *Grecian Muſes* at once; whom, to carry on the decorum of the allegory, he threatens, 1. to force from their high and advantageous ſituation on the ſummit of the *Aonian Mount*; and 2. to bring *captive* with him into Italy; the *former* circumſtance intimating to us the difficulty and danger of the enterprize; and the latter, his complete execution of it.

The *palmy*, triumphal entry, which was uſual to victors on their return from foreign ſucceſſes, follows:

Primus Idumaeas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas.

But ancient conquerors did not hold it ſufficient to reap this tranſient fruit of their labours. They were ambitious to conſecrate their glory to immortality, by a *temple*, or other public monument, which was to be built out of the ſpoils of the conquered cities or countries. This the reader ſees is ſuitable to the idea of the great work propoſed; which was, out of the old remains of Grecian art, to compoſe a *new* one that ſhould comprize the virtues of all of them: as, in fact, the Aeneid is known to unite in itſelf whatever is moſt excellent not in Homer only, but, univerſally, in the wits of Greece. The everlaſting monument of the *marble* temple is then reared:

Et viridi in campo templum de MARMORE *ponam.*

And becauſe ancient ſuperſtition uſually preferred, for theſe purpoſes, the banks of *rivers* to other ſituations, therefore the poet, in beautiful alluſion to the ſite of ſome of the moſt celebrated pagan temples, builds *his* on the MINCIUS. We ſee with what a ſcrupulous propriety the alluſion is carried on.

Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
MINCIUS, *et tenera praetexit arundine ripas.*

Next, this temple was to be dedicated, as a monument of the victor's *piety*, as well as glory, to ſome propitious, tutelary deity, under whoſe auſpices the great adventure had been

In medio mihi Caesar erit, templumque tenebit.

atchieved. The *dedication* is then made to the poet's *divinity*, Auguſtus:

In medio mihi CAESAR *erit, templumque tenebit.*

TEMPLUM TENEBIT. The expreſſion is emphatical; as intimating to us, and prefiguring the ſecret purpoſe of the Aeneis, which was, in the perſon of Aeneas, to ſhadow forth and conſecrate the character of Auguſtus. His divinity was to fill and *occupy* that great work. And the ample circuit and magnificence of the epic plan was projected only, as a more aweful encloſure of that auguſt preſence, which was to *inhabit* and ſolemnize the vaſt round of this poetic building.

And now the wonderful addreſs of the poet's artifice appears. The mad ſervility of his country had *deified* the emperor in good earneſt: and his brother poets made no ſcruple to *worſhip* in his temples, and to come before him with handfuls of *real* incenſe, ſmoking from the altars. But the ſobriety of Virgil's adoration was of another caſt. He ſeizes this circumſtance only to *embody* a poetical fiction; which, on the ſuppoſition of an actual *deification*, hath all the force of compliment, which the *fact* implies, and yet, as preſented through the chaſte veil of allegory, eludes the monſtrous offence, which the *naked* recital muſt needs have given to decency and common ſenſe. Had the emperor's *popular* divinity been flatly acknowledged, and adored, the praiſe, even under Virgil's management, had been inſufferable for its extravagance; and without ſome ſupport for his poetical *numen* to reſt upon, the figure had been more forced and ſtrained, than the rules of juſt writing allow. As it is, the hiſtorical truth of his *apotheoſis* authorizes and ſupports the *fiction*, and the fiction, in its turn, ſerves to refine and palliate the *hiſtory*.

The Aeneis being, by the poet's improvement of this circumſtance, thus naturally predicted under the image of a *temple*, we may expect to find a cloſe and ſtudied analogy betwixt them. The great, component parts of the *one*, will no doubt be made, very faithfully, to repreſent and adumbrate thoſe of the *other*. This hath been executed with great art and diligence.

1. The *temple*, we obſerved, was erected on the banks of a river. This ſite was not only proper for the reaſon already mentioned, but alſo, for the further convenience of inſtituting *public games*, the ordinary attendants of the *conſecration* of temples. Theſe were generally, as in the caſe of the Olympic and others, celebrated on the banks of rivers.

Illi victor ego, et Tyrio conſpectus in oſtro
Centum quadrijugos agitabo ad flumina currus.

Cuncta

In the mid dome ſhall Caeſar's form divine
Superior ſtand the godhead of the ſhrine.

Cuncta mihi, Alpheum linquens lucoſque Molorchi,
Curſibus et crudo decernet Graecia caeſtu.

To ſee the propriety of the *figure* in this place, the reader needs only be reminded of the *book of games* in the Aeneid, which was purpoſely introduced in honour of the emperor, and not, as is commonly thought, for a mere trial of ſkill between the poet and his maſter. The emperor was paſſionately fond of theſe ſports, and was even the author or reſtorer of *one* of them. It is not to be doubted, that he alludes alſo to the *quinquennial games*, actually celebrated, in honour of his temples, through many parts of the empire. And this the poet undertakes in the *civil* office of VICTOR.

2. What follows is in the *religious* office of PRIEST. For it is to be noted, that, in aſſuming this double character, which the decorum of the ſolemnities, here recounted, preſcribed, the poet has an eye to the *political* deſign of the Aeneis, which was to do honour to Caeſar, in either capacity of a *civil* and *religious* perſonage; both being eſſential to the idea of the perfect legiſlator, he was to adorn and recommend. The account of his *ſacerdotal functions* is delivered in theſe words:

Ipſe caput tonſae foliis ornatus olivae
Dona feram. jam nunc ſollemnis ducere pompas
Ad delubra juvat, caeſoſque videre juvencos:
Vel ſcaena ut verſis diſcedat frontibus; utque
Purpurea intexti tollant aulaea Britanni.

The imagery in this place cannot be underſtood, without reflecting on the cuſtomary form and diſpoſition of the pagan temples. DELUBRUM, or DELUBRA, for either *number* is uſed indifferently, denotes the ſhrine, or ſanctuary, wherein the ſtatue of the preſiding God was placed. This was in the center of the building. Exactly before the *delubrum*, and at no great diſtance from it, was the ALTAR. Further, the ſhrine, or *delubrum*, was incloſed, and ſhut up on all ſides by *doors* of curious carved work, and ductile *veils*, embelliſhed by the rich embroidery of *flowers*, *animals*, or *human figures*. This being obſerved, the progreſs of the imagery before us will be this. The proceſſion *ad delubra*, or ſhrine: the ſacrifice on the *altars*, erected before it: and, laſtly, the painted, or rather wrought *ſcenery* of the purple *veils*, incloſing the image, which were ornamented, and ſeemed to be ſuſtained or held up by the figures of *inwoven Britons*. The meaning of all which is, that the poet would proceed to the celebration of Caeſar's praiſe in all the gradual, ſolemn preparation of poetic pomp: that he would render the moſt grateful *offerings* to his divinity

Illi victor ego, et Tyrio conſpectus in oſtro

in thoſe occaſional *epiſodes*, which he ſhould conſecrate to his more immediate honour; and finally, that he would provide the richeſt texture of his fancy, for a covering to that admired *image* of his virtues, which was to make the ſovereign pride and glory of his poem. The choice of the *inwoven Britons*, for the ſupport of his *veil*, is well accounted for by thoſe, who tell us, that Auguſtus was proud to have a number of theſe to ſerve about him in quality of ſlaves.

The ornaments of the DOORS of this *delubrum*, on which the ſculptor uſed to laviſh all the riches of his *art*, are next delineated.

> *In foribus pugnam ex auro ſolidoque elephanto*
> *Gangaridum faciam, victoriſque arma Quirini:*
> *Atque hic undantem bello, magnumque fluentem*
> *Nilum, ac navali ſurgentis aere columnas.*
> *Addam urbis Aſiae domitas, pulſumque Niphaten,*
> *Fidentemque fuga Parthum verſiſque ſagittis,*
> *Et duo rapta manu diverſo ex hoſte tropaea,*
> *Biſque triumphatas utroque ab litore gentis.*

Here the covering of the figure is too thin to hide the *literal* meaning from the commoneſt reader, who ſees, that the ſeveral triumphs of Caeſar, here recorded in *ſculpture*, are thoſe, which the poet hath taken ſo much pains to *finiſh*, and hath occaſionally inſerted, as it were, in *miniature*, in ſeveral places of his *poem*. Let him only turn to the prophetic ſpeech of Anchiſes' ſhade in the VIth, and to the deſcription of the ſhield in the VIIIth book.

Hitherto we have contemplated the decorations of the *ſhrine*, i. e. ſuch as bear a more direct and immediate reference to the honour of Caeſar. We are now preſented with a view of the remote ſurrounding ornaments of the temple. Theſe are the illuſtrious Trojan chiefs, whoſe ſtory was to furniſh the materials, or, more properly, to form the body and caſe, as it were, of this auguſt ſtructure. They are alſo connected with the idol deity of the place by the cloſeſt ties of relationſhip, the Julian family affecting to derive its pedigree from this proud original. The poet then, in his arrangement of theſe additional figures, with admirable judgment, completes and rounds the entire fiction.

> *Stabunt & Parii lapides, ſpirantia ſigna,*
> *Aſſaraci proles, demiſſaeque ab Jove gentis*
> *Nomina, Troſque parens, & Trojae Cynthius auctor.*

Nothing now remains but for *fame* to eternize the glories of what the great architect had, at the expence of ſo much art and labour, completed; which is predicted, in the higheſt ſublime of ancient poetry, under the idea of ENVY, whom the poet perſonalizes, ſhuddering at the view of ſuch tranſcendent

For him, myſelf to grace the ſolemn feaſt,
Chief of the ſports, in Tyrian purple dreſt,

ſcendent perfection; and taſting, beforehand, the pains of a remedileſs vexation, ſtrongly pictured in the image of the worſt, infernal tortures.

> INVIDIA *infelix furias amnemque ſeverum*
> *Cocyti metuet, tortoſque Ixionis orbes,*
> *Immanemque rotam, et non exſuperabile ſaxum.*

Thus have I preſumed, but with a religious awe, to inſpect and declare the myſteries of this ideal temple. The attempt after all might have been cenſured, as profane, if the great *Myſtagogue* himſelf, or ſomebody for him*, had not given us the undoubted key to it. Under this encouragement I could not withſtand the temptation of diſcloſing thus much of one of the nobleſt fictions of antiquity; and the rather, as the propriety of allegoric compoſition, which made the diſtinguiſhed pride of ancient poetry, ſeems but little known or attended to by *modern* profeſſors of this fine art.

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* In theſe lines,

> *Mox tamen ardentis accingar dicere pugnas*
> *Caeſaris, & nomen fama tot ferre per annos,*
> *Tithoni prima quot abeſt ab origine Caeſar.*

Which I ſuſpect not to have been from the hand of Virgil. And,

1. On account of ſome *peculiarities in the expreſſion.*

Accingar is of frequent uſe in the beſt authors, to denote *a readineſs and reſolution to do any thing*; but as joined with an *infinitive mood, accingar dicere*, I do not remember to have ever ſeen it. 'Tis often uſed by Virgil; but, if the ſeveral places be conſulted, it will always be found with an *accuſative* and *prepoſition*, expreſſed or underſtood, as *magicas accingier artes*, or with an *accuſative* and *dative*, as *accingere ſe praedae*, or laſtly with an *ablative*, expreſſing the *inſtrument*, as *accingor ferro*. La Cerda, in his notes upon the place, ſeemed ſenſible of the objection, and therefore wrote, *Graeca locutio:* the common, but paltry, ſhift of learned critics, when they determine, at any rate, to ſupport an ancient reading.

2. *Ardentes pugnas, burning battles*, ſounds well enough to a modern ear; but I much doubt if it would have paſſed in the times of Virgil. At leaſt, I recollect no ſuch expreſſion in all his works; *ardens* being conſtantly joined to a word, denoting a *ſubſtance* of apparent *light, heat*, or *flame*, to which the alluſion is eaſy, as *ardentes gladios, ardentes oculos, campos armis ſublimibus ardentes*, and by an eaſy metaphor, *ardentes hoſtes*,

Centum quadrijugos agitabo ad flumina currus.
Cuncta mihi, Alpheum linquens lucosque Molorchi,
Cursibus et crudo decernet Graecia caestu.

but no where, that I can find, to so abstract a notion, as that of *fight*. It seems to be to avoid this difficulty, that some have chosen to read *ardentis*, in the *genitive*, which yet Servius rejects as of no authority.

3. But the most glaring note of illegitimacy is in the line,

Tithoni prima quot abest ab origine Caesar.

It has puzzled all the commentators from old Servius down to Mr. Martyn, to give any tolerable account of the poet's choice of *Tithonus*, from whom to derive the ancestry of Augustus, rather than *Anchises*, or *Assaracus*, who were not only more famous, but in the *direct* line. The pretences of any or all of them are too frivolous to make it necessary to spend a thought about them. The instance stands single in antiquity; much less is there any thing like it to be found in the Augustan poets.

II. But the *phraseology* of these lines is the least of my objection. Were it ever so accurate, there is, besides, on the first view, a manifest absurdity in the *subject-matter* of them. For would any writer, of but common skill in the art of composition, close a long and elaborate allegory, the principal grace of which consists in its very mystery, with a cold, and formal explanation of it? Or would he pay so poor a compliment to his patron, as to suppose his sagacity wanted the assistance of this additional triplet to lead him into the true meaning? Nothing can be more abhorrent from the usual address and artifice of Virgil's manner. Or,

III. Were the *subject-matter* itself passable, yet, how, in defiance of all the laws of *disposition*, came it to be forced in here? Let the reader turn to the passage, and he will soon perceive that this could never be the *place* for it. The allegory being concluded, the poet returns to his subject, which is proposed in the six following lines:

Interea Dryadum silvas saltusque sequamur
Intactos, tua, Maecenas, haud mollia jussa.
Te sine nil altum mens inchoat. en age segnis
Rumpe moras: vocat ingenti clamore Cithaeron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:
Et vox adsensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

Would now any one expect, that the poet, after having conducted the reader thus respectfully, to the very threshold of his subject, should immediately run away again to the point, from which he had set out, and this on so needless an errand, as the letting him into the secret of his allegory?

But this inserted triplet agrees as ill with what *follows*, as with

Will laſh an hundred cars, like chiefs of yore,
By four-yok'd horſes whirl'd along the ſounding ſhore.
All Greece ſhall leave her ſeats of ancient fame,
To try on Roman ground, th' heroic game;
With manly arm the weighty gauntlet wield;
Or lightly ſkim with winged feet the field:

with what *precedes* it. For how abrupt is the tranſition, and unlike the delicate connection, ſo ſtudiouſly contrived by the Auguſtan poets, from

Tithoni prima quot abeſt ab origine Caeſar,
to
Seu quis Olympiacae miratur praemia palmae, &c.

When omit but theſe interpolated lines, and ſee how gracefully, and by how natural a ſucceſſion of ideas, the poet ſlides into the main of his ſubject!——

Interea Dryadum ſylvas ſaltuſque ſequamur
Intactos ——
Te ſine nil——
Rumpe moras: vocat ingenti clamore Cithaeron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus EQUORUM:
Et vox adſenſu nemorum ingeminata REMUGIT.
Seu quis Olympiacae miratus praemia palmae,
Paſcit EQUOS; *ſeu quis fortis ad aratra* JUVENCOS.

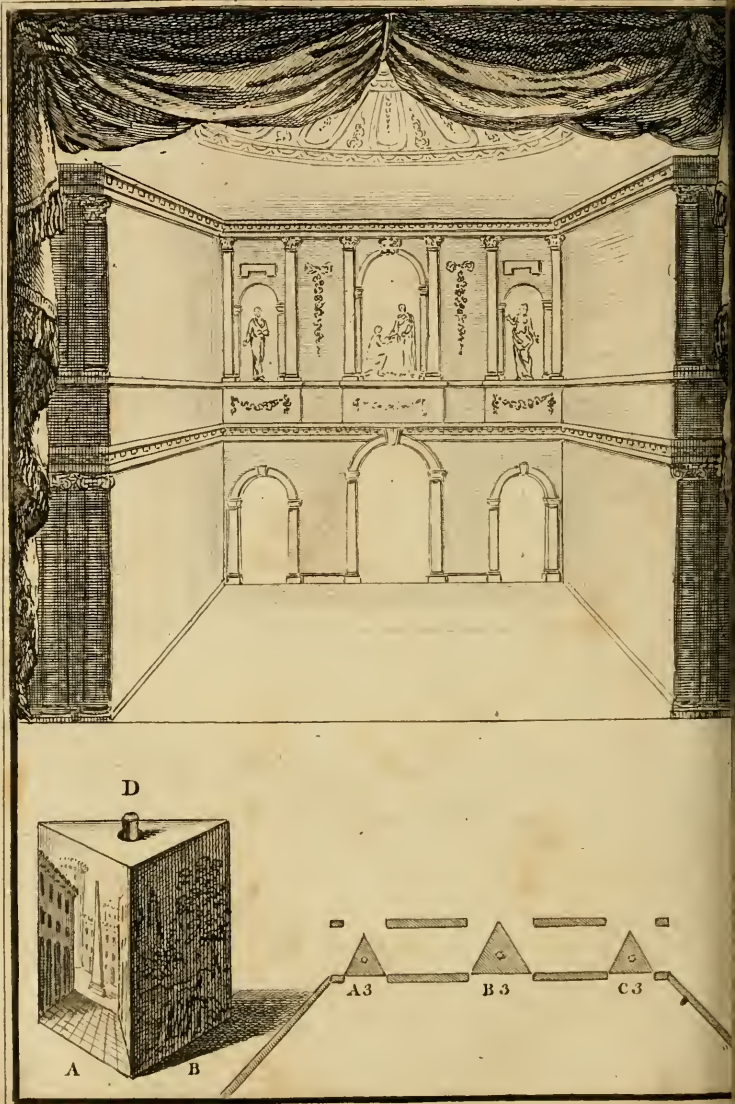
On the whole, I have not the leaſt doubt, that the lines before us are the ſpurious offſpring of ſome *later poet*; if indeed the writer of them deſerve that name; for, whoever he was, he is ſo far from partaking of the original ſpirit of Virgil, that at moſt, he appears to have been but a ſervile and paltry mimic of Ovid; from the opening of whoſe Metamorphoſis the deſign was clearly taken. The turn of the thought is evidently the ſame in both, and even the *expreſſion*. *Mutatas dicere formas* is echoed by *ardentes dicere pugnas: dicere fert animus*, is, by an affected improvement, *accingar dicere:* and *Tithoni prima ab origine* is almoſt literally the ſame as *primaque ab origine mundi*. For the *inſertion* of theſe lines in this place I leave it to the curious to conjecture of it, as they may; but in the mean time, muſt eſteem the office of the true *critic* to be ſo far reſembling that of the *poet* himſelf, as within ſome proper limitations, to juſtify the *honeſt* liberty here taken.

Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti;
Audebit quaecunque parum ſplendoris habebunt
Et ſine pondere erunt, & honore indigna feruntur,
VERBA MOVERE LOCO; QUAMVIS INVITA RECEDANT,
ET VERSENTUR ADHUC INTRA PENETRALIA VESTAE.
[2 Ep. ii. 110.]

Ipſe caput tonſae foliis ornatus olivae
Dona feram. jam nunc ſollemnis ducere pompas
Ad delubra juvat, caeſoſque videre juvencos:
Vel ſcaena ut verſis diſcedat frontibus; utque
Purpurea intexti tollant aulaea Britanni.
In foribus pugnam ex auro ſolidoque elephanto
Gangaridum faciam, victoriſque arma Quirini:
Atque hic undantem bello, magnumque fluentem
Nilum, ac navali ſurgentis aere columnas.
Addam urbis Aſiae domitas, pulſumque Niphaten,
Fidentemque fuga Parthum verſiſque ſagittis,
Et duo rapta manu diverſo ex hoſte tropaea,
Biſque triumphatas utroque ab litore gentis.
Stabunt et Parii lapides, ſpirantia ſigna,
Aſſaraci proles, demiſſaeque ab Jove gentis
Nomina, Troſque parens, et Trojae Cynthius auctor.
Invidia infelix Furias amnemque ſeverum
Cocyti metuet, tortoſque Ixionis orbes,
Inmanemque rotam, et non exſuperabile ſaxum.
Interea Dryadum ſilvas ſaltuſque ſequamur
Intactos, tua, Maecenas, haud mollia juſſa.

35. *I ſee the turning ſcene.*] The commentators ſeem not ſufficiently to have explained the expreſſion of, *ut verſis diſcedat frontibus* in the original. The ancient ſcenes were painted on a triangular machine, marked in the plate, D; which was ſo formed as to turn upon an axle or pin; each of its three ſides, mark'd in the ground-plan of the plate, 1. 2. 3. repreſented a different ſubject; viz. 1. a city. 2. a palace or magnificent portico. 3. a wild foreſt, cave, or meadow. When a comedy was play'd, the firſt of theſe three frontiſpieces was turned towards the ſpectators; when a tragedy, the ſecond; when a ſatyrical piece (ſuch for inſtance, as the Cyclops of Euripides) the third was expoſed to view. And theſe triangular machines were placed under the arches of the theatre, marked in the plate, A, B, C. See VITRUVIUS, B. 5. and *L'Antiquité expliquée par D. Ber.* MONTFAUCON, tom. 3. p. 235.

54. *Envy.*] The perſons he is ſpeaking of are the enemies of the Julian family; or the faction, as he calls it, againſt the Caeſars. Theſe, he ſays, ſhould be repreſented on the temple he



L. P. Boitard Sculp.

While I, my brows with olive-chaplet bound,
The meed of each victorious toil propound.
Ev'n now I seem the stately pomp to lead,
Now, now, beneath my steel the victims bleed:
I see the turning scene swift change its face,
The pictur'd Britons in the curtains trace,
Which seem to lift the tapestry they grace.
High on the gates, the fell Gangarian fight
In gold and ivory wrought, shall strike the sight.
Here swoln with war, majestic Nile shall pass,
And the tall columns rise in naval brass:
Prostrate in dust, there Asia's cities weep,
And huge Niphates bend his mountain steep;
The Parthians there the backward arrow ply,
And vainly strive to conquer as they fly:
Caesar shall here a double triumph boast,
And conquer'd nations kneel from either coast.
Around in order'd ranks an aweful band,
Rome's ancestors in breathing stone shall stand:
Thy seed, Assaracus, the mighty line
That drew from Jove its origin divine:
Next Tros, whom Troy her ancient father calls,
With him, the God who rais'd her lofty walls.
Envy, foul fiend, shall view with baleful eyes
Cocytus' billows black around her rise;
The stings of mad Ixion's snakes shall feel,
Quake at th' unconquer'd stone, and ever-whirling wheel.
Mean time, Maecenas, we'll the woods pursue;
The task is arduous, but enjoin'd by you.

he would build to Augustus, as in the tortures of Tartarus; and more particularly as punished in the same manner as Ixion and Sisyphus. Ixion was punished there for his ingratitude and impiety: Sisyphus as a villain and a robber. So that this is calling all the party against Augustus, rascals and ingrates; and infers the highest compliment to that prince, at the same time that it is the most cruel of invectives against his enemies.

POLYMETIS, pag. 208.

Te ſine nil altum mens inchoat. en age ſegnis
Rumpe moras: vocat ingenti clamore Cithaeron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:
Et vox adſenſu nemorum ingeminata remugit.
Mox tamen ardentis accingar dicere pugnas
Caeſaris, et nomen fama tot ferre per annos,
Tithoni prima quot abeſt ab origine Caeſar.
Seu quis, Olympiacae miratus praemia palmae,
Paſcit equos, ſeu quis fortis ad aratra juvencos;
Corpora praecipue matrum legat. optuma torvae
Forma bovis, cui turpe caput, cui plurima cervix,
Et crurum tenus a mento palearia pendent.
Tum longo nullus lateri modus: omnia magna:
Pes etiam, et camuris hirtae ſub cornibus aures.
Nec mihi diſpliceat maculis inſignis et albo,
Aut juga detractans; interdumque aſpera cornu,
Et faciem tauro propior, quaeque ardua tota,
Et gradiens ima verrit veſtigia cauda.
Aetas Lucinam, juſtoſque pati hymenaeos
Deſinit ante decem, poſt quatuor incipit annos:
Cetera nec foeturae habilis, nec fortis aratris.
Interea, ſuperat gregibus dum laeta juventas,
Solve mares: mitte in venerem pecuaria primus,
Atque aliam ex alia generando ſuffice prolem.

75. *A clumſy head.*] Varro and Columella ſay that a good cow's head ſhould be large, *latis frontibus*, her neck long and broad, her dew-laps hanging low, and in general, that her body ſhould be long and large. *Ut ſint bene compoſitae, ut integris membris ablongae, amplae—corpore amplo, bene coſtatos, largis humeris, bonis clunibus.*——Virgil ſeems to have had his eye on this paſſage. Varro likewiſe mentions the length of the tail.

Without thine aid no fancy fires my breaſt;
Haſte, let us burſt the bands of idle reſt.
Hark, from afar Cythaeron's voice I hear,
Taygetus' opening dogs my ſpirits chear;
With neighing ſteeds tall Epidaure reſounds;
From the deep groves the doubling din rebounds.
The time may come, when my maturer muſe
Auguſtus' glowing fights her theme ſhall chooſe:
And thro' more ages bid his glory laſt,
Than have from Tithon's birth to Caeſar paſt.
The youth, who ſtudious of th' Olympic meed,
And fond of fame, would rear the ſtately ſteed;
Or bend the ſturdy bullock to the ſhare,
Muſt chooſe the dam with nice ſagacious care.
Firſt, by theſe marks ſelect thy mother-cow,
A clumſy head, broad neck, and lowering brow:
Her double dew-laps from her chin muſt riſe,
In ſpacious folds deſcending o'er her thighs:
Be her's a diſproportion'd length of ſide,
Her limbs all fram'd with vaſt unwieldy pride:
Let tufts of hair her ample feet adorn,
Rough be her ear, and wreath'd her bending horn:
Nor leſs her worth, if o'er her jetty ſkin,
Some random ſpots of ſnowy white be ſeen;
Or if ſhe aim a blow, or ſpurn the yoke,
Or wear a ſtern-brow'd bull's rough threatening look.
Majeſtic ſhe muſt walk with lofty mien,
And proudly ſweep with length of tail the green.
When now four years have ſteel'd her luſty frame,
Then let her prove kind Hymen's mutual flame:
At ten releaſe her; now no more to prove
The toils of culture, or the joys of love.
Mean time, while warmth of youthful blood prevails,
To the ſoft bliſs admit thy ſprightly males:
Let their firſt vigour try the fierce embrace;
So herds ſhall riſe on herds, and race on race.

Optima quaeque dies miſeris mortalibus aevi
Prima fugit: ſubeunt morbi, triſtiſque ſenectus;
Et labor, et durae rapit inclementia mortis.
Semper erunt, quarum mutari corpora malis.
Semper enim refice: ac, ne poſt amiſſa requiras,
Anteveni, et ſubolem armento ſortire quotannis.
Nec non et pecori eſt idem dilectus equino.
Tu modo, quos in ſpem ſtatues ſubmittere gentis,
Praecipuum jam inde a teneris inpende laborem.
Continuo pecoris generoſi pullus in arvis
Altius ingreditur, et mollia crura reponit.
Primus et ire viam, et fluvios tentare minaces
Audet, et ignoto ſeſe conmittere ponti:
Nec vanos horret ſtrepitus. (illi ardua cervix,
Argutumque caput, brevis alvus, obeſaque terga:
Luxuriatque toris animoſum pectus: honeſti
Spadices, glaucique; color deterrimus albis,
Et gilvo) tum, ſi qua ſonum procul arma dedere,
Stare loco neſcit: micat auribus, ac tremit artus;
Conlectumque premens volvit ſub naribus ignem:
Denſa juba, et dextro jactata recumbit in armo.
At duplex agitur per lumbos ſpina, cavatque
Tellurem, et ſolido graviter ſonat ungula cornu.
Talis Amyclaei domitus Pollucis habenis
Cyllarus, et, quorum Graii meminere poëtae,

96. *Our beſt of days.*] This tender moral reflection thrown in, diverſifies and exalts the low ſubject the poet is treating of.

108. *Ev'n now the colt.*] Having ſpoken of the marks of good cows, the poet proceeds to ſpeak of horſes, and gives a beautiful deſcription of a colt that is fit to be choſen for a ſtallion. There is ſome difficulty concerning the meaning of *ſpadices:* but after much enquiry Dr. Martyn thinks it is the colour we call bay, cheſnut, or ſorrel.

116. *Grey.*] *Glaucus*, when ſpoken of the colour of an horſe, ſignifies a dark or iron-grey; our people in Wales, ſtill call a grey horſe *kephal glauce*. HOLDSWORTH.

119. *Reſtleſs he paws.*] This is a beautiful deſcription of a mettleſome horſe; but it is far excelled by that noble one in the book of Job. Particularly, "He ſwalloweth the ground with

Our beſt of days advance with double ſpeed,
Diſeaſes, pains, a ghaſtly troop! ſucceed;
With care, and labour, and complaining age,
And ruthleſs death's inexorable rage.
For freſh ſupplies thy weary'd race remove;
Nor place on one alone the weight of love.
Still propagate thy breed with annual care,
And with new births the fleeting race repair.
Nor leſs with equal care ſelect the ſteed;
Thou who reſolv'ſt to rear a generous breed,
Nurſe from his earlieſt youth the choſen ſire,
And feed with careful hand his native fire.
Ev'n now the colt treads high with ſtately pace,
And moves his pliant limbs with eaſy grace;
Outſtrips the reſt; the firſt that dares to brave
The unknown bridge, or tempt the threat'ning wave:
No ſudden ſounds alarm his ſoul with dread;
Sublime his arched neck, and ſmall his head:
Short paunch, and breadth of back his might atteſt,
And prominent with brawn his fearleſs breaſt.
Of colours chooſe the dapple or the grey,
For white and dun a daſtard race betray.
Lo! when the battle's diſtant din he hears,
Reſtleſs he paws; erects his eager ears;
With generous fury glows his quivering frame,
And from his noſtril burſts the fierce, collected flame.
O'er his right ſhoulder his redundant mane
Waves to the zephyr as he ſkims the plain.
Thro' his broad back ſhoots a divided ſpine,
And arms with double force his mighty chine.
While o'er the green as his fleet hoof is borne,
Echoes the trembling ground beneath the ſolid horn.
Such Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd,
And ſuch the ſteeds, in Grecian ſtory fam'd,

with fierceneſs and rage, neither believeth he (for joy!) that it is the ſound of the trumpet," is more ſpirited and ſtrong than any circumſtance in Virgil's picture.

Martis equi bijuges, et magni currus Achillis.
Talis et ipſe jubam cervice effudit equina
Conjugis adventu pernix Saturnus, et altum
Pelion hinnitu fugiens inplevit acuto.
Hunc quoque, ubi aut morbo gravis, aut jam ſegnior annis
Deficit, abde domo; nec turpi ignoſce ſenectae.
Frigidus in venerem ſenior, fruſtraque laborem
Ingratum trahit: et, ſi quando ad proelia ventum eſt,
Ut quondam in ſtipula magnus ſine viribus ignis,
Incaſſum furit. ergo animos aevomque notabis
Praecipue: hinc alias artis, prolemque parentum,
Et quis cuique dolor victo, quae gloria palmae.
Nonne vides, cum praecipiti certamine campum
Corripuere, ruuntque effuſi carcere currus,
Cum ſpes arrectae juvenum, exſultantiaque haurit
Corda pavor pulſans: illi inſtant verbere torto,
Et proni dant lora: volat vi fervidus axis.
Jamque humiles, jamque elati ſublime videntur
Aëra per vacuum ferri, atque adſurgere in auras.
Nec mora, nec requies. at fulvae nimbus arenae
Tollitur: humeſcunt ſpumis, flatuque ſequentum.
Tantus amor laudum, tantae eſt victoria curae.
Primus Erichthonius currus et quatuor auſus
Jungere equos, rapiduſque rotis inſiſtere victor.

132. *Such Saturn.*] Heyne well obſerves on this paſſage; *talem formam habebat (at quàm ornatè hoc poëta extulit) Saturnus, cum equi ſpeciem aſſumſiſſet, ut furta ſua cum Philyre, unde Chiron natus, in Pelio opem celaret.*

148. *Doſt thou not ſee.*] No deſcription was ever more ſpirited and lively than this of the chariot race. The poet has crowded into a few lines all the circumſtances that are moſt ſtriking in the famous deſcription of Homer, and it muſt be owned has here excelled the Greek poet. One may ſay, as Longinus does on almoſt a ſimilar occaſion, that the ſoul of the reader is, as it were, mounted in the chariot, and whirled along in the race with it.

160. *Erichthonius.*] *Bigas primum junxit Phrygum natio, quadrigas Erichthonius.* Pliny. He likewiſe ſays, that Bellerophon

That to the battle bore the god of war,
And whirl'd the fierce Achilles' thund'ring car:
Such Saturn too, when from the guilty bed,
Cloath'd in a flowing mane, his queen he fled,
And pierc'd with neighings ſhrill hoar Pelion's piny head.
When now his ſtrength and youthful years decay,
With no inglorious eaſe his pains repay;
But grant him, of thy gratitude, to cloſe
His honour'd age at home in ſafe repoſe.
When genial warmth forſakes his frozen veins,
Love is a toil, and barren are his pains;
In all the rage of impotent deſire,
As o'er the ſtubble flies the catching fire,
His ſparks are ſpent, and in a flaſh expire.
Be careful then to mark thy ſtallion's age,
His feats, his offspring, and his native rage;
Whether he grieve, when in the race outdone,
Or proudly triumph in the trophy won.
Doſt thou not ſee the cars, rival train,
Shoot from the goal, and pour along the plain?
By varying fits, each trembling charioteer,
Now fluſh'd with hope, now pale with panting fear,
Plies the loud laſh, hangs headlong o'er the reins;
Swift bounds the fervid axle o'er the plains:
Now deep in duſt obſcur'd the chariot flies,
Now mounts in air, and gains upon the ſkies.
The ſtrife runs high, too fierce for dull delay,
The ſandy volumes darken all the way:
Bath'd in their followers' foam appear the firſt:
Such is the love of praiſe, and glory's thirſt.
Firſt Erichthonius dar'd with dauntleſs ſkill
To yoke four ſteeds, and guide the victor's wheel.

rophon invented the backing of horſes, Pelethronius bridles and furniture, and the centaurs of Theſſaly the fighting on horſeback.

Frena Pelethronii Lapithae, gyroſque dedere
Inpoſiti dorſo, atque equitem docuere ſub armis
Inſultare ſolo, et greſſus glomerare ſuperbos.
Aequus uterque labor: aeque juvenemque magiſtri
Exquirunt, calidumque animis et curſibus acrem.
Quamvis ſaepe fuga verſos ille egerit hoſtis,
Et patriam Epirum referat, fortiſque Mycenas;
Neptunique ipſa deducat origine gentem.
His animadverſis inſtant ſub tempus, et omnis
Inpendunt curas denſo diſtendere pingui,
Quem legere ducem, et pecori dixere maritum:
Pubenteſque ſecant herbas, fluvioſque miniſtrant,
Farraque; ne blando nequeat ſupereſſe labori;
Invalidique patrum referant jejunia gnati:

163. *Form his pliant feet.*] There are ſeveral lines in this third Georgic, which ſhew that the manége was found out much earlier than ſome would imagine. Witneſs the following paſſage:

Gyroſque dedere
Inpoſiti dorſo.

And that other,

Carpere mox gyrum incipiat, &c.

The ſimile juſt after was meant to ſhew, a violently ſwift, but at the ſame time a level and uniform motion. HOLDSWORTH.

170. *Without theſe virtues.*] I received the following obſervations on this paſſage from a very ingenious gentleman.

I have always been abſolutely at a loſs to make out the connection of theſe three lines [in the original] with the foregoing. Tranſlators and commentators make *quamvis* refer to ſomething which is certainly not expreſſed there, nor I think implied, or inſinuated; nor indeed conſiſtent with what is there expreſſed. How can the horſe be ſuppoſed *ſaepe verſos hoſtes egiſſe*, if he was not *calidus animis? Quamvis* implies an oppoſition between theſe two, whereas no two things can be more naturally connected. You have got over the difficulty as well as your neighbours, but I think it is inſuperable, as the text now ſtands. Beſides, *quamvis* implies that the horſe above deſcribed was *rejected*, not that he was *ſought out*, and *choſen*. In ſhort I am perſuaded, theſe three lines are not in their right place. Suppoſe them placed as follows:

Hunc quoque, ubi aut morbo gravis, aut jam ſegnior annis
Deficit, abde domo; nec turpi ignoſce ſenectae.

Quamvis

Theſſalia taught the conduct of the bit,
To mount the ſteed, and form his pliant feet.
To paw the ground, to wheel, to turn with grace,
And tread the plain with more majeſtic pace.
The ſame the labour and the praiſe to breed,
Or for the bit or car, the vigorous ſteed:
In each is requiſite a generous rage,
A ſwiftneſs in the courſe, and blooming age.
Without theſe virtues, vain all former boaſt,
That erſt he chas'd in fight a trembling hoſt;
Tho' Argos, or Epirus gave him birth,
Or Neptune's trident-ſtroke, that op'd the pregnant earth.
Theſe rules obſerv'd, with copious grain they feed
The huſband of the herd, and father of the breed:
With genial herbs his amorous heat ſuſtain,
And give the copious ſtream, and golden grain;
Leſt weak he faint amid the ſoft embrace,
The famiſh'd father of a p ny race.

Quamvis ſaepe fugâ verſos ille egerit hoſtis,
Et patriam Epirum referat, fortiſque Mycenas;
Neptunique ipſa deducat origine gentem.
Frigidus in venerem ſenior——

Hunc quoque——abde domo——quamvis——Obſerve that the horſes here abovementioned are war horſes; Pollux', Mars' and Achilles' his horſes; *qui verſos hoſtes egerint*; now ſee how well the other paſſage goes on without the lines in queſtion.

Aequus uterque labor: aeque juvenemque magiſtri
Exquirunt, calidumque animis et curſibus acrem.
His animad verſis——

Nimirum, juventute, animis, pernicitate——

By way of precedent, there are two remarkable tranſpoſitions of this kind in the Aeneid, which the critics have rectified againſt all authority of manuſcripts——Aeneid 6. 745. *Donec longa dies*——and the two next lines, which ſhould follow, after *exuritur igni*.

Aeneid 10. 717. *Ille autem impavidus*——and the next, which ſhould come after *clamoribus inſtant*.

176. *With genial herbs.*] Varro and Columella ſpeak of the neceſſity of feeding the bulls amply for two months before the time. *Tauros duobus menſibus ante admiſſuram herbâ, et paleâ et foeno facio pleniores et a faeminis ſecerno.* VARRO.

Ipsa autem macie tenuant armenta volentes.
Atque, ubi concubitus primos jam nota voluptas
Sollicitat, frondisque negant, et fontibus arcent:
Saepe etiam cursu quatiunt, et sole fatigant,
Cum graviter tunsis gemit area frugibus, et cum
Surgentem ad Zephyrum paleae jactantur inanes.
Hoc faciunt, nimio ne luxu obtusior usus
Sit genitali arvo, et sulcos oblimet inertis:
Sed rapiat sitiens venerem, interiusque recondat.
Rursus cura patrum cadere, et succedere matrum
Incipit. exactis gravidae cum mensibus errant,
Non illas gravibus quisquam juga ducere plaustris,
Non saltu superare viam sit passus, et acri
Carpere prata fuga, fluviosque innare rapaces.
Saltibus in vacuis pascant, et plena secundum
Flumina: muscus ubi, et viridissima gramine ripa,
Speluncaeque tegant, et saxea procubet umbra.
Est lucos Sileri circa ilicibusque virentem
Plurimus Alburnum volitans, quoi nomen asilo
Romanum est, oestron Graii vertere vocantes;
Asper, acerba sonans: quo tota exterrita silvis
Diffugiunt armenta; furit mugitibus aether
Concussus, silvaeque et sicci ripa Tanagri.

182. *New desires.*] *Voluptas nota* in the original, does not signify the experienced pleasure, says Dr. Martyn, but the *desire* which now *first* begins to be known by the young mare. *Jam nota*, just now (and not before) known.

203. *Asilus.*] This insect is a dreadful plague to the cows of Italy. An Italian writer quoted by Dr. Martyn informs us, that it resembles a wasp, has two membraneous wings, with which it makes a most horrible whizzing. The belly is terminated by three long rings, one within another, from the last of which proceeds a formidable sting. This sting is composed of a tube, through which the egg is emitted, and two augres, which make way for the tube to penetrate into the skin of the cattle. These augres are armed with little knives, which prick with their points, and cut with their edges, causing intolerable pain to the wounded animal. The mention of these insects put me in mind of an elegant rural comparison in Spenser.

But to the mares deny they foſtering food,
And drive them from the browze and cooling flood,
When now the new deſires invade the boiling blood:
Oft bid them glow beneath the ſunny ray,
And oft fatigue them thro' the duſty way:
When groan the floors beneath the trampled corn,
And light in air the fluttering chaff is borne;
Leſt too luxurious eaſe and plenty cloy,
Blunt the keen ſenſe, and choak the paths of joy:
So ſhall the female feel the flowing ſeed,
And ſuck with greedy rage the ruſhing ſteed.
We now forſake the ſires, transfer our care,
From the ſtout ſtallion, to the teeming mare.
Let her no more, along the lab'ring ground,
Draw the ſlow car, or leap the riſing mound:
Nor tempt the flood, nor ſkim the level mead,
But turn her loneſome in the lawns to feed,
Soft with the greeneſt graſs, and many a moſſy bed;
Where ſome full river rolls his plenteous waves,
Mid' ſhades of ridgy rocks, and cooling caves.
Along the foreſts dark where Selo flows,
And old Alburnus lifts his ilex-crowned brows,
Of winged inſects ſwarms a frequent flight,
Aeſtron in Greece; at Rome Aſilus hight;
Soon as their iſſuing hoſts, with humming ſound
Approach, the cattle quit the groves around;
The ſkies re-echo to the mingling roar,
The groves, and dry Tanager's ſultry ſhore!

As when a ſwarme of gnats, at eventide,
Out of the fennes of Allan doe ariſe,
Their murmuring ſmall trumpets ſounden wide,
Whiles in the air their cluſtering armie flies,
That as a cloud doth ſeeme to din the ſkies;
Ne man nor beaſt may reſt, or take repaſt,
For their ſharpe wounds, and noyous injuries;
'Till the fierce northern wind with bluſtring blaſt
Doth blowne them quite away, and in the ocean caſt.
Fa. Q. B. 2. l. 9. ſ. 16.

Hoc quondam monſtro horribilis exercuit iras
Inachiae Juno peſtem meditata juvencae.
Hunc quoque, nam mediis ſervoribus acrior inſtat,
Arcebis gravido pecori, armentaque paſces
Sole recens orto, aut noctem ducentibus aſtris.
Poſt partum cura in vitulos traducitur omnis:
Continuoque notas et nomina gentis inurunt:
Et quos aut pecori malint ſubmittere habendo,
Aut aris ſervare ſacros, aut ſcindere terram,
Et campum horrentem fractis invertere glebis.
Cetera paſcuntur viridis armenta per herbas.
Tu quos ad ſtudium atque uſum formabis agreſtem,
Jam vitulos hortare, viamque inſiſte domandi,
Dum faciles animi juvenum, dum mobilis aetas.
Ac primum laxos tenui de vimine circlos
Cervici ſubnecte: dehinc, ubi libera colla
Servitio adſuerint, ipſis e torquibus aptos
Junge pares: et coge gradum conferre juvencos:
Atque illis jam ſaepe rotae ducantur inanes
Per terram, et ſummo veſtigia pulvere ſignent.
Poſt valido nitens ſub pondere faginus axis
Inſtrepat, et junctos temo trahat aereus orbis.
Interea pubi indomitae non gramina tantum,
Nec veſcas ſalicum frondes, ulvamque paluſtrem,
Sed frumenta manu carpes ſata: nec tibi foetae,
More patrum, nivea inplebunt mulctraria vaccae,
Sed tota in dulcis conſument ubera gnatos.
Sin ad bella magis ſtudium, turmaſque feroces,

226. *Correction bear.*] Mr. Dryden talks here of ſending the calf to ſchool, reſtraining him from the bad examples of the world, and inſtructing him in moral precepts. Virgil ſays only, *ad ſtudium et uſum agreſtem dum faciles animi.*

This plague, the juſt revenge of guilty love,
To frantic rage th' Inachian heifer drove.
More thick they ſwarm, when glows the noon-tide heat,
Then ſhift thy pregnant herd to ſome ſequeſter'd ſeat;
Or drive them forth, when dawns the purple light,
Or Heſper gilds with glittering ſtars the night.
When now the dam has felt Lucina's pains,
A farther care to rear the calf remains;
On each betimes, they print the branding fire,
To note the name, the lineage, and the ſire.
Let this be doom'd to propagate the breed;
This at the ſacred ſhrine a victim bleed:
But that be deſtin'd in the field to toil,
Break the ſtiff clods, and cleave the ſtubborn ſoil;
The reſt unmark'd, as frolic leiſure leads,
Wanton, inglorious, o'er the graſſy meads.
The ſteers allotted to the ſhining ſhare,
Obſerve to teach and tame with timely care;
While now their tender years correction bear.
Bind them with collars from the tender ſpray,
And when their necks the ſervile band obey;
Connect two well-match'd bullocks in the trace,
And bid them learn in pairs the plain to pace;
Oft let them draw the waggon's empty load,
Whoſe wheels ſcarce print the duſt, or mark the road:
Next let them ſmoke beneath th' incumbent maſs,
Join'd to the beechen axle, bound with braſs.
Mean time thy unyok'd young not only feed
With graſs and willow-leaves, or marſhy weed;
But crop with careful hand the nodding ears;
Nor let the dam, as erſt in ancient years,
Contribute to the pail her milky load;
Be all her udder on her calf beſtow'd.
But if thy boſom burn in ranks of war
To lead the marſhall'd hoſt, or urge the car,

Aut Alphea rotis praelabi flumina Piſae,
Et Jovis in luco currus agitare volantis;
Primus equi labor eſt, animos atque arma videre
Bellantum, lituoſque pati; tractuque gementem
Ferre rotam, et ſtabulo frenos audire ſonantis.
Tum magis atque magis blandis gaudere magiſtri
Laudibus, et plauſae ſonitum cervicis amare.
Atque haec jam primo depulſus ab ubere matris
Audiat, inque vicem det mollibus ora capiſtris
Invalidus, et jamque tremens, et jam inſcius aevi.
At, tribus exactis, ubi quarta acceperit aeſtas,
Carpere mox gyrum incipiat, gradibuſque ſonare
Conpoſitis, ſinuetque alterna volumina crurum;
Sitque laboranti ſimilis: tum curſibus auras
Provocet, ac per aperta volans, ceu liber habenis,
Aequora, vix ſumma veſtigia ponat arena:
Qualis, Hyperboreis Aquilo cum denſus ab oris
Incubuit, Scythiaeque hiemes atque arida differt
Nubila: tum ſegetes altae campique natantes
Lenibus horreſcunt flabris, ſummaeque ſonorem
Dant ſilvae, longique urguent ad litora fluctus:
Ille volat, ſimul arva fuga, ſimul aequora verrens.
Hic vel ad Elei metas et maxima campi
Sudabit ſpatia, et ſpumas aget ore cruentas:
Belgica vel molli melius feret eſſeda collo.
Tum demum craſſa magnum farragine corpus
Creſcere jam domitis ſinito. namque ante domandum
Ingentis tollent animos, prenſique negabunt
Verbera lenta pati, et duris parere lupatis.

263. *Like Boreas.*] It cannot be imagined, by the ſevereſt critics, who think ſuch beauties of ſtyle in the ancients chimerical, that Virgil did not intend to repreſent by this ſwift line of dactyles the courſe of the wind:

Ille volat, ſimul arva fuga, ſimul aequora verrens.

270. *Elean plain.*] This alludes to the Olympic games celebrated about Olympia in the region of Elis. Whoever would have a juſt notion of the great political uſefulneſs of theſe celebrated games of Greece, will meet with much pleaſure

Where ſtrays thro' Piſa's plain th' Alphaean flood,
Or whirl along the Thunderer's olive wood;
To trumpets ſhrill, to many a martial deed,
And glare of glittering arms inure the ſteed:
Oft let him toil the ſlow car's load to bear,
The ruſtling reins oft rattle in his ear:
With flattery ſooth him, while with conſcious pride,
He feels his maſter clap his ſounding ſide.
Begin betimes; while weak and youthful yet,
Bend his ſoft mouth to brook a ſlender bit;
Juſt wean'd and trembling from his mother's ſide;
New to the curb, and in the courſe untry'd.
But when to four full ſprings his years advance,
Teach him to run the ring, with pride to prance;
The plain in meaſur'd ſteps and time to beat,
And in alternate paces ſhift his feet;
Oft let him ſeem to ſpring with labour'd might;
Then challenge whirlwinds in his airy flight:
While as he pours abroad with looſen'd reins,
His lightſome feet ſcarce touch the printleſs plains.
Like Boreas in his courſe, when ruſhing forth
He calms the Scythian ſkies, and clears the cloudy north:
Reſound the tall tops of the trembling trees,
The heavy harveſts nod beneath the breeze:
O'er plains, o'er ſeas, the driving tempeſt ſweeps,
And to the ſounding ſhore purſues the boiling deeps.
A ſteed like this, with conquering ſteps will ſtrain,
And foam with blood acroſs th' Elean plain;
Or with obedient neck the Belgic car ſuſtain.
When now the colt is broke to bear command,
Feed him with kindly care, and plenteous hand:
For yet untam'd, his pamper'd pride diſdains
To feel the ſounding laſh, and galling reins.

ſure and inſtruction from the learned and ingenious Mr. Weſt's diſſertation prefixed to his tranſlation of an author, to whom he alone, of all the moderns, has done juſtice, in a ſpirited and elegant tranſlation of his odes.

Sed non ulla magis viris induſtria firmat,
Quam venerem et caeci ſtimulos avertere amoris,
Sive boum, ſive eſt cui gratior uſus equorum.
Atque ideo tauros procul atque in ſola relegant
Paſcua, poſt montem oppoſitum, et trans flumina lata:
Aut intus clauſos ſatura ad praeſepia ſervant.
Carpit enim viris paullatim, uritque videndo
Femina: nec nemorum patitur meminiſſe, neque herbae.
Dulcibus illa quidem inlecebris et ſaepe ſuperbos
Cornibus inter ſe ſubigit decernere amantis:
Paſcitur in magna ſilva formoſa juvenca:
Illi alternantes multa vi proelia miſcent
Volneribus crebris: lavit ater corpora ſanguis,
Verſaque in obnixos urguentur cornua vaſto
Cum gemitu. reboant ſilvaeque et magnus Olympus.
Nec mos bellantis una ſtabulare: ſed alter
Victus abit, longeque ignotis exſulat oris;
Multa gemens ignominiam plagaſque ſuperbi
Victoris; tum, quos amiſit inultus, amores;
Et ſtabula aſpectans regnis exceſſit avitis.
Ergo omni cura viris exercet, et inter
Dura jacet pernix inſtrato ſaxa cubili,
Frondibus hirſutis et carice paſtus acuta:
Et tentat ſeſe, atque iraſci in cornua diſcit
Arboris obnixus trunco: ventoſque laceſſit
Ictibus, et ſparſa ad pugnam proludit arena.
Poſt, ubi conlectum robur, vireſque refectae,
Signa movet, praecepſque oblitum fertur in hoſtem:
Fluctus uti, medio coepit cum albeſcere ponto,
Longius, ex altoque ſinum trahit; utque volutus

285. *The mighty rivals.*] The deſcription of the bulls contending for the female is admirable; particularly, that fine circumſtance of the vanquiſh'd bull looking back on his old accuſtomed ſtall and paſtures when he is forced to retreat. And ſtill more ſo, the circumſtance of his lying down, ſullenly diſconſolate, on the ſtones, feeding upon ruſhes and prickly leaves, and exerciſing his horns againſt the trunks of trees, to enable himſelf to contend again with his hated rival. All theſe

But nought will keep their vigour more entire,
Than from their breasts to turn the stings of blind desire:
Their bulls they banish to some lonely scene,
Where vast rocks, and wide rivers intervene:
Or to the plenteous stall the beast remove,
Far from the tender sex, and lure of love.
For while the female charms his sickening sight,
No more the groves, or springing grass invite.
She vers'd in wanton looks, and winning wiles,
The mighty rivals to the fight beguiles.
The beauteous heifer strays the darksome wood;
With mutual rage they rush; thick streams the sable blood;
From their broad brows the clashing horns rebound,
With bellowings loud the groves and skies resound.
Nor, when the war is o'er, their rage expires;
To distant vales the vanquish'd wretch retires;
Weeps his disgrace, his conqu'ring rival's boast;
Yet more the fair, that unreveng'd he lost:
And oft with pensive looks, as he retreats,
The parting exile views his ancient seats.
Then steels his limbs to toil, improves his might,
And roughly rests on craggy flints the night:
On prickly leaves and pointed rushes fed,
He feigns to gore a tree with butting head,
Bends his stern brows and pushes at the air,
And spurns the scatter'd sand, a prelude of the war.
Now when his nerves with new-felt fury glow,
Headlong he seeks his unexpecting foe:
As when a rising billow by degrees,
Begins to boil amid the whitening seas;

these beautiful strokes are concluded by the noble simile of a vast wave rolling towards a rocky shore. The pause at *procumbit* in the original

Monte minor procumbit,

is very expressive of the thing intended.

286. *Heifer.*] This line in the original is supposed to be spurious.

Ad terras, inmane ſonat per ſaxa, neque ipſo
Monte minor procumbit: at ima exaeſtuat unda
Verticibus, nigramque alte ſubjectat arenam.
Omne adeo genus in terris hominumque ferarumque,
Et genus aequoreum, pecudes, pictaeque volucres,
In furias ignemque ruunt. amor omnibus idem.
Tempore non alio catulorum oblita leaena
Saevior erravit campis: nec funera volgo
Tam multa informes urſi ſtragemque dedere
Per ſilvas. tum ſaevus aper, tum peſſima tigris.
Heu, male tum Libyae ſolis erratur in agris.
Nonne vides, ut tota tremor pertentet equorum
Corpora, ſi tantum notas odor adtulit auras?
Ac neque eos jam frena virûm, neque verbera ſaeva,
Non ſcopuli, rupeſque cavae, atque objecta retardant
Flumina correptos unda torquentia montis.
Ipſe ruit, dentiſque Sabellicus exacuit ſus,
Et pede proſubigit terram, fricat arbore coſtas
Atque hinc atque illinc, humeroſque ad volnera durat.
Quid juvenis, magnum cui verſat in oſſibus ignem
Durus amor? nempe abruptis turbata procellis
Nocte natat caeca ſerus freta: quem ſuper ingens
Porta tonat caeli, et ſcopulis inliſa reclamant
Aequora; nec miſeri poſſunt revocare parentes,
Nec moritura ſuper crudeli funere virgo.
Quid? lynces Bacchi variae, et genus acre luporum,

332. *How fares the youth.*] The poet alludes to the celebrated ſtory of Hero and Leander, perhaps the moſt entertaining of all the ancient love-tales; the Muſaeus who has written an elegant poem on this ſubject, was not the ancient Muſaeus; for ſeveral falſe conceits and thoughts, rather pretty than ſolid, and contrary to the ſimplicity of the older Grecian writers, evidently betray the later age of the piece. See Vol. 3. B. 6. N. ver. 928. 'Tis obſervable Virgil hints, that the whole ſpecies would encounter the ſame dangers as Leander did for the ſake of love.

Loud o'er the rocks then rolls with horrid roar,
And mountain-like burſts on the ſubject ſhore:
The troubled depths in circling eddies riſe,
And heave the ſable ſand in whirlwinds to the ſkies.
Thus man and beaſt, the tenants of the flood,
The herds that graze the plain, the feathery brood,
Ruſh into love, and feel the general flame;
For love is lord of all, and is in all the ſame.
'Tis with this rage the mother lion ſtung,
Prowls o'er the plain, regardleſs of her young.
'Tis then the ſhapeleſs bear with ſcenes of blood,
With murderous deeds pollutes th' affrighted wood:
Then boars in fight with double warmth engage,
And the grim tygreſs calls forth all her rage.
Ah! wretched then the traveller who ſtrays
Forlorn o'er Libya's unfrequented ways!
See, what thick pants the ſtallion's fires declare,
Whene'er in tainted gales he ſcents the mare:
Nor curbs, nor torturing whips his rage reſtrain,
And mountains riſe to check his flight in vain;
In vain the torrent rolls, that tumbling ſweeps
The maſſy fragment from the craggy ſteeps.
Ruſhes the Sabine boar, and rends the ground,
And whets his tuſks to ſtrike the ſurer wound:
Rubs his rough ſides againſt th' accuſtom'd oak,
And diſciplines his brawn to bear the rival's ſtroke.
How fares the youth, who feels the pleaſing pain
His marrow pierce, and throb in every vein?
In darkneſs drear he ſwims the ſtormy main:
Above from heaven's high gate the thunder roars,
The daſhing waves re-echo round the ſhores.
Nor weeping parents, nor the fated fair
Retards his courſe, too ſoon his cruel death to ſhare!
Why ſhould I ſing how hungry wolves engage,
How beaſts of Bacchus' car, how maſtiffs rage?

Atque canum, quid? quae inbelles dant praelia cervi?
Scilicet ante omnis furor eſt inſignis equarum:
Et mentem Venus ipſa dedit, quo tempore Glauci
Potniades malis membra abſumſere quadrigae.
Illas ducit amor trans Gargara, tranſque ſonantem
Aſcanium: ſuperant montis, et flumina tranant.
Continuoque avidis ubi ſubdita flamma medullis,
Vere magis (quia vere calor redit oſſibus) illae
Ore omnes verſae in Zephyrum ſtant rupibus altis,
Exceptantque levis auras: et ſaepe ſine ullis
Conjugiis vento gravidae (mirabile dictu)
Saxa per et ſcopulos et depreſſas convallis
Diffugiunt; non, Eure, tuos, neque ſolis ad ortus;
In Borean Caurumque, aut unde nigerrimus Auſter
Naſcitur, et pluvio contriſtat frigore caelum.
Hic demum, hippomanes vero quod nomine dicunt
Paſtores, lentum deſtillat ab inguine virus.
Hippomanes, quod ſaepe malae legere novercae,
Miſcueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba.
Sed fugit interea, fugit inreparabile tempus,
Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.
Hoc ſatis armentis. ſuperat pars altera curae,
Lanigeros agitare greges, hirtaſque capellas.
Hic labor: hinc laudem fortes ſperate coloni.
Nec ſum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quam ſit, et anguſtis hunc addere rebus honorem.
Sed me Parnaſi deſerta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor. juvat ire jugis, qua nulla priorum
Caſtaliam molli devertitur orbita clivo.

358. *Hippomanes.*] The hippomanes ſignifies two things. 1. A certain liquor that flows from a mare ready to take horſe. 2. An excreſcence of fleſh which the new-foaled colts have upon their foreheads. It is black, round, and of the bigneſs of a dried fig. It is pretended that theſe two hippomanes's have a peculiar virtue in philtres, and other ſuch compoſitions deſigned

Ev'n timorous ſtags provoke the woodland war;
But far above the reſt the paſſion of the mare.
Ev'n Venus here a ſtronger luſt inſpir'd,
When to revenge the Potnian mares ſhe fir'd.
Wing'd with deſire they bound o'er Gargarus' height,
Nor loud Aſcanius' torrents ſtay their flight:
When now their veins the vernal mildneſs warms,
And with kind heat their luſty limbs informs;
To the tall cliffs impatient they repair,
And from the weſtward ſnuff the fleeting air:
Where, wonderous power! without th' aſſiſting ſteed,
Made pregnant by the parent-breeze they breed.
Thence wild o'er rocks and deep-ſunk vallies ſtray,
Far from the northern blaſt, or ſource of day;
Or whence wet Auſter's gloomy damps ariſe
To hang with ſable clouds the ſadden'd ſkies.
Hence from their wombs, what th' artleſs ſhepherd calls
Hippomanes, a trickling poiſon falls:
Which baleful ſtep-dames in the bowl infuſe,
With many murmurs mix'd, and herbs of magic juice.
But time is on the wing; too far we rove
Bewilder'd with an argument we love.
Enough of herds: freſh labours now ſucceed,
The ſhaggy goats and fleecy flocks to feed.
Hence ſhall the huſbandman new glory raiſe,
While his low cares I lift in labour'd lays:
Nor ſlight, to grace ſo mean a theme, the toil,
And beautify with flow'rs a barren ſoil.
But me the ſweet deſire of ſacred praiſe
Leads forth to trace Parnaſſus' pathleſs ways,
Down to Caſtalia's ſpring my car to guide,
Where never poet mark'd the mountain's ſide.

deſigned for faſcinations. And that the laſt is of ſuch a nature, that a mare has no ſooner dropped her colt, but ſhe eats this piece of fleſh, without which ſhe would not ſuckle it. A curious reader may ſee a learned diſſertation on this ſubject, at the end of Mr. Bayle's Dictionary: an author fond of treating uncommon ſubjects.

Nunc, veneranda Pales, magno nunc ore ſonandum.
Incipiens ſtabulis edico in mollibus herbam
Carpere ovis, dum mox frondoſa reducitur aeſtas:
Et multa duram ſtipula filicumque maniplis
Sternere ſubter humum, glacies ne frigida laedat
Molle pecus, ſcabiemque ferat, turpiſque podagras.
Poſt hinc digreſſus jubeo frondentia capris
Arbuta ſufficere, et fluvios praebere recentis;
Et ſtabula a ventis hiberno opponere ſoli
Ad medium converſa diem: cum frigidus olim
Jam cadit, extremoque inrorat Aquarius anno.
Haec quoque non cura nobis leviore tuendae;
Nec minor uſus erit: quamvis Mileſia magno
Vellera mutentur Tyrios incocta rubores.
Denſior hinc ſuboles: hinc largi copia lactis.
Quam magis exhauſto ſpumaverit ubere mulctra;
Laeta magis preſſis manabunt flumina mammis.
Nec minus interea barbas incanaque menta
Cinyphii tondent hirci, ſaetaſque comantis,
Uſum in caſtrorum, et miſeris velamina nautis.
Paſcuntur vero ſilvas, et ſumma Lycaei,
Horrentiſque rubos, et amantis ardua dumos.
Atque ipſae memores redeunt in tecta, ſuoſque
Ducunt, et gravido ſuperant vix ubere limen.
Ergo omni ſtudio glaciem ventoſque nivalis,
Quo minus eſt illis curae mortalis egeſtas,
Avertes: victumque feres, et virgea laetus
Pabula; nec tota claudes foenilia bruma.

372. *Where never poet.*] This is an imitation of Lucretius:

Nec me animus fallit, quam ſint obſcura, ſed acri
Percuſſit thyrſo laudis ſpes magna meum cor——
——*juvat integros accedere fontes*
Atque haurire, juvatque novos decerpere flores,
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora muſae.

Now, hallowed Pales, I resound thy reign,
O grant thine aid! in more majestic strain.
First, I command, beneath the fostering shed,
Till spring returns, thy sheep with grass be fed:
Strew fern beneath, lest from the piercing ice
O'er their soft skins the loathsome scabs arise.
Nor less, thy goats with leafy fodder fill,
And give them water recent from the rill.
Safe from the stormy north, their stalls prepare
To catch the wintry sun, and southern air;
When cold Aquarius, from his cloudy sphere,
Pours his last drops upon the parting year.
Nor less the toil the shaggy goat to raise,
Nor less the profit that the goat repays.
Let Caria boast her Tyrian-tinctur'd fleece;
Yet these afford more numerous increase;
And, as their swelling dugs you drain the more,
In fuller plenty streams the milky store.
Besides, their hairy beards the shepherds shear,
To cover tents, or cloath the mariner.
At will they graze Lycaeus' shrubby top,
And the rough thorn or prickly bramble crop;
Return untended with their bleating train,
And o'er the threshold scarce their strutting dugs sustain.
Since then so little of thy care they know,
Guard them from freezing blasts, and icy snow:
Gladly supply them with the leafy spray,
Nor in bleak winter's reign refuse thy hoarded hay.

373. *Pales.*] The third is the most epic of all the Georgics; and the introduction to it, as well as several passages in it, particularly this, shew that Virgil regarded it as such himself. HOLDSWORTH.

392. *Tents.*] Varro, speaking of the usefulness of goats, says, they are shorn for the use of sailors and war.

At vero, Zephyris cum laeta vocantibus aestas,
In saltus utrumque gregem atque in pascua mittes.
Luciferi primo cum sidere frigida rura
Carpamus, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent,
Et ros in tenera pecori gratissimus herba est.
Inde, ubi quarta sitim caeli conlegerit hora,
Et cantu querulae rumpent arbusta cicadae;
Ad puteos, aut alta greges ad stagna jubeto
Currentem ilignis potare canalibus undam:
Aestibus at mediis umbrosam exquirere vallem,
Sicubi magna Jovis antiquo robore quercus
Ingentis tendat ramos: aut sicubi nigrum
Ilicibus crebris sacra nemus adcubet umbra.
Tum tenuis dare rursus aquas, et pascere rursus
Solis ad occasum. cum frigidus aëra vesper
Temperat, et saltus reficit jam rosida luna,
Litoraque Alcyonen resonant, acalanthida dumi.
Quid tibi pastores Libyae, quid pascua versu
Prosequar, et raris habitata mapalia tectis?
Saepe diem noctemque, et totum ex ordine mensem
Pascitur, itque pecus longa in deserta sine ullis
Hospitiis: tantum campi jacet. omnia secum
Armentarius Afer agit, tectumque, Laremque,
Armaque, Amyclaeumque canem, Cressamque pharetram.

405. The freshness of the morning is painted in the livelieſt colours. We muſt remember that 'tis a morning in Italy: a morning in a hot climate.

408. *Shrill cicada's lay.*] Several of the modern Italian poets mention the ſinging of the cicada, as very loud and troubleſome in the great heats of ſummer. *Per gli ombroſi rami le argute cicale cantando ſi affatica vano ſotto al gran caldo.* Arcadia del Sannazaro, Proſa 10.

413. *Or where.*] How beautifully has the poet enlivened theſe dry precepts concerning the time of watering cattle by this deſcription of a little landſcape! of a vaſt old oak ſtanding in a valley, or an ilex of ever-green oak, ſpreading a thick and ſolemn ſhade! The deſcription of the cool of the evening is delightful.

413. *Ilex foreſt, dark and deep.*] We have not a full idea of this image, from our not knowing of how deep a green the ilex is,

But when the frolic Zephyrs breathe the ſpring,
Both flocks abroad to verdant paſtures bring.
When now the morning-ſtar but dimly dawns,
Lead them to taſte the coolneſs of the lawns;
When hoar with virgin dew the graſs appears,
Haſte, let them drink the morning's earlieſt tears.
When the fierce ſun grows hot with parching ray,
And woods reſound the ſhrill cicada's lay;
Then drive them to freſh ſprings, their thirſt to ſlake;
To troughs of oak, or to the ſpreading lake:
But at mid-noon, to green and gloomy glades;
Where ſome tall oak uprears his aged ſhades;
Or where the ilex-foreſt, dark and deep
Sheds holy horrors o'er the hanging ſteep.
Again refreſh them, with their verdant food,
When ſinks the ſun, and with the cryſtal flood,
When evening airs their cooling damps diffuſe,
And Cynthia bathes the groves in balmy dews;
When thro' the brakes is heard th' acanthis' ſong,
And halcyons chaunt the hollow ſhores among.
Why ſhould I ſing of Libya's artleſs ſwains;
Her ſcatter'd cottages, and trackleſs plains?
By day, by night, without a deſtin'd home,
For many a month their flocks all lonely roam;
So vaſt th' unbounded ſolitude appears.
While, with his flock, his all the ſhepherd bears:
His arms, his houſhold gods, his homely ſhed,
His Cretan darts, and dogs of Sparta bred.

is, and what a vaſt ſhade it caſts in Italy, where there are great numbers of this tree. It abounds alſo in Sicily; Mount Etna is covered with them.

423. *By day.*] This digreſſion to the ſhepherds of Africa cannot be ſufficiently praiſed; one ſees them

Paſturing on from verdant ſtage to ſtage.
THOMSON, Caſt. of Ind.

The vaſtneſs of thoſe plains are repreſented by the very flow of this line in the original,

——*itque pecus longa in deſerta ſine ullis*
Hoſpitiis —— tantum campi jacet.

Non ſecus ac patriis acer Romanus in armis
Injuſto ſub faſce viam cum carpit, et hoſti
Ante exſpectatum poſitis ſtat in agmine caſtris.
At non, qua Scythiae gentes, Maeotiaque unda,
Turbidus ac torquens flaventis Hiſter arenas,
Quaque redit medium Rhodope porrecta ſub axem,
Illic clauſa tenent ſtabulis armenta; neque ullae
Aut herbae campo adparent, aut arbore frondes:
Sed jacet aggeribus niveis informis, et alto
Terra gelu late, ſeptemque adſurgit in ulnas.
Semper hiems, ſemper ſpirantes frigora Cauri.
Tum ſol pallentis haud umquam diſcutit umbras:
Nec cum invectus equis altum petit aethera: nec cum
Praecipitem Oceani rubro lavit aequore currum.
Concreſcunt ſubitae currenti in flumine cruſtae,
Undaque jam tergo ferratos ſuſtinet orbis,
Puppibus illa prius patulis, nunc hoſpita plauſtris.
Aeraque diffiliunt volgo, veſteſque rigeſcunt
Indutae, caeduntque ſecuribus humida vina,
Et totae ſolidam in glaciem vertere lacunae,
Stiriaque inpexis induruit horrida barbis.

429. *So Rome's.*] The Roman ſoldiers were wont to carry in their campaigns, not only their ſwords, helmets, and ſhields, but likewiſe proviſions for a fortnight, and ſtakes and utenſils.

433. *Not ſo.*] The contraſt is very ſtrong between the ſcenes of Africa and Scythia, and has a fine effect. This variety, this magic art of conveying the reader from one climate to another, conſtitutes one of the greateſt beauties of poetry.

M. de Maupertuis, who, with ſome other academicians, was ſent by the king of France, in 1736, to meaſure a degree of the meridian, under the arctic circle, ſays, that brandy was the only liquor, which could be kept ſufficiently fluid for them to drink: *Pendant un froid ſi grand, que la langue et les levres ſe geloient ſur le champ, contre le taſſe, &c.* And a little afterwards he tells us, that the ſpirits of wine froze in their thermometers.

442. *Nor the ſun's rays.*] In the original this is a verſe conſiſting wholly of ſlow ſpondees, which by their melancholy flow repreſent the diſmalneſs of the object deſcribed.

443. *When firſt he climbs.*] This winter-piece has ever been admired as one of the capital paintings of Virgil. Thomſon has

So Rome's brave ſons, beneath th' oppreſſive load
Of arms and baggage, trace the deſtin'd road;
And while he ne'er ſuſpects th' impending blow,
Sudden unfurl their ſtandards on the foe.
Not ſo the Scythian ſhepherds tend their ſheep;
Where ſad Moeotis ſpreads his ſable deep;
Thick yellow ſands where Iſter's torrents roll,
And Rhodope returns to meet the pole.
Their flocks they ſtall; for o'er th' unfruitful ſcene,
Nor fields, nor trees are cloath'd in lively green.
One waſte of ſnow the joyleſs landſcape lies,
Seven ells in height the ridgy drifts ariſe.
There ſtill the bitter blaſts of winter dwell;
Nor the ſun's rays the paly ſhade diſpel,
When firſt he climbs his noon-tide courſe, or laves
His headlong car in ocean's purple waves.
Th' encroaching ice the loitering current feels,
And on its boſom bears the ſtudded wheels:
Where erſt the ſtately bark was wont to ride,
Waggons, thro' paths unknown, ſecurely glide.
Oft from the veſſel burſts the brazen band,
Stiff round their ſides their frozen garments ſtand.
With ſharpen'd ſteel they cleave the humid wine,
And chains of ſolid ice whole lakes confine;
Their matted beards, by the keen climate frore,
With hanging icicles are hard and hoar.

has given us a noble imitation of it, in his view of winter within the polar circle; and has added ſome ſtriking circumſtances, not to be found in Virgil, which modern travellers have obſerved. I cannot forbear tranſcribing his concluſion, where he deſcribes winter perſonally. The image is ſublime.

Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court,
And thro' his airy hall the loud miſrule
Of driving tempeſt is for ever heard;
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath,
Here arms his winds with all-ſubduing froſt;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treaſures up his ſnows,
With which he now oppreſſes half the globe.

Interea toto non ſecius aëre ninguit:
Intereunt pecudes, ſtant circumfuſa pruinis
Corpora magna boum: confertoque agmine cervi
Torpent mole nova, et ſummis vix cornibus exſtant.
Hos non inmiſſis canibus, non caſſibus ullis
Puniceaeve agitant pavidos formidine pinnae:
Sed fruſtra oppoſitum trudentes pectore montem
Comminus obtruncant ferro, graviterque rudentes
Caedunt, et magno laeti clamore reportant.
Ipſi in defoſſis ſpecubus ſecura ſub alta
Otia agunt terra, congeſtaque robora, totaſque
Advolvere focis ulmos, ignique dedere.
Hic noctem ludo ducunt, et pocula laeti
Fermento atque acidis imitantur vitea ſorbis.
Talis Hyperboreo ſeptem ſubjecta trioni
Gens effrena virûm Rhipaeo tunditur euro,
Et pecudum fulvis velatur corpora ſetis.
Si tibi lanitium curae; primum aſpera ſilva,
Lappaeque tribulique abſint: fuge pabula laeta:
Continuoque greges villis lege mollibus albos.
Illum autem, quamvis aries ſit candidus ipſe,
Nigra ſubeſt udo tantum cui lingua palato,
Rejice, ne maculis infuſcet vellera pullis
Naſcentum; plenoque alium circumſpice campo.
Munere ſic niveo lanae, ſi credere dignum eſt,
Pan deus Arcadiae captam te, Luna, fefellit,
In nemora alta vocans: nec tu aſpernata vocantem.
At cui lactis amor, cytiſum, lotoſque frequentis
Ille manu, ſalſaſque ferat praeſepibus herbas.

479. *Tho' white thy ram.*] If the tongue of the ram be black or ſpeckled (ſays Varro) the lambs will be of the ſame colour. See Ariſtotle of animals to the ſame purpoſe.

Mean time the ſkies are dim with falling ſnows;
Thick clouds of fleet th' unwieldy ox encloſe:
In growing heaps benumb'd, the crowding deer
Scarce from beneath, their branching antlers rear:
Nor theſe with hounds the hunter-train ſurprize,
With nets, or feathers dipt in purple dies;
But with the ſword invade them, while in vain
Againſt the huge reluctant load they ſtrain,
While void of help, in piteous ſounds they bray;
Then home, with ſhouts of triumph bear the prey.
In caverns deep, with oak uppil'd, they raiſe,
And many a branching elm, the crackling blaze;
From cold ſecur'd, around the flaming hearth,
Waſte the long dreary night in ſocial mirth:
Guiltleſs of wine, the goblet ſtill goes round,
With Ceres' juice, and ſparkling cyder crown'd.
Such is the race of ſavage ſwains that lie
Beneath the rigours of the polar ſky;
And ſore afflicted by the piercing eaſt,
Their limbs with furs and brinded ſkins inveſt.
Is wool thy care? avoid the ſhaggy ground,
Where thiſtles and the prickly bur abound.
Nor let too fat a ſoil thy choice invite;
Chooſe firſt a flock with fleeces ſoft and white.
Tho' white thy ram, yet if a ſwarthy tongue
Appears beneath his humid palate hung,
Reject him, leſt he blacken all the breed,
And let another to the taſk ſucceed.
Thus by a ſnowy fleece, th' Arcadian god
Drew down pale Cynthia from her bright abode;
Nor did'ſt thou, queen of night, diſdain his love,
Pleas'd with the cheat, thou met'ſt him in the grove.
If milk thou lov'ſt, with lillies from the brook,
Soft leaves, and ſalted herbage feed thy flock;

Hinc et amant fluvios magis, ac magis ubera tendunt,
Et ſalis occultum referunt in lacte ſaporem.
Multi jam excretos prohibent a matribus haedos,
Primaque ferratis praefigunt ora capiſtris.
Quod ſurgente die mulſere horiſque diurnis,
Nocte premunt; quod jam tenebris et ſole cadente,
Sub lucem; exportans calathis adit oppida paſtor:
Aut parco ſale contingunt, hiemique reponunt.
Nec tibi cura canum fuerit poſtrema: ſed una
Velocis Spartae catulos acremque Moloſſum
Paſce fero pingui: numquam cuſtodibus illis
Nocturnum ſtabulis furem, incurſuſque luporum,
Aut inpacatos a tergo horrebis Hiberos.
Saepe etiam curſu timidos agitabis onagros,
Et canibus leporem, canibus venabere damas.
Saepe volutabris pulſos ſilveſtribus apros
Latratu turbabis agens, montiſque per altos
Ingentem clamore premes ad retia cervom.
Diſce et odoratam ſtabulis accendere cedrum,
Galbaneoque agitare gravis nidore chelydros.
Saepe ſub inmotis praeſepibus aut mala tactu
Vipera delituit, caelumque exterrita fugit:
Aut tecto adſuetus coluber ſuccedere et umbrae,
Peſtis acerba boum, pecorique adſpergere virus,

498. *Nor be it thy laſt care.*] The poet ſays but little concerning the care of breeding of dogs, or of hunting. Mr. Somerville, in his poem entituled the Chace, one of the beſt productions of this age, has in ſome meaſure ſupplied the defect.

498. *Nor be it thy laſt care.*] *Tibi cura*, ſays the original. *Tibi*, to you, Mecaenas; putting the reader in mind, that the poem (as didactic pieces ſhould be) is addreſſed to a particular perſon.

513. *Serpent.*] This is from Nicander, Theriac. 35. 51. 53. See Columella alſo, 7. 4.

514. *The viper too.*] Dr. Martyn thinks the ſerpent here deſcribed to be that which Pliny calls *boas*. This author affirms they grew to a prodigious bigneſs, and that a child was found in the belly of one of them in the reign of Claudius: that they feed

Hence ſtung with thirſt to the clear rills they haſte,
Hence are their ſwelling dugs more tightly brac'd,
While in the milk remains the ſavoury taſte.
Some, when the kids their dams too deeply drain,
Their tender mouths with ſteely bits reſtrain.
Their morning-milk the peaſants preſs at night,
Their evening bear to town, when dawns the light;
Or in the maſs, with ſparing hand, they pour
The taſteful ſalt, and keep for winter ſtore.
Nor be it thy laſt care thy dogs to breed;
With fatt'ning whey the vigorous maſtiff feed,
And Sparta's race: thus ſhould the thief invade,
Or wolf, thy fold, when night extends her ſhade,
Or roving robber from th' Iberian rocks;
Theſe ſhall repel their rage, and guard thy flocks:
Thy hound, the wild-aſs in the ſylvan chace,
Or hare, or hart, with faithful ſpeed will trace;
Aſſail the muddy cave, with eager cries,
Where the rough boar in ſullen ambuſh lies;
Preſs the tall ſtag with clamours echoing ſhrill,
To ſecret toils, along th' aërial hill.
And learn to burn within thy ſheltering rooms,
The ſpicy cedar, and Galbanëan gums;
Beneath th' unſhifted ſheds, in winding cells
Oft ſhut from day, the bloated ſerpent dwells:
The viper too that loves a ſhady ſeat,
That ſeeks beneath thy roofs a ſafe retreat,
Of herds the bane, of ſheep the pois'nous peſt
Battens in ſecret o'er her darkſome neſt.

feed on cow's milk, whence they have their name. The line a little below in the original,

Cape ſaxa manu, cape robora, paſtor,

is exactly expreſſive of hurry and eagerneſs: there are no particles in it; ſo in the fourth Aeneid,

Ferte citi flammas, date tela, impellite flammas.

Fovit humum. cape ſaxa manu, cape robora, paſtor,
Tollentemque minas et ſibila colla tumentem
Dejice. jamque fuga timidum caput abdidit alte,
Cum medii nexus, extremaeque agmina caudae
Solvontur, tardoſque trahit ſinus ultimus orbis.
Eſt etiam ille malus Calabris in ſaltibus anguis,
Squamea convolvens ſublato pectore terga,
Atque notis longam maculoſus grandibus alvom:
Qui dum amnes ulli rumpuntur fontibus, et dum
Vere madent udo terrae, ac pluvialibus auſtris,
Stagna colit, ripiſque habitans, hic piſcibus atram
Inprobus ingluviem raniſque loquacibus explet.
Poſtquam exuſta palus, terraeque ardore dehiſcunt,
Exſilit in ſiccum, et flammantia lumina torquens
Saevit agris, aſperque ſiti atque extorridus aeſtu.
Ne mihi tum mollis ſub dio carpere ſomnos,
Neu dorſo nemoris libeat jacuiſſe per herbas:
Cum poſitis novus exuviis nitiduſque juventa
Volvitur, aut catulos tectis aut ova relinquens,
Arduus ad ſolem et linguis micat ore trifulcis.
Morborum quoque te cauſſas et ſigna docebo.
Turpis ovis tentat ſcabies, ubi frigidus imber
Altius ad vivom perſedit, et horrida cano
Bruma gelu: vel cum tonſis inlotus adhaeſit
Sudor, et hirſuti ſecuerunt corpora vepres.
Dulcibus idcirco fluviis pecus omne magiſtri

524. *Calabria's woods.*] The poet here ſpeaks of another ſerpent called *cherſydrus*, from its living both in water, and on earth.

540. *Brandiſhes.*] *Micare* in its true and natural ſignification relates to any quick motion. So Virgil, *micat auribus*; and Cicero, *digitis micare*; of that old game ſo common in Italy of darting out their fingers, and gueſſing at the number of theſe darted out each time, ſo often mentioned by others of the Roman writers. HOLDSWORTH.

543. *Scabs oft the flock.*] Columella remarks, that a ſheep as ſoon as it is ſheared, ſhould be anointed with a mixture of the juice of lupines, the lees of old wine, and the dregs of oil, in equal quantities; and be waſhed four days afterwards in the ſea,

Snatch, ſhepherd, ſtones, quick ſnatch the knotted oak,
And quell his ſtately creſt with many a ſtroke;
Aſſail his hiſſing throat, and ſwelling ſpires;
Lo! by degrees his timorous head retires,
And the laſt orbs of his unfolded tail
A ling'ring length of looſen'd volumes trail.
Calabria's woods too breed a baleful ſnake,
With lofty breaſt elate, and ſcaly back,
And with broad ſpots his winding belly black:
Who when the rivers burſt their rocky bounds,
And ſouthern ſhowers bedew the vernal grounds,
Haunts the moiſt bank, and in the wat'ry bogs
Gluts his foul paunch with fiſh, and croaking frogs:
But when keen heat the fens of moiſture drains,
He leaps on earth, and hiſſes o'er the plains,
While mad with thirſt, and fill'd with drear amaze
At the fierce beam, his rolling eye-balls blaze.
May ne'er ſoft ſleep, on a green bank, ſurprize,
Faſt by ſome foreſt-ſide, my drooping eyes,
When caſt his ſkin, and ſleek in youthful prime,
Recent he rides, before the ſun ſublime;
Regardleſs of the neſt, deſerts his young,
And brandiſhes abroad his triple-forked tongue.
I'll teach thee too the ſigns and cauſes all,
Of dire diſeaſes on the folds that fall:
Scabs oft the flock, a foul contagion, ſeize,
When winter hangs with icicles their fleece;
Or cold rains pierce, or unwaſh'd ſweats adhere
To their ſhorn ſkins, or prickly brambles tear.
Hence in freſh currents of the cryſtal wave,
With careful hands their flocks the ſhepherds lave:

ſea, or in rain water ſalted; and quotes the authority of Celſus, who affirms that a ſheep treated after this manner, will be free from the ſcab a whole year, and that the wool will be the ſofter, and the longer for it.

Perfundunt, udiſque aries in gurgite villis
Merſatur, miſſuſque ſecundo defluit amni:
Aut tonſum triſti contingunt corpus amurca,
Et ſpumas miſcent argenti, vivaque ſulfura,
Idaeaſque pices, et pinguis unguine ceras,
Scillamque, elleboroſque gravis, nigrumque bitumen.
Non tamen ulla magis praeſens fortuna laborum eſt,
Quam ſi quis ferro potuit reſcindere ſummum
Ulceris os. alitur vitium, vivitque tegendo:
Dum medicas adhibere manus ad volnera paſtor
Abnegat, et meliora deos ſedet omina poſcens.
Quin etiam ima dolor balantum labſus ad oſſa
Cum furit, atque artus depaſcitur arida febris,
Profuit incenſos aeſtus avertere, et inter
Ima ferire pedis ſalientem ſanguine venam:
Biſaltae quo more ſolent, acerque Gelonus,
Cum fugit in Rhodopen, atque in deſerta Getarum,
Et lac concretum cum ſanguine potat equino.
Quam procul aut molli ſuccedere ſaepius umbrae
Videris, aut ſummas carpentem ignavius herbas,
Extremamque ſequi, aut medio procumbere campo
Paſcentem, et ſerae ſolam decedere nocti;
Continuo culpam ferro conpeſce, prius quam
Dira per incautum ſerpant contagia volgus.
Non tam creber agens hiemem ruit aequore turbo,
Quam multae pecudum peſtes. nec ſingula morbi
Corpora corripiunt: ſed tota aeſtiva repente,
Spemque gregemque ſimul, cunctamque ab origine gentem.
Tum ſciat, aërias Alpis, et Norica ſi quis

568. *And fierce Gelonian.*] Several northern nations at this time drink mare's milk mixed with blood. Pliny ſays, they mixed millet with it. The Tartars uſe it to this day.

580. *This truth to know.*] The ſenſe is, if any one knows what ſort of places theſe were, when they were full of cattle, he may now ſee them empty, though it is a long time ſince the peſtilence. SERVIUS.

And firſt the father of the bleating crowd,
Floats with his moiſten'd fleece along the flood :
Or bathe their limbs in bitter lees of oil,
With bubbles that from molten ſilver boil ;
Live ſulphur mix, with tar's black-ſtreaming juice,
Or temper pitch that Ida's pines produce ;
Or mingle, fraught with fat, the waxen ſtore,
Or ſea-born ſquills, with potent hellebore.
But the beſt cure which ſage experience knows,
Is with a lance the ulcer to diſcloſe.
Still grows the ſore, while yet the ſhepherd ſtands,
Doubtful, nor dares exert his healing hands,
And anxious happier ſigns of heav'n demands.
But when o'er th' inmoſt bones the pain hath ſpread,
On their parch'd limbs a raging fever fed,
To quell the bleating ſufferer's torrid pain,
Pierce in the bottom-foot the throbbing vein :
This practiſe the Biſaltae, when they haſte
To Rhodope, or roam the chearleſs Dacian waſte :
And fierce Gelonian, when, for ſavage food,
He blends the milky ſtream with horſe's blood.
If one thou ſeeſt affect the cooling ſhade,
Or cropping liſtleſsly the topmoſt blade ;
Droop on the plain, with ling'ring paces wait
Behind, and home return alone and late ;
Soon let thy ſteel remove th' infected ſheep,
Leſt o'er th' unwary flock contagion creep.
Leſs fierce and frequent on the wintry main
Black whirlwinds ruſh, than plagues that waſte the plain :
Nor ſingle deaths ſuffice, at once they prey
On young and old, and ſweep whole herds away.
This truth to know, th' aërial Alps behold,
And meads thro' which Timavus' ſtreams are roll'd ;

581. *And meads thro' which Timavus'.*] Timavus is a river of Carniola.

Caſtella in tumulis, et Iapidis arva Timavi,
Nunc quoque poſt tanto videat deſertaque regna
Paſtorum et longe ſaltus lateque vacantis.
Hic quondam morbo caeli miſeranda coorta eſt
Tempeſtas, totoque auctumni incanduit aeſtu,
Et genus omne neci pecudum dedit, omne ferarum;
Corrupitque lacus: infecit pabula tabo.
Nec via mortis erat ſimplex: ſed ubi ignea venis
Omnibus acta ſitis miſeros adduxerat artus,
Rurſus abundabat fluidus liquor; omniaque in ſe
Oſſa minutatim morbo conlabſa trahebat.
Saepe in honore deûm medio ſtans hoſtia ad aram,
Lanea dum nivea circumdatur infula vitta,
Inter cunctantis cecidit moribunda miniſtros.
Aut ſi quam ferro mactaverat ante ſacerdos,
Inde neque inpoſitis ardent altaria fibris;
Nec reſponſa poteſt conſultus reddere vates:
Ac vix ſuppoſiti tinguuntur ſanguine cultri,
Summaque jejuna ſanie infuſcatur arena.
Hinc laetis vituli volgo moriuntur in herbis,
Et dulcis animas plena ad praeſepia reddunt.
Hinc canibus blandis rabies venit, et quatit aegros
Tuſſis anhela ſues, ac faucibus angit obeſis.
Labitur infelix, ſtudiorum atque inmemor herbae,
Victor equus, fontiſque avertitur, et pede terram

582. *And Noric cliffs.*] Noricum was a region of Germany bordering on the Alps.

586. *Here ſprung of old.*] We now enter upon the celebrated deſcription of the plague. Virgil puts forth all his ſtrength to endeavour to excel Lucretius's ſixth book on the plague at Athens. Neither can I think he has ſo far excelled his maſter (for ſuch he was) as ſome critics imagine. Many hints in this deſcription are borrowed from Thucydides's accurate and circumſtantial account of the plague at Athens.

608. *The victor horſe.*] *Infelix ſtudiorum* in the original is an expreſſion reſembling *laeta laborum, victus animi, fortunatus laborum.* Read the deſcription of theſe ſymptoms from this line to *fauces premit aſpera lingua:* ſee how nobly the poet acquits

And Noric cliffs with ſpiry caſtles crown'd;
Lo! waſte and wild the plains appear around:
Ev'n now deſerted ſtands the ſhepherd's ſtate,
And far and wide the lawns are deſolate.
Here ſprung of old by ſickly gales begot,
A plague with all the fires of autumn fraught,
Which ſlew the beaſts that range the field or wood,
Defil'd the freſhneſs of the cryſtal flood,
And ſcorch'd with baleful breath the graſſy food.
Strange kind of death! for when the parching pain
Had ſhrunk the limbs, and throbb'd in every veiu,
A pois'nous humour flow'd from all the frame,
Till every bone one putrid maſs became.
Before the ſhrine, in ſnowy fillets dreſt,
And holy bands, the conſecrated beaſt
Fell, and prevented oft the lingering prieſt.
Or if he ſunk beneath the fatal ſtroke,
Lo! on the ſhrine, his entrails fail to ſmoke.
No more, miſled by many a doubtful ſign,
The prophet can the dark event divine;
While ſcarce the knife with the faint tincture reeks,
Nor the thin gore the ſandy ſurface ſtreaks.
O'er flow'ry meads, or at the plenteous ſtall,
In lifeleſs heaps, the calves and heifers fall.
The gentle dogs run mad; the ſick'ning ſwine
Pant with thick coughs, with ſwelling quinſies pine.
The victor horſe, forgetful of his food,
The palm renounces, and abhors the flood:

quits himſelf on a ſubject, ſo exceedingly difficult to be deſcribed, and let us compare it with a ſingularly fine one in Lucretius of the ſame kind:

Perturbata animi mens in moerore metuque;
Triſte ſupercilium, furioſus vultus, & acer,
Sollicitae porro, plenaeque ſonoribus aures:
Creber ſpiritus, aut ingens, raroque coortus,
Tenuia ſputa, minuta, croci contincta colore,
Salſaque per fauces raucas vix edita tuſſi.

Crebra ferit: demiſſae aures: incertus ibidem
Sudor; et ille quidem morituris frigidus: aret
Pellis, et ad tactum tractanti dura reſiſtit.
Haec ante exitium primis dant ſigna diebus.
Sin in proceſſu coepit crudeſcere morbus,
Tum vero ardentes oculi atque adtractus ab alto
Spiritus, interdum gemitu gravis, imaque longo
Ilia ſingultu tendunt: it naribus ater
Sanguis, et obſeſſas fauces premit aſpera lingua.
Profuit inſerto latices infundere cornu
Lenaeos: ea viſa ſalus morientibus una.
Mox erat hoc ipſum exitio, furiiſque refecti
Ardebant, ipſique ſuos, jam morte ſub aegra,
(Dî meliora piis, erroremque hoſtibus illum!)
Diſciſſos nudis laniabant dentibus artus.
Ecce autem duro fumans ſub vomere taurus
Concidit, et mixtum ſpumis vomit ore cruorem,
Extremoſque ciet gemitus. it triſtis arator,
Maerentem abjungens fraterna morte juvencum:
Atque opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra.
Non umbrae altorum nemorum, non mollia poſſunt
Prata movere animum, non qui per ſaxa volutus
Purior electro campum petit amnis: at ima
Solvontur latera, atque oculos ſtupor urguet inertis,
Ad terramque fluit devexo pondere cervix.
Quid labor, aut benefacta juvant? quid vomere terras

629. *The bullock ſinks.*] How exquiſitely beautiful is the pauſe in this verſe at the word *gemitus! it triſtis arator*, by the very melancholy flow of the words places the action of the ploughman full in our ſight: the next line proceeds as ſlow as poſſible, conſiſting of all ſpondees,

Moerentem abjungens fraterna morte juvencum.

The circumſtance of the brother heifer grieving is moſt tenderly imagined. *Non umbrae altorum nemorum* is an imitation of Lucretius, where the dam is lamenting her calf that was ſacrificed.

Nec tenerae ſalices, atque herbae rore vigentes,
Fluminaque ulla queunt ſummis labentia ripis
Oblectare animum ſubitamque avertere curam. L. 2.

It

By fits, he ſtamps the ground with eager feet,
While from his body burſts a doubtful ſweat,
That ſtood in icy drops, as death appear'd;
His parch'd hide to the touch is rough and hard.
Theſe ſigns at firſt his future fate preſage;
But as the ſpreading peſt improv'd its rage,
With ſanguine beams fierce glow'd his ardent eyes,
And heav'd his ſtruggling breath with groans and ſighs;
Of blood black torrents from his noſtrils ſprung,
To the ſwoln palate clove his furry tongue.
Some have at firſt with ſhort ſucceſs apply'd,
Pour'd thro' an horn, Lenaeus' purple tide;
But ſoon freſh fuel to the growing flame
It gave, and death the medicine became:
While, with bare teeth, their limbs all bath'd in gore,
Ev'n in the bittereſt dying pangs they tore.
O crown, ye gods, a pious people's pray'r,
And let the bad alone ſo dire an error ſhare!
Lo! while he toils the galling yoke beneath,
Foaming black blood, the bullock ſinks in death:
The penſive hind the brother-ſteer relieves,
Who faithful for his loſt companion grieves,
And the fix'd ſhare amid the furrow leaves.
Nor graſſy mead, nor ſhade of lofty grove,
The mournful mate's afflicted mind can move:
Nor yet from rocks delicious ſtreams that roll
As amber clear, can ſooth his ſorrowing ſoul:
His flanks flow looſe; his eyes grow dim and dead;
And low to earth he bears his heavy head.
Ah! what avails their ceaſeleſs uſeful toil?
What boots it to have turn'd the ſtubborn ſoil?

It was upon reading theſe exquiſite lines, that Scaliger declared, he had rather have been the author of them, than to have been the firſt favourite of Croeſus or Cyrus. I wiſh there was no ſentiment in Scaliger's works more extravagant than this.

Invertiſſe gravis? atqui non Maſſica Bacchi
Munera, non illis epulae nocuere repoſtae:
Frondibus et victu paſcuntur ſimplicis herbae:
Pocula ſunt fontes liquidi, atque exercita curſu
Flumina, nec ſomnos abrumpit cura ſalubres.
Tempore non alio dicunt regionibus illis
Quaeſitas ad ſacra boves Junonis, et uris
Inparibus ductos alta ad donaria currus.
Ergo aegre raſtris terram rimantur, et ipſis
Unguibus infodiunt fruges, montiſque per altos
Contenta cervice trahunt ſtridentia plauſtra.
Non lupus inſidias explorat ovilia circum,
Nec gregibus nocturnus obambulat: acrior illum
Cura domat: timidi damae cervique fugaces
Nunc interque canes et circum tecta vagantur.
Jam maris inmenſi prolem, et genus omne natantum
Litore in extremo, ceu naufraga corpora, fluctus
Proluit: inſolitae fugiunt in flumina phocae.
Interit et curvis fruſtra defenſa latebris
Vipera, et adtoniti ſquamis adſtantibus hydri.
Ipſis eſt aër avibus non aequus, et illae
Praecipites alta vitam ſub nube relinquunt.
Praeterea jam nec mutari pabula refert,
Quaeſitaeque nocent artes: ceſſere magiſtri
Phillyrides Chiron Amythaoniuſque Melampus.
Saevit et in lucem Stygiis emiſſa tenebris
Pallida Tiſiphone, Morbos agit ante Metumque,

653. *The wily wolf.*] Obſerve theſe circumſtances of the wolves prowling no more, becauſe *acrior illum cura domat*, and the deer wandering near the dwellings of men.

657. *On the ſhores.*] Virgil, 'tis obſerved, expreſsly contradicts Ariſtotle, who aſſerts, that peſtilential diſeaſes never affect fiſhes.

661. *Th' aſtoniſh'd hydra.*] I know not a ſtronger image in any poet whatever, than this of the ſerpents dying with their ſcales erect and ſtiffened: *attoniti* (which is a moſt expreſſive word in this place) *ſquamis aſtantibus hydri!*

The poet brings into his ſubject the inhabitants of every element, making as it were all nature affected with this dreadful plague.

Yet ne'er choice Maſſic wines debauch'd their taſte,
Ne'er did they riot in the rich repaſt;
Their food is leafy browze, and nature's graſs,
Their draught freſh rills that thro' the meadows paſs,
Or torrents ruſhing from the rocky ſteep;
Nor care diſturbs their ſalutary ſleep.
Then cars were drawn, while fail'd th' accuſtom'd kine,
By ill-pair'd buffaloes, to Juno's ſhrine.
And men with harrows toil'd to till the plain,
Ev'n with their nails dug in the golden grain;
The rattling waggon's galling yoke ſuſtain'd,
And up the rocky ſteep laborious ſtrain'd.
The wily wolf, no more by hunger bold,
With ſecret ſtep explores the nightly fold.
Deers herd with hounds, and leave their ſylvan ſeat,
And ſeek with man to find a ſafe retreat:
Thick on the ſhores, like ſhip-wreck'd corſes caſt,
Appear the finny race of ocean vaſt;
Th' affrighted Phocae to the rivers haſte.
His cave no more to ſhield the ſnake avails;
Th' aſtoniſh'd hydra dies, erecting all his ſcales.
Ev'n their own ſkies to birds unfaithful prove,
Headlong they fall, and leave their lives above;
Nor change of paſture could relief impart;
Deſtructive proves each vain attempt of art:
Chiron, Melampus healing herbs, no more,
Fathers of ſacred medicine explore:
TISIPHONE, from hell let looſe to light,
Before her drives DISEASES and AFFRIGHT;

666. *Chiron, Melampus.*] The poet does not mean that the plague happened in the days of Chiron and Melampus, but that the very beſt phyſicians acknowledged their ſkill uſeleſs in this caſe. Particulars are named for generals. Lucretius ſpeaks perſonally of the art of phyſic, which has a fine effect.

——*Muſſabat tacito* MEDICINA *timore.*

668. *Tiſiphone from hell.*] The figure of Tiſiphone driving before her a train of diſeases and fear, is nobly conceived. It

Inque dies avidum ſurgens caput altius effert.
Balatu pecorum et crebris mugitibus amnes,
Arenteſque ſonant ripae, colleſque ſupini.
Jamque catervatim dat ſtragem, atque aggerat ipſis
In ſtabulis turpi dilabſa cadavera tabo:
Donec humo tegere, ac foveis abſcondere diſcunt.
Nam neque erat coriis uſus: nec viſcera quiſquam
Aut undis abolere poteſt, aut vincere flamma:
Nec tondere quidem morbo illuvieque pereſa
Vellera, nec telas poſſunt adtingere putris.
Verum etiam inviſos ſi quis tentarat amictus;
Ardentes papulae, atque inmundus olentia ſudor
Membra ſequebatur. nec longo deinde moranti
Tempore contactos facer artus ignis edebat.

puts one in mind of that exalted image in Habakkuk, where the prophet ſpeaking of Jehovah in his wrath, ſays, "Before him went the peſtilence." The circumſtance of the fury Tiſiphone's growing every day larger and larger, is truly admirable, as it ſo juſtly alludes to the daily increaſe of the peſtilence.

673. *The withering banks.*] What can be more pathetic than the circumſtance of the hills perpetually echoing with the mournful bleatings of the ſheep? &c.

675. *She piles.*] That is Tiſiphone; making this Fury the agent, and continuing to perſonify her.

Still day by day more huge the fiend appears,
Till high to heav'n her horrid head ſhe rears:
While lowings loud, and many a mournful bleat,
The withering banks and hanging hills repeat:
At length whole herds to death at once She ſweeps,
High in the ſtalls ſhe piles the loathſome heaps;
Dire ſpectacle! till ſage experience found
To bury deep the carrion in the ground.
Uſeleſs their hides; nor from the fleſh the flame
Could purge the filth, nor ſtreams the ſavour tame.
Nor could their ſkins ſupply the woolly ſtore,
O'ergrown with ſcabs, and ſtiff with many a ſore:
Wove from ſuch fleeces thoſe who wore a veſt,
Were with foul ſweats, and burning ſpots oppreſs'd;
Till thro' the limbs diffus'd, th' inſatiate flame
With dire contagious touch conſum'd the putrid frame.

684. *Th' inſatiate flame.*] Some imagine that by *ſacer ignis* an eryſipelas or St. Anthony's fire may be meant. But perhaps *ſacer* may mean *accurſed,* or *direful — auri ſacra fames — ſacer eſto.* I cannot agree with many critics, that Virgil hath on the whole excelled his maſter Lucretius in his deſcription of the plague. There are ſeveral ſtrokes of the ſtrongeſt painting, and the deepeſt pathetic in Lucretius's ſixth book; which ſixth book, by the way, ſeems but an odd and imperfect concluſion of his work.

THE END OF THE THIRD GEORGIC.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

Having treated of many other animals together in the foregoing book, the poet ſelects a ſingle creature for the ſubject of this, and devotes a whole book to the deſcription of the wonderful bee. It is divided into eight parts. I. *Of a proper ſtation for bees.* II. *Of their gathering honey, their ſwarms, and their battles.* III. *Of two ſpecies of bees.* IV. *Of their wiſdom, civil prudence, government, and republic.* V. *Of the time of taking their honey.* VI. *Of the diſeaſes incident to bees, with the ſigns and the remedies of ſuch diſeaſes.* VII. *Of the method of repairing the race of bees when the whole breed is loſt.* VIII. *Of Ariſtæus, the author of this method of repairing a ſtock of bees; his adventure with Proteus; the reaſons Proteus aſſigns to Ariſtæus for his loſs, which artfully introduce the ſtory of Orpheus and Eurydice: with whoſe unhappy fate the poet concludes his conſummate work.*

P. VIRGILII MARONIS

GEORGICA.

LIBER QUARTUS.

PROTINUS aërii mellis coeleſtia dona
Exſequar. hanc etiam, Maecenas, adſpice partem.
Admiranda tibi levium ſpectacula rerum,
Magnanimoſque duces, totiuſque ordine gentis
Mores, et ſtudia, et populos, et praelia dicam.
In tenui labor: at tenuis non gloria; ſi quem
Numina laeva ſinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.
Principio ſedes apibus ſtatioque petenda,
Quo neque ſit ventis aditus, (nam pabula venti
Ferre domum prohibent) neque oves haedique petulci
Floribus inſultent, aut errans bucula campo

Ver. 1. *Honey.*] The poet calls honey *aerial* and *heavenly*, according to the opinion of the old philoſophers, who believed that it was derived from the dew of heaven. This heavenly dew they thought was received by the flowers, and thence gathered by the bees. Every reader of taſte perceives how Virgil exalts and dignifies theſe wonderful inſects, by aſcribing to them thro' this whole book, the manners, paſſions, and actions of men. I have before ſaid, that the characteriſtic of this book is elegance, and of the former, ſublimity. Virgil has borrowed moſt of his obſervations upon bees from Varro, and Ariſtotle's treatiſe of animals. Modern philoſophy has cleared up many miſtakes which theſe ancients fell into, with regard to bees and other animals.

THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

NEXT heavenly honey, and ambrosial dews,
This too Maecenas hear! my song pursues;
Great wonders of an insect-race imparts,
Their manners, mighty leaders, arms, and arts;
The subject trivial, but not low the praise,
If Heav'n should smile, and Phoebus aid the lays.
First for your bees a shelter'd station find,
Impervious to the gusts of rushing wind;
Rude blasts permit them not, as wide they roam,
To bring their food and balmy treasures home.
To tread the sweets of neighb'ring flow'rs forbid
The sportful lambkin, and exulting kid;

12. *Sportful lambkin.*] Which puts me in mind of those sweet lines of Euripides, Hippol. Coron. 73.

Σοι τονδε πλεκτον στεφανον εξ ακηρατου
Λειμωνος, ω δεσποινα, κοσμησας φερω,
Ενθ' ουτε ποιμην αξιοι φερβειν βοτα,
Ουδ' ηλθε πω σιδηρος, αλλ' ακηρατον
Μελισσα λειμων ηρινον διερχεται.

An author (whose meanest praise is his critical taste and judgment) instead of ηρινον in the last verse, would read ηρινος. Μελισσα ηρινος, *the vernal bee.*

Jortin on Ecclesiastical Hist. 327. vol. 2.

Decutiat rorem, et ſurgentis adterat herbas.
Abſint et picti ſqualentia terga lacerti
Pinguibus a ſtabulis, meropeſque, aliaeque volucres;
Et manibus Procne pectus ſignata cruentis.
Omnia nam late vaſtant, ipſaſque volantis
Ore ferunt dulcem nidis inmitibus eſcam.
At liquidi fontes et ſtagna virentia muſco
Adſint, et tenuis fugiens per gramina rivus,
Palmaque veſtibulum aut ingens oleaſter inumbret.
Ut, cum prima novi ducent examina reges
Vere ſuo, ludetque favis emiſſa juventus,
Vicina invitet decedere ripa calori;
Obviaque hoſpitiis teneat frondentibus arbos.
In medium, ſeu ſtabit iners, ſeu profluet humor,
Tranſverſas ſalices, et grandia conjice ſaxa:
Pontibus ut crebris poſſint conſiſtere, et alas
Pandere ad aeſtivom ſolem; ſi forte morantis
Sparſerit, aut praeceps Neptuno inmerſerit Eurus.
Haec circum caſiae virides, et olentia late
Serpulla, et graviter ſpirantis copia thymbrae
Floreat, inriguumque bibant violaria fontem.
Ipſa autem, ſeu corticibus tibi ſuta cavatis,
Seu lento fuerint alvearia vimine texta,
Anguſtos habeant aditus. nam frigore mella
Cogit hiems, eademque calor liquefacta remittit.

16. *The merops.*] *Apiaſter*, or *Bee-eater*, is ſhaped like a king-fiſher. It is about the ſize of a black-bird. Progne the daughter of Pandion was turned into a ſwallow, which has the feathers of its breaſt ſtained with red.

23. *Palm.*] Dr. Martyn obſerves that the palm-tree is of ſeveral ſorts; but believes the ſpecies cultivated in Italy (and conſequently that meant in this place) to be the date-tree.

27. *This cool retreat.*] Milton has an expreſſion of the ſame nature with *hoſpitiis frondentibus* in Comus,

——To lodge
Under the *ſpreading favour* of theſe pines.

30. *Willows.*] In the original *tranſverſas ſalices.* Varro would have a ſmall ſtream near the apiary not above 2 or 3 fingers

Nor ſpringing herbs let roving heifers cruſh,
Nor nibbling ſheep the morning dew-drops bruſh,
Nor ſcaly lizards near their walls be found,
Nor ravenous birds, nor merops flit around,
Nor Progne, markt her breaſt with hands of blood;
Each wandering inſect they deſtroy for food,
Arreſt the lab'ring bees, a luſcious prey,
And to th' expectant hungry neſts convey.
But near, let fountains ſpring, and rivulets paſs,
Meand'ring thro' the tufts of moſs and graſs;
Let ſpreading palm before the portal grow,
Or olive wild his ſheltering branches throw;
That when the youthful ſwarms come forth to play,
Beneath the vernal ſun's unclouded ray,
The kings may lead them to this cool retreat,
Where ſlow'ry banks invite, and boughs defend from heat.
Haſt thou a living rill, or ſtagnant lake?
With willows and huge ſtones the waters break;
On which the wanderers ſafely may alight,
When rains or winds retard their deſtin'd flight;
On which emerging from the waves, may land,
And their wet wings to tepid ſuns expand.
Let caſſia green and thyme ſhed ſweetneſs round,
Savoury, and ſtrongly-ſcented mint abound,
Herbs that the ambient air with fragrance fill;
While beds of violets drink the freſhening rill.
Whether your hive you frame of woven boughs,
Or rear with pliant bark the concave houſe,
Strait be its entrance; leſt the varying year
Congeal the golden combs with froſt ſevere,

fingers deep, with ſeveral ſhells or ſmall ſtones ſtanding a little above the ſurface of the water, that the bees may drink.

36. *Savoury.*] The *thymbra* of the ancients is generally thought, ſays Dr. Martyn, to be ſome ſpecies of *ſatureia*, or *ſavoury*. *Serpyllum* is *wild thyme*. *Caſſia* is not *roſemary*, as ſome have ſuppoſed.

Utraque vis apibus pariter metuenda: neque illae
Nequidquam in tectis certatim tenuia cera
Spiramenta linunt, fucoque et floribus oras
Explent, conlectumque haec ipsa ad munera gluten,
Et visco et Phrygiae servant pice lentius Idae.
Saepe etiam effossis (si vera est fama) latebris
Sub terras fovere larem, penitusque repertae
Pumicibusque cavis, exesaeque arboris antro.
Tu tamen e levi rimosa cubilia limo
Ungue fovens circum, et raras superinjice frondis.
Neu propius tectis taxum sine, neve rubentis
Ure foco cancros, altae neu crede paludi:
Aut ubi odor coeni gravis, aut ubi concava pulsu
Saxa sonant, vocisque offensa resultat imago.
Quod supereſt, ubi pulsam hiemem sol aureus egit
Sub terras, caelumque aestiva luce reclusit;
Illae continuo saltus silvasque peragrant,
Purpureosque metunt flores, et flumina libant
Summa leves. hinc nescio qua dulcedine laetae
Progeniem nidosque fovent: hinc arte recentis
Excudunt ceras, et mella tenacia fingunt.
Hinc ubi jam emissum caveis ad sidera caeli
Nare per aestatem liquidam suspexeris agmen,
Obscuramque trahi vento mirabere nubem;
Contemplator: aquas dulcis, et frondea semper
Tecta petunt. huc tu jussos adsperge sapoes,

56. *The red'ning crabs.*] This must sound very odd to modern readers. The Romans were wont to burn crabs to ashes, and used them as a remedy for scalds and burns.

61. The poet proceeds to speak of the swarming of bees, and points out the method of making them settle.

Or melt the maſs in ſummer's ſcorching beams;
Baneful alike to bees are both extremes.
For this, around the chinks, by nature led,
Soft wax and flow'rs and fucus thick they ſpread:
For this, their ſtores with potent glews enrich,
More tough than bird-lime or Idean pitch.
And oft in caverns, as tradition tells,
They fix their bower, and form their ſecret cells;
Oft in cleft ſtones their hoarded ſweets are laid,
Or moſs-green oaken trunks with age decay'd.
Thou too with mud the chinky ſides o'erlay,
And thinly ſhade them with the leafy ſpray.
Nor by their walls let yews unwholeſome grow,
Nor let the red'ning crabs in embers glow,
Ne'er truſt them near the fen, or ſtagnate flood,
Nor rank pernicious ſtench of reeking mud,
Nor where the voice from hollow rocks rebounds,
And hill to hill returns the mimic ſounds.

For what remains, when the bright ſun hath driv'n
Pale winter down, and op'd the ſmiling heav'n
With cloudleſs luſtre, ſtrait abroad they rove,
Around each lawn, around each verdant grove,
And ſip the purple flowers, and lightly ſkim
Acroſs the dimpled brook and river's brim:
Hence inexpreſſive fondneſs fills their breaſt,
For their young progeny and riſing neſt;
With joy their waxen labours they renew,
Thick'ning to honey their nectareous dew.

Burſt from their cells if a young troop be ſeen,
That ſails exulting through the blue ſerene,
Driv'n by the winds, in clouds condens'd and dark,
Obſerve them cloſe, the paths they ſteer remark;
They ſeek freſh fountains, and thick ſhady bowers,
'Tis then the time to ſcatter fragrant flowers,

Trita meliſphylla, et cerinthae ignobile gramen :
Tinnituſque cie, et Matris quate cymbala circum.
Ipſae conſident medicatis ſedibus : ipſae
Intuma more ſuo ſeſe in cunabula condent.
Sin autem ad pugnam exierint ; (nam ſaepe duobus
Regibus inceſſit magno diſcordia motu)
Continuoque animos volgi et trepidantia bello
Corda licet longe praeſciſcere : namque morantis
Martius ille aeris rauci canor increpat, et vox
Auditur fractos ſonitus imitata tubarum.
Tum trepidae inter ſe coëunt, penniſque coruſcant,
Spiculaque exacuunt roſtris, aptantque lacertos,
Et circa regem atque ipſa ad praetoria denſae
Miſcentur, magniſque vocant clamoribus hoſtem.
Ergo, ubi ver nactae ſudum campoſque patentis,
Erumpunt portis ; concurritur ; aethere in alto
Fit ſonitus, magnum mixtae glomerantur in orbem,
Praecipiteſque cadunt. non denſior aëre grando,
Nec de concuſſa tantum pluit ilice glandis.
Ipſi per medias acies, inſignibus alis,
Ingentis animos anguſto in pectore verſant.
Uſque adeo obnixi non cedere, dum gravis aut hos,
Aut hos verſa fuga victor dare terga ſubegit.

77. *Cerinth*, &c.] *Trita meliſphylla, et cerinthae ignobile gramen*, ſays the original. Dr. Martyn, who is very accurate and full in explaining the botanical part of the Georgics, ſays, that the firſt plant ſeems to be a contraction of *meliſſophyllon* ; and that the deſcription of it agrees very well with the *meliſſa* or *baum*, a common herb in the Engliſh gardens. Cerinthe (which is derived from κηρίον, *a honey-comb*) is the *cerinthe flavo flore aſperior*, or *yellow-flowered honey-wort*. The ſtalks are about the thickneſs of one's finger, round, ſmooth, whiteiſh, and divided into ſeveral branches. The leaves embrace the ſtalks and branches with their baſes, and diminiſh gradually to a point. They are of a blueiſh colour marked with white ſpots, ſet on both ſides with prickles, and neatly indented. Dr. Martyn in his quarto edition has given a beautiful print of the cerinthe finely coloured.

Bruis'd baum, and vulgar cerinth ſpread around,
And ring the tinkling braſs, and ſacred cymbals ſound:
They'll ſettle on the medicated ſeats,
And hide them in the chambers' laſt retreats.
But if intent on war they ſeek the foe,
'Twixt two contending kings when diſcords glow,
The peoples' troubled minds you ſoon preſage,
Burning for battle, ſwoln with eager rage;
Hark! a rough clangor calls the hoſts to arms,
A voice, like the deep trumpet's hoarſe alarms!
Furious they meet, and brandiſhing their wings,
Fit all their claws, and ſharpen all their ſtings;
Around their monarch's high pavilion crowd,
And call the lagging foe with ſhoutings loud.
Now when a day ſerene and bright they gain,
From the vext city ruſh both battles main;
Dire is the conflict, loud reſounds the ſky,
Cloſe in one cluſter they contend on high,
And headlong fall, as thick as clattering hail,
Or acorns ſtrew, from ſhaken oaks, the vale.
The kings ſhine glorious 'mid the thickeſt war,
And mighty ſouls in narrow boſoms bear:
Stedfaſt in fight, unknowing how to yield,
Till theſe or thoſe forſake the deathful field.

78. *Cymbals.*] *Tinnitusque cie*, &c. This cuſtom is ſtill uſed. Ariſtotle mentions it likewiſe, and queſtions whether they hear or not, and whether it be delight or fear that cauſes the bees to be quieted with ſuch noiſes. For my own part I believe it to be of no manner of ſervice in this caſe. MARTYN.

85. *Hoſts to arms.*] This battle is deſcribed with as much ſpirit and ſtrength, and the fury of the combatants is painted in terms as bold and majeſtic, as if it were an engagement between the greateſt heroes. One cannot but obſerve how Virgil exalts his bees by giving them all the warlike apparatus of an army. Such are the expreſſions——— *Aeris rauci canor, ſpicula,* and *praetoria, magniſque vocant clamoribus hoſtem, per medias acies, erumpunt portis* ——— *concurritur.*

Hi motus animorum atque haec certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt:
Verum ubi ductores acie revocaveris ambo;
Deterior qui visus, eum, ne prodigus obsit,
Dede neci: melior vacua sine regnet in aula.
Alter erit maculis auro squalentibus ardens:
(Nam duo sunt genera) hic melior, insignis et ore,
Et rutilis clarus squamis: ille horridus alter
Desidia, latamque trahens inglorius alvom.
Ut binae regum facies, ita corpora plebis.
Namque aliae turpes horrent: ceu pulvere ab alto
Cum venit, et sicco terram spuit ore viator
Aridus: elucent aliae, et fulgore coruscant
Ardentes auro, et paribus lita corpora guttis.
Haec potior suboles. hinc caeli tempore certo
Dulcia mella premes: nec tantum dulcia, quantum
Et liquida, et durum bacchi domitura saporem.
At cum incerta volant, caeloque examina ludunt,
Contemnuntque favos, et frigida tecta relinquunt;
Instabilis animos ludo prohibebis inani.
Nec magnus prohibere labor. tu regibus alas
Eripe. non illis quisquam cunctantibus altum
Ire iter, aut castris audebit vellere signa.
Invitent croceis halantes floribus horti,

115. *Spits from parch'd lips.*] 'Tis observable that this is the only low, or droll image, that Virgil hath admitted into the Georgics; so careful was he of keeping up a dignity and majesty throughout his poem. Philips in his CYDER, has not always followed this judicious example: witness the following passages, bordering on burlesque.

Alloo thy furious mastiff——
Blind bayard rather——Add to these instances,

the bag-piper, and the description of a swain eating a beautiful apple whose inside is decayed; whose surprize, to heighten the ridicule by a pompous simile, is compared to an army marching over flowery meadows under which are caverns filled with gun-

Theſe fierce contentions, this pernicious fray,
A little duſt flung upwards will allay.
When now both chiefs have left the doubtful ſtrife,
The vanquiſh'd wretch muſt yield his forfeit life;
Leſt he conſume the ſtores, an uſeleſs drone;
While uncontroll'd the victor mounts the throne.
Two diff'rent kinds of regal bees behold!
The better bears a coat that glows with gold;
More delicate proportions grace his frame,
And radiant ſcales o'er all his body flame:
While in the other, ſloth's foul hues prevail,
Groveling he ſcarce his breadth of paunch can trail.
Alike a different form the people wear,
Theſe ſqualid to the ſight, and rough appear:
As when the traveller, all ſpent with thirſt,
Spits from parch'd lips the froth-attemper'd duſt.
The better race refulgent hues unfold,
Bedropt with equal ſpots of gliſtening gold;
At ſtated ſeaſons, theſe ſhall plenteous pour
From their ſwoln combs the ſweet nectareous ſhow'r;
Yet pure as ſweet, and potent to diffuſe
New flavours mild o'er Bacchus' harſher juice.
But when the ſwarms in aether idly play,
And from their emptied hives uncertain ſtray;
From the vain ſport their giddy minds reſtrain;
Nor great, to check the fugitives, the pain:
Be it thy care, from theſe high reverenc'd kings,
Conductors of their flight, to clip the wings;
The troops to march without their leaders fear,
Nor dare the ſtandard from the camp to bear.
Let gardens gay, with ſaffron flowers, invite
The fickle wanderers, and retard their flight:

powder. This is more like Cervantes than Virgil: and indeed there is an air of burleſque poetry throughout the whole poem of CYDER, much reſembling his SPLENDID SHILLING.

Et cuſtos furum atque avium cum falce ſaligna
Helleſpontiaci ſervet tutela Priapi.
Ipſe thymum pinoſque ferens de montibus altis
Tecta ſerat late circum, cui talia curae:
Ipſe labore manum duro terat: ipſe feraci
Figat humo plantas, et amicos irriget imbris.
Atque equidem, extremo ni jam ſub fine laborum
Vela traham, ac terris feſtinem advertere proram;
Forſitan et, pinguis hortos quae cura colendi
Ornaret, canerem, biferique roſaria Paeſti:
Quoque modo potis gauderent intuba rivis;
Et virides apio ripae, tortuſque per herbam
Creſceret in ventrem cucumis: nec ſera comantem
Narciſſum, aut flexi tacuiſſem vimen acanthi,
Pallentiſque ederas, et amantis litora myrtos.
Namque ſub Oebaliae memini me turribus altis,
Qua niger humectat flaventia culta Galeſus,
Corycium vidiſſe ſenem: cui pauca relicti
Jugera ruris erant: nec fertilis illa juvencis,
Nec pecori opportuna ſeges, nec commoda baccho.
Hic rarum tamen in dumis olus, albaque circum
Lilia, verbenaſque premens, veſcumque papaver,

145. *How celeri.*] Theſe exquiſite lines make us wiſh the poet had enlarged upon the ſubject of gardening. We have no poem on it but an inſipid one of F. Rapin, written in pure Latin indeed, but with no poetical ſpirit, and indeed I think not comparable to an old fragment of Columella on this ſubject. Conſidering the many great improvements made in this ſcience, perhaps the garden is the propereſt and moſt fruitful ſubject for a didactic poem of any whatſoever. Eſpecially as this art hath been lately ſo much improved by Mr. Kent, who with great taſte hath baniſhed the regular, ſtrait walks, Dutch work, and unnatural uniformity formerly ſo much admired.

151. *Once.*] Who that reads this, ſays Dr. Trapp, deſpiſes not the wealth, and pities not the perſons of all the great ones upon earth?

154. *Hereditary field.*] Some interpreters ſay, *relicti ruris* means acres of waſte, or neglected land.

158. *Lillies.*] The original is, *albaque circum lilia.* Tho' the white lilly be the moſt common ſpecies of that flower,

among

Safe let them live beneath Priapus' eye,
Whose hook rapacious birds and robbers fly.
And let the swain who makes the hive his care,
Sweet thyme and pines from the steep mountains bear,
Nor should himself refuse, their straw-built house
Far round to shade with thickly-woven boughs;
Himself should plant the spreading greens, and pour
Thick o'er the thirsting beds the friendly show'r.
And here, but that I hasten to the shore,
Prepar'd to strike my sails, and launch no more;
Perhaps the gardens' culture I might praise,
Teach doubly-fruitful Paestum's rose to raise;
How celeri and endive love to grow
On verdant banks where gushing rivulets flow;
How best the creeping cucumber may swell;
Nor daffadil's late bloom would fail to tell;
Acanthus' bending stalks, nor ivy hoar,
Nor myrtles green, that love the breezy shore.
For once beneath Oebalia's lofty towers,
Where black Galesus thro' rich pastures pours,
An old Corycian yeoman I beheld,
Lord of a small hereditary field,
Too poor to nourish sheep, or fatning kine,
The golden corn, or Bacchus' joyous vine;
Yet he thin sallads 'mid the bushy ground,
And vervain planted, and white lilies round;

among us, yet it was the most celebrated, and best known among the ancients. Thus Virgil does not produce the epithet *alba* in this place, without reason. In other passages our poet has taken care to insist on the whiteness of the lilly; as in Aen. lib. 12.

——*Mixta rubent ubi lilia multa*
Alba rosa——

And Aen. 6.

——*Candida circum,*
Lilia funduntur.

Regum aequabat opes animis; ſeraque revertens
Nocte domum dapibus menſas onerabat inemtis.
Primus vere roſam atque auctumno carpere poma,
Et cum triſtis hiems etiamnum frigore ſaxa
Rumperet, et glacie curſus frenaret aquarum,
Ille comam mollis jam tum tondebat acanthi,
Aeſtatem increpitans ſeram Zephyroſque morantis.
Ergo apibus foetis idem atque examine multo
Primus abundare, et ſpumantia cogere preſſis
Mella favis: illi tiliae, atque uberrima pinus:
Quotque in flore novo pomis ſe fertilis arbos
Induerat, totidem auctumno matura tenebat.
Ille etiam ſeras in verſum diſtulit ulmos,
Eduramque pirum, et ſpinos jam pruna ferentis,
Jamque miniſtrantem platanum potantibus umbras.
Verum haec ipſe equidem ſpatiis excluſus iniquis
Praetereo, atque aliis poſt me memoranda relinquo.
Nunc age, naturas apibus quas Juppiter ipſe
Addidit, expediam: pro qua mercede, canoros
Curetum ſonitus crepitantiaque aera ſecutae,
Dictaeo caeli regem pavere ſub antro,
Solae communis gnatos, conſortia tecta

170. *Pines.*] Columella obſerves that limes are hurtful to bees, but mentions the pine as agreeable to them.

175. *Planes.*] This relates to the Corycians having the art of removing even large trees.

179. *Wond'rous powers.*] There are many paſſages in the Georgic, where Virgil manages his prince's cauſe with great dexterity, and at the ſame time ſhews an equal regard for the liberty and intereſt of his country; but certainly nothing can come up to the fourth book, on this head. What wonderful knowledge muſt that writer have had, who could ranſack all nature to find out a ſpecies of inſects whoſe conſtitution might be ſuppoſed to be made up of a republic governed by a monarch!

This was one of the principal reaſons of Virgil's chooſing the bees for his finiſhing piece; and this makes him ſay to Maecenas in his introduction to it,

Admiranda.

And late at eve returning home to reſt,
His frugal board with unbought dainties bleſt,
Nor wiſh'd to be the richeſt monarch's gueſt.
When ſpring with flowers, with fruits when autumn glows,
He firſt could pull the apple, crop the roſe;
When winter drear had clove the rocks with cold,
And chain'd in ice the rivers as they roll'd,
Ev'n then acanthus' tender leaves he ſhear'd,
Slow zephyr blam'd, and a late ſummer fear'd.
He the firſt ſwarms could boaſt and pregnant bees,
From the full combs could richeſt honey ſqueeze:
Tall were his pines and limes, and fruitful all his trees.
Whatever buds the bending branches wore,
So many fruits in autumn ſwell'd his ſtore.
He too could high-grown elms tranſplant in rows,
Or harden'd pear-trees from their place tranſpoſe,
Or plumbs with all their fruits, or lofty planes
That ſhelter'd with broad ſhades the quaffing ſwains.
But ſince too narrow bounds my ſong confine,
To future bards theſe ſubjects I reſign.
Now liſten while the wond'rous powers I ſing,
And genius giv'n to bees by heav'n's almighty king,
Whom in the Cretan cave they kindly fed,
By cymbals' ſound, and claſhing armour led.
They, they alone a general intereſt ſhare,
Their young committing to the public care;

Admiranda tibi levium ſpectacula rerum.

You will ſoon ſee to whom the wonders are applicable, which I relate of theſe little creatures. How fine a compliment was it to the Roman people, and their prince, to ſhew that the bees had their laws (upon which all their happineſs was founded) by inſpiration from Jupiter, and their prince from the ſame ſource! BENSON.

180. *King.*] The poet here inſinuates, that Jupiter gave the bees a degree of reaſon, as a reward for their feeding him, when an infant, with honey, while he was concealed in a cave from his father Saturn.

Urbis habent, magniſque agitant ſub legibus aevom:
Et patriam ſolae, et certos novere penatis:
Venturaeque hiemis memores aeſtate laborem
Experiuntur, et in medium quaeſita reponunt.
Namque aliae victu invigilant, et foedere pacto
Exercentur agris: pars intra ſepta domorum
Narciſſi lacrimam, et lentum de cortice gluten,
Prima favis ponunt fundamina. deinde tenacis
Suſpendunt ceras: aliae ſpem gentis adultos
Educunt foetus: aliae puriſſima mella
Stipant, et liquido diſtendunt nectare cellas.
Sunt, quibus ad portas cecidit cuſtodia ſorti:
Inque vicem ſpeculantur aquas, et nubila caeli:
Aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto
Ignavom fucos pecus a praeſepibus arcent.
Fervit opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.
Ac veluti, lentis Cyclopes fulmina maſſis
Cum properant, alii taurinis follibus auras
Accipiunt redduntque, alii ſtridentia tinguunt
Aera lacu: gemit inpoſitis incudibus antrum.

198. *Intent, and watchful.*] Vaniere, in his book on the management of bees, relates the following extraordinary circumſtance, which he ſays he takes from M. Maraldi, *Hiſtoire de l' Academie Royale de Sciences*, 16 *Nov.* 1712. *ſur les abeilles*, p. 299.

Excubias vigilum fallens, impune penates
Cum ſemel intraſſet limax cornutus, eoſque
Turparet fluidae craſſo lentore ſalivae;
Obſtupuere domi gerulum, ſtimuliſque frequentes
Invaſere fero retrahentem corpus ab ictu,
Seque ſuae vallo teſtae, ſpumiſque tegentem;
Irrita jam cum tela forent; apis advocat artes
Ingenioſa ſuas; et cerae prodiga totam
Incruſtat cochleam; monſtrum fatale recondens
Hoc veluti tumulo, ne tetrum affiaret odorem.
Praedii Ruſtici, lib. 14. p. 257.

This is an inſtance, if it be true, of more aſtoniſhing ſagacity than any mentioned by Virgil.

205. *Cyclops.*] Pope obſerves with fine taſte on this paſſage: "That the uſe of the grand ſtyle on little ſubjects, is not only

And all concurring to the common cauſe,
Live in fixt cities under ſettled laws:
Of winter mindful and inclement ſkies,
In ſummer hoard, for all the ſtate, ſupplies:
Alternate ſome provide the nation's food,
And ſearch it o'er each foreſt, field, and flood:
Some for the comb's foundations gather glew,
And temper gums with daffadil's rich dew;
Then with nice art the waxen arches bend,
Or with nectareous ſweets the fret-work cells diſtend.
Commiſſion'd ſome, th' important office bear,
To form the youth, the nation's hope, with care;
Some, by joint compact, at the city's gate
Intent, and watchful of heav'n's changes, wait,
Examine ev'ry motion of the ſkies,
What ſhow'rs approach, what ſtorms or winds ariſe;
Or eaſe the burden'd lab'rers limbs, or drive
The drones, a race of ſluggards, from the hive;
The crowded dome with toil intenſely glows,
And from the breathing ſweets a blended fragrance flows.
As when Jove's bolts to frame, the Cyclops ſweat,
The rough and ſtubborn ore ſubdue with heat,
While chiming hammers in juſt order beat;

only ludicrous, but a ſort of tranſgreſſion againſt the rules of proportion and mechanics: I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a juſt obſervation, that the low actions of life cannot be put into a figurative ſtyle without being ridiculous, but things natural can. Metaphors raiſe the latter into dignity, as we ſee in the Georgics; but throw the former into ridicule, as in the Lutrin. I think this may be very well accounted for; laughter implies cenſure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of cenſure; therefore theſe may be elevated as much as you pleaſe, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are repreſented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, becauſe it is vicious in morality. The bees in Virgil, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous, by having their actions repreſented on a level with creatures ſo ſuperior as men; ſince it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule."

POPE, Poſtſcript to the Odyſſey.

Illi inter ſeſe magna vi brachia tollunt
In numerum, verſantque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
Non aliter, ſi parva licet conponere magnis,
Cecropias innatus apes amor urguet habendi,
Munere quamque ſuo. grandaevis oppida curae,
Et munire favos, et daedala fingere tecta.
At feſſae multa referunt ſe nocte minores,
Crura thymo plenae: paſcuntur et arbuta paſſim,
Et glaucas ſalices, caſiamque, crocumque rubentem
Et pinguem tiliam, et ferrugineos hyacinthos.
Omnibus una quies operum, labor omnibus unus.
Mane ruunt portis; nuſquam mora. rurſus eaſdem
Veſper ubi e paſtu tandem decedere campis
Admonuit, tum tecta petunt, tum corpora curant.
Fit ſonitus, muſſantque oras et limina circum.
Poſt, ubi jam thalamis ſe conpoſuere, ſiletur
In noctem, feſſoſque ſopor ſuus occupat artus.
Nec vero a ſtabulis pluvia inpendente recedunt
Longius, aut credunt caelo adventantibus euris.
Sed circum tutae ſub moenibus urbis aquantur,
Excurſuſque brevis tentant, et ſaepe lapillos,
Ut cymbae inſtabiles fluctu jactante ſaburram,
Tollunt: his ſeſe per inania nubila librant.
Illum adeo placuiſſe apibus mirabere morem,
Quod neque concubitu indulgent, nec corpora ſegnes
In venerem ſolvont, aut foetus nixibus edunt:
Verum ipſae e foliis gnatos et ſuavibus herbis

236. *Enfeebling joys of love.*] Vaniere, who received new lights on this ſubject from the obſervations of modern philoſophers, deſcribes the queen laying her eggs in the following manner:

Explorans paritura toros regina paratos;
Inſerit alveolis caput, ut quae nixibus edet,
Unis ova parens reponat ſingula nidis.
Circumſtat ſtipata cohors, uteroque dolentem
Reginam mulcet pennis; et murmure blando
Hortatur duros partus tolerare labores.
Illa retro gradiens, averſo corpore nidos,
Ingreditur; parientem abdit ſexangula cera;

Some turn the weighty maſs with griping tongs,
While others heave the puffing bellows' lungs,
Or the red bars in hiſſing water lave,
Deep Aetna groans below, thro' many an echoing cave;
No leſs (ſmall things with greater to compare)
Toil the Cecropian bees with ceaſeleſs care;
Each knows his taſk: the old their towns attend,
Shape their nice cells, their daedal works defend;
But late at evening thoſe of youthful prime
Return fatigu'd, their thighs ſurcharg'd with thyme;
They prey on arbutes, willow buds devour,
Sweet caſſia, and the ſaffron's glowing flow'r;
From fruitful limes ſip rich mellifluous dew,
And ſuck ſoft hyacinths of purple hue.
All reſt together, all together toil:
At morn they ruſh abroad, the flow'rs to ſpoil;
When twilight evening warms them to their home,
With weary wings and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the gate, and mix a drowſy hum.
At laſt, into their inmoſt chambers creep,
And ſilent lie diſſolv'd in balmy ſleep.
When Eurus blows, or gathering winds impend,
The ſkies they truſt not, nor their flights extend;
But drink of ſtreams that flow their city nigh,
Work near the walls, and ſhort excurſions try;
Poize their light bodies like a ballanc'd boat,
With ſands, as through tempeſtuous air they float.
But chief, this circumſtance may wonder move,
That none indulge th' enfeebling joys of love,
None pangs of child-birth feel, but leaves among,
And fragrant flow'rs, they gather all their young;

Turba miniſtra, tamen pennas limina tenſas
Explicat, obducens faetae quaſi vela parenti,
Virginibus tantum pudor atque modeſtia cordi eſt.
Praedii Ruſtici, lib. 14. pag. 260.

237. *Feel.*] The modern philoſophers are much better acquainted with the nature of inſects, than were Ariſtotle or Theophraſtus,

Ore legunt: ipſae regem parvoſque Quirites
Sufficiunt, aulaſque, et cerea regna refingunt.

Theophraſtus, from whom Virgil borrowed largely in his account of bees. They aſſert and prove that no animal (nay no plant) is produced without a concurrence of the two ſexes, and that conſequently equivocal generation is an idle and moſt groundleſs opinion. See *Redi de inſectis*, and the works of Linnæus. With regard to the generation of bees, I ſhall preſent the reader with a large but entertaining extract from a French author lately publiſhed. The matter of the treatiſe is taken from the works of the learned Mr. Maraldi, and Mr. de Reaumur, and is ſlung into a ſprightly dialogue.

It begins with a general view of the hive. The glaſs hive repreſents a city of ſixteen or eighteen thouſand inhabitants. This city is a monarchy, conſiſting of a queen, of grandees, ſoldiers, artizans, porters, houſes, ſtreets, gates, magazines, and a moſt ſtrict civil policy. The queen dwells in a palace in the inner part of the city; ſome of the cells (which run perpendicular from the top of the hive) are larger than the reſt, and belong to thoſe, who after the queen, hold the firſt rank in the commonwealth; the others are inhabited by the common people. The cells are all publick buildings, which belong to the ſociety in common; for among this people there is no *meum* nor *tuum*. Some cells are cloſe magazines for a ſtore of honey; others for the daily nouriſhment of the labouring bees; others are deſtin'd to receive eggs, and to lodge the worm from which the young bee ſprings.

In the hive there is uſually but one queen, ſix or eight hundred, or even a thouſand males called drones, and from fifteen to ſixteen thouſand, or upwards, of bees without ſex, who carry on the whole policy and manufacture of the hive. The mother-bee, or the queen-mother, is the ſoul of the community, and but for her, every thing would languiſh; when ſhe is ſecreted from the hive, the other bees loſe all care of poſterity, and make neither honey nor wax, ſo that the city ſoon becomes deſolate and empty.——The reſt of the bees pay her the moſt dutiful reſpect, and follow her wherever ſhe goes, or is carried from home. Her ſubjects perform their ſeveral functions without any inſtructions, and without giving her the leaſt trouble. Her only buſineſs is to people the hive; and this ſhe fulfils ſo perfectly, as well to deſerve the moſt honourable of all political titles, that of *Parent of her country*. To merit the love of her ſubjects, 'tis neceſſary ſhe ſhould produce from ten to twelve thouſand children in the ſpace of ſeven weeks, and one year with another, from thirty to forty thouſand. She is eaſily diſtinguiſh'd from the other bees, by the form of her body, which is longer and ſlenderer. Her wings are ſhorter,

in

Hence their great king and citizens create,
And build their waxen realms, and courts of ſtate. 240

in proportion to her length: in the other bees, they cover the whole body; in her they terminate about half way, at the third ring of her trunk. She has, like the reſt, a ſting and bladder of poiſon; but is with much more difficulty provoked to uſe them; though when ſhe does, the wound is larger and much more painful.

The drones, or the thouſand huſbands of this ſingle queen, are found in the hive only from the beginning of May to the end of July. Their number increaſes every day during that ſpace of time, and is greateſt when the queen is breeding; in a few days after which period they die a violent death. Their way of living is very different from the reſt: for excepting the ſingle moment when they pay their duty to the queen, they are quite idle, and enjoy a moſt luxurious fare; being fed only with the fineſt honey, whereas the common bees live in a great meaſure upon wax. Theſe go out early in the morning, and don't return till they are loaded with honey and wax, for the good of the ſociety. The drones, on the contrary, don't go abroad till about eleven o'clock to take the air, and return punctually about ſix at night. They have no ſtings, nor thoſe long elaſtic teeth with which the other bees work up the honey; nor thoſe kind of hollows, which ſerve them for baſkets to bring it home to the hive. The other bees, or the *manufacturers* (as we may call them) have an infinite number of ſtrange particularities about them, of which we can only impart a few to the reader.

Their head ſeems triangular, and the point of the triangle is formed by the meeting of two long elaſtic teeth, which are concave on the inſide. In the ſecond and third pair of their legs, is a part called the bruſh, of a ſquare figure, with its outward ſurface poliſh'd and ſleek, and its inward hairy, like a common bruſh. With theſe two inſtruments they prepare their wax and honey. The materials of their wax lie in the form of duſt, upon the *lamina* of flowers. When the bee would gather this duſt, ſhe enters into the flower, and takes it up by means of her bruſh, to which it eaſily adheres. She comes out all covered with it, ſometimes yellow, ſometimes red, or according to the native colour of the duſt. If this duſt be incloſed in the *Capſulae* of a flower, ſhe pierces the *Capſulae*, with her long moveable teeth, and then ſhe gathers it. When it is quite loaded with duſt, ſhe rubs herſelf to collect it, and rolls it up in a little maſs. Sometimes ſhe performs this part of her buſineſs by the way; ſometimes ſhe ſtays till ſhe comes to the hive. As ſoon as it is formed into a ball about the ſize of a grain of pepper, ſhe lodges it in her baſket, and returns home with a joy proportionable to the quantity ſhe brings. The honey of the bees is found in the ſame place with the wax. It is lodged in little reſervoirs, placed at the bottom of the flower.

Saepe etiam duris errando in cotibus alas
Adtrivere, ultroque animam ſub faſce dedere.
Tantus amor florum, et generandi gloria mellis.
Ergo ipſas quamvis anguſti terminus aevi
Excipiat: (neque enim plus ſeptima ducitur aeſtas)
At genus inmortale manet, multoſque per annos
Stat Fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.
Praeterea regem non ſic Aegyptos, et ingens
Lydia, nec populi Parthorum, aut Medus Hydaſpes
Obſervant. rege incolumi mens omnibus una eſt:
Amiſſo rupere fidem; conſtructaque mella
Diripuere ipſae, et crates ſolvere favorum.
Ille operum cuſtos: illum admirantur, et omnes
Circumſtant fremitu denſo, ſtipantque frequentes;
Et ſaepe adtollunt humeris, et corpora bello
Objectant, pulchramque petunt per volnera mortem.
His quidam ſignis atque haec exempla ſecuti,
Eſſe apibus partem divinae mentis, et hauſtus
Aetherios dixere. deum namque ire per omnis
Terraſque, tractuſque maris, caelumque profundum.
Hinc pecudes, armenta, viros, genus omne ferarum,
Quemque ſibi tenuis naſcentem arceſſere vitas.
Scilicet huc reddi deinde ac reſoluta referri
Omnia: nec morti eſſe locum, ſed viva volare
Sideris in numerum, atque alto ſuccedere caelo.
Si quando ſedem auguſtam ſervataque mella
Theſauris relines; prius hauſtu ſparſus aquarum
Ora fove, fumoſque manu praetende ſequacis.
Bis gravidos cogunt foetus, duo tempora meſſis,
Taygete ſimul os terris oſtendit honeſtum
Plias, et Oceani ſpretos pede repulit amnis:

241. *Rugged rocks.*] Theſe lines in the original are certainly miſplaced; they ſeem to come in more properly, ſays Martyn, after ver. 196 of the original. I am indebted for this obſervation to the learned Sir Daniel Molyneux, Bart. F. R. S.

272. *Taygete.*] Virgil in ſpeaking of the riſing of Pleiades, ſpeaks of them in the ſingular number, and thatſonally.

Taygete ſimul os terris oſtendit honeſtum
Pleias ——

On rugged rocks, oft as abroad they fly
They tear their wings, ſink with their loads and die;
Such love of flow'rs inflames their little hearts,
So great their glory in theſe matchleſs arts.
Tho' ſeven ſhort years are to one race decreed,
Still they continue an exhauſtleſs breed,
From age to age increaſe, and ſires to ſires ſucceed.
Lydians, nor Medes, ſo much their king adore,
Nor thoſe on Nilus' or Hydaſpes' ſhore:
The ſtate united ſtands, while he remains,
But ſhould he fall, what dire confuſion reigns!
Their waxen combs, and honey late their joy,
With grief and rage diſtracted, they deſtroy:
He guards the works, with awe they him ſurround,
And crowd about him with triumphant ſound;
Him frequent on their duteous ſhoulders bear,
Bleed, fall, and die for him in glorious war.
Led by ſuch wonders, ſages have opin'd,
That bees have portions of an heavenly mind:
That God pervades, and like one common ſoul,
Fills, feeds, and animates the world's great whole;
That flocks, herds, beaſts, and men from him receive
Their vital breath, in him all move and live;
That ſouls diſcerpt from him ſhall never die,
But back reſolv'd to God and heaven ſhall fly,
And live for ever in the ſtarry ſky.
When of its ſweets the dome thou would'ſt deprive,
Diffuſe warm-ſpirted water thro' the hive,
Or noxious ſmoke thro' all their dwellings drive.
Twice the ſweet artiſts plenteous honey make,
Thou twice each year th' ambroſial treaſures take;
Firſt when Taygete ſhews her beauteous head,
Diſdaining Ocean's melancholy bed;

'Tis probable, that on the ancient globes this was a diſtinct conſtellation from Taurus, and repreſented by one of the ſiſters only, that named by Virgil. Aratus and Eratoſthenes both ſpeak of it as diſtinct from Taurus; and the latter calls it Ἰελειάς, and not Πλειάδες. SPENCE.

Aut eadem ſidus fugiens ubi Piſcis aquoſi
Triſtior hibernas caelo deſcendit in undas.
Illis ira modum ſupra eſt, laeſaeque venenum
Morſibus inſpirant, et ſpicula caeca relinquunt
Adfixae venis, animaſque in volnera ponunt.
Sin duram metues hiemem, parceſque futuro,
Contuſoſque animos, et res miſerabere fractas;
At ſuffire thymo, ceraſque recidere inanis
Quis dubitet? nam ſaepe favos ignotus adedit
Stellio, lucifugis congeſta cubilia blattis:
Inmuniſque ſedens aliena ad pabula fucus,
Aut aſper crabro inparibus ſe inmiſcuit armis;
Aut dirum tineae genus, aut inviſa Minervae
Laxos in foribus ſuſpendit aranea caſſes.
Quo magis exhauſtae fuerint, hoc acrius omnes
Incumbent generis lapſi ſarcire ruinas,
Conplebuntque foros, et floribus horrea texent.
Si vero (quoniam caſus apibus quoque noſtros
Vita tulit) triſti languebunt corpora morbo,
Quod jam non dubiis poteris cognoſcere ſignis;
Continuo eſt aegris alius color: horrida voltum
Deformat macies: tum corpora luce carentum
Exportant tectis, ac triſtia funera ducunt:
Aut illae pedibus connexae ad limina pendent,
Aut intus clauſis cunctantur in aedibus omnes,
Ignavaeque fame et contracto frigore pigrae.
Tum ſonus auditur gravior, tractimque ſuſurrant.
Frigidus ut quondam ſilvis inmurmurat auſter:
Ut mare ſollicitum ſtridit refluentibus undis;
Aeſtuat ut clauſis rapidus fornacibus ignis.

279. *Die upon.*] It is ſaid to be a vulgar error, that bees loſe their lives with their ſtings.

280. *Winter.*] He now proceeds regularly to tell us, how to manage thoſe hives in which the honey is left for ſupporting the bees through the winter, and likewiſe enumerates the particular vermin, and plagues that infeſt them.

And when with ſudden flight the fiſh ſhe leaves,
Deſcending penſive to the wintry waves.
Fierce rage and choler in their boſoms glow,
With venom'd ſtings they dart upon their foe,
Their ſubtle poiſon creeps the veins around,
In ſweet revenge they die upon the wound.
But if in winter bleak, their broken ſtate,
And drooping ſpirits you commiſerate,
Who doubts, regardful of the pinching time,
To fumigate their hives with fragrant thyme,
And pare their empty wax? The lizard lurks,
Or ſlow-pac'd beetle in their inmoſt works,
Or oft their golden hoards the fat drones ſpoil,
A race that riots on another's toil;
Or the fierce hornet, ſounding dire alarms,
Provokes the lab'rers to unequal arms;
Or baneful moths, or ſhe whom Pallas hates,
Suſpends her filmy nets before their gates.
The more they loſe, the more with ceaſeleſs care,
They ſtrive the ſtate's deſtruction to repair;
Their plunder'd wealth and waſted combs renew,
And ſwell their granaries with thicken'd dew.
But when, as human ills deſcend to bees,
The pining nation labours with diſeaſe;
Chang'd is their glittering hue to ghaſtly pale,
Roughneſs and leanneſs o'er their limbs prevail;
Forth the dead citizens with grief are borne,
In ſolemn ſtate the ſad attendants mourn.
Clung by the feet they hang the live-long day
Around the door, or in their chambers ſtay,
Hunger and cold and grief their toils delay.
'Tis then in hoarſer tones their hums reſound,
Like hollow winds the ruſtling foreſt round,
Or billows breaking on a diſtant ſhore;
Or flames in furnaces that inly roar.

Hic jam galbaneos ſuadebo incendere odores,
Mellaque arundineis inferre canalibus, ultro
Hortantem, et feſſas ad pabula nota vocantem.
Proderit et tunſum gallae admiſcere ſaporem,
Arentiſque roſas, aut igni pinguia multo
Defruta, vel Pſythia paſſos de vite racemos,
Cecropiumque thymum, et grave olentia centaurea.
Eſt etiam flos in pratis, cui nomen amello
Fecere agricolae, facilis quaerentibus herba.
Namque uno ingentem tollit de ceſpite ſilvam,
Aureus ipſe: ſed in foliis, quae plurima circum
Funduntur, violae ſublucet purpura nigrae.
Saepe deûm nexis ornatae torquibus arae.
Aſper in ore ſapor. tonſis in vallibus illum
Paſtores, et curva legunt prope flumina Mellae.
Hujus odorato radices incoque baccho,
Pabulaque in foribus plenis adpone caniſtris.
Sed ſi quem proles ſubito defecerit omnis,
Nec, genus unde novae ſtirpis revocetur, habebit;
Tempus et Arcadii memoranda inventa magiſtri
Pandere, quoque modo caeſis jam ſaepe juvencis
Inſincerus apes tulerit cruor. altius omnem
Expediam prima repetens ab origine famam.
Nam qua Pellaei gens fortunata Canopi
Adcolit effuſo ſtagnantem flumine Nilum,
Et circum pictis vehitur ſua rura faſelis;
Quaque pharetratae vicinia Perſidis urget,
Et viridem Aegyptum nigra fecundat arena,
Et diverſa ruens ſeptem diſcurrit in ora
Uſque coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis:

326. *But ſhould.*] The poet having already ſpoken of the ways of driving noxious animals from the bees, and of the method of curing their diſeaſes; now proceeds to deſcribe the manner after which the total loſs of them may be repaired; which, he tells us, was practiſed by the Egyptians. MARTYN.

333. *Canopus.*] The commentators are divided about the meaning of theſe four verſes. Dr. Martyn takes Virgil to mean only a deſcription of the Delta or lower Egypt. Canopus is the weſt angle of that triangular region; Peluſium is the eaſt angle, being neareſt to Perſia; and the ſouth angle is the point where

Galbanean odours here I ſhall adviſe;
And thro' a reed to pour the ſweet ſupplies
Of golden honey, to invite the taſte
Of the ſick nation, to their known repaſt:
Bruis'd galls, dry'd roſes, thyme and centuary join,
And raiſins ripen'd on the Pſithian vine.
Beſides, in meads the plant Amellus grows,
And from one root thick ſtalks profuſely throws,
Which eaſily the wand'ring ſimpler knows:
Its top a flow'r of golden hue diſplays,
Its leaves are edg'd with violet-tinctur'd rays;
Rough is the taſte; round many an holy ſhrine
The ſacred prieſts its beauteous foliage twine:
This, where meand'ring Mella laves the plains,
Or in the new-ſhorn valley, ſeek the ſwains;
Its roots infuſe in wine, and at their door
In baſkets hang the medicated ſtore.
But ſhould your ſtock decay thro' dire diſeaſe,
Nor hope remain new families to raiſe,
Hear the ſtrange ſecret I ſhall now impart,
The great Arcadian maſter's matchleſs art;
An art to reproduce th' exhauſted ſtore
From a ſlain bullock's putrifying gore:
I'll to its diſtant ſource the wond'rous tale explore.
Where happy the Canopian nation dwells,
Where Nile with genial inundation ſwells,
Where ſwains, the meadows while he largely floats,
Around his paſtures glide in painted boats,
From tawny India while he rolls his tides,
And into ſeven huge mouths his ſtream divides,
And preſſing cloſe on quiver'd Perſia's clime
Green Egypt fattens with prolific ſlime:

where the Nile is divided to form the Delta. Δ. The circumſtance,

Circum pictis vehitur ſua rura phaſelis,

is a very agreeable picture of that country, which during the inundation of the Nile reſembles a vaſt level lake.

340. *Green Egypt.*] The Nile is the greateſt wonder of Egypt.

Omnis in hac certam regio jacit arte ſalutem.
Exiguus primum, atque ipſos contractus ad uſus
Eligitur locus. hunc anguſtique imbrice tecti
Parietibuſque premunt artis, et quatuor addunt,
Quatuor a ventis obliqua luce feneſtras.
Tum vitulus, bima curvans jam cornua fronte,
Quaeritur: huic geminae nares, et ſpiritus oris
Multa reluctanti obſtruitur, plagiſque peremto
Tunſa per integram ſolvuntur viſcera pellem.
Sic poſitum in clauſo linquunt, et ramea coſtis
Subjiciunt fragmenta, thymum, caſiaſque recentis.
Hoc geritur, zephyris primum inpellentibus undas,
Ante novis rubeant quam prata coloribus, ante
Garrula quam tignis nidum ſuſpendat hirundo.

As it ſeldom rains there, this river, which waters the whole country by its regular inundations, ſupplies that defect, by bringing, as a yearly tribute, the rains of the other countries; which made a poet ſay ingeniouſly, the Egyptian paſtures, how great ſoever the drought may be, never implore Jupiter for rain.

Te propter nullos tellus tua poſtulat imbres,
Arida nec pluvio ſupplicat herba Jovi.
Tibull. B. 1. 7. 25.

To multiply ſo beneficent a river, Egypt was cut into numberleſs canals, of a length and breadth proportioned to the different ſituation and wants of the lands: the Nile brought fertility every where with its ſalutary ſtreams; united cities one with another, and the Mediterranean with the Red Sea; maintained trade at home and abroad, and fortified the kingdom againſt the enemy; ſo that it was at once the nouriſher and protector of Egypt. The fields were delivered up to it; but the cities that were raiſed with immenſe labour, and ſtood like iſlands in the midſt of the waters, look down with joy on the plains which were overflowed, and at the ſame time enriched by the Nile.

This is a general idea of the nature and effects of this river, ſo famous among the ancients.

There cannot be a finer ſight than it affords at two ſeaſons of the year. For if a man aſcends ſome mountain, or one of the largeſt pyramids of Grand Cairo, in the months of July and Auguſt, he beholds a vaſt ſea, in which numberleſs towns and villages appear, with ſeveral cauſeys leading from place to place,

Theſe ſwains, when grows extinct their honied race,
Sure hope and refuge in this practice place.
Firſt for the work they chooſe a narrow ground,
With ſtreigthen'd walls and roof embrac'd around:
Fronting the winds four windows add, to ſtrike
Athwart the twilight ſpace their beams oblique:
Then ſeek in prime of youth a luſty ſteer,
Whoſe forehead crooked horns begins to wear;
His mouth and noſtrils ſtop, the gates of breath,
And buffet the indignant beaſt to death;
Till the bruis'd bowels burſt with many a ſtroke,
But ſtill th' external ſkin remains unbroke;
Then leave him dead; his putrid limbs below,
Green twigs and thyme, and recent caſſia ſtrew.
Be this perform'd when zephyr's balmy breeze
Firſt curls the ſurface of the ſmiling ſeas,
Ere bloom the meads in crimſon veſture dreſt,
Ere ſwallows twitter o'er the new-built neſt.

place, the whole interſperſed with groves and fruit-trees, whoſe tops are only viſible, all which forms a delightful proſpect. This view is bounded by mountains and woods, which terminate, at the utmoſt diſtance the eye can diſcover, the moſt beautiful horizon that can be imagined. On the contrary, in winter, that is to ſay, in the months of January and February, the whole country is like one continued ſcene of beautiful meadows, whoſe verdure enamelled with flowers charms the eye. The ſpectator beholds, on every ſide, flocks and herds diſperſed over all the plains, with infinite numbers of huſbandmen and gardeners. The air is then perfumed by the great quantity of bloſſoms on the orange, lemon, and other trees; and is ſo pure, that a wholſomer and more agreeable is not found in the world: ſo that nature, being then dead, as it were, in all other climates, ſeems to be alive only for ſo delightful an abode.

ROLLIN's Ancient Hiſtory, page 13, 8vo, 1749.

355. *Zephyris primum* in the original.] This little deſcription of the ſpring diverſifies the ſubject, and enlivens the dryneſs of the preceding paragraph.

Interea teneris tepefactus in offibus humor
Aeſtuat, et viſenda modis animalia miris,
Trunca pedum primo. mox et ſtridentia pennis
Miſcentur, tenuem magis ac magis aëra carpunt:
Donec, ut aeſtivis effuſus nubibus imber,
Erupere; aut ut, nervo pulſante ſagittae,
Prima leves ineunt ſi quando proelia Parthi.
Quis deus hanc, Muſae, quis nobis extudit artem?
Unde nova ingreſſus hominum experientia cepit?
Paſtor Ariſtaeus fugiens Peneïa Tempe,
Amiſſis (ut fama) apibus morboque fameque,
Triſtis ad extremi ſacrum caput adſtitit amnis,
Multa querens, atque hac adfatus voce parentem:
Mater Cyrene, mater, quae gurgitis hujus
Ima tenes, quid me praeclara ſtirpe deorum,
(Si modo, quem perhibes, pater eſt Thymbraeus Apollo)
Inviſum fatis genuiſti? quo tibi noſtri
Pulſus amor? quid me caelum ſperare jubebas?
En etiam hunc ipſum vitae mortalis honorem,
Quem mihi vix frugum et pecudum cuſtodia ſollers
Omnia tentanti extuderat, te matre, relinquo.
Quin age, et ipſa manu felices erue ſilvas:
Fer ſtabulis inimicum ignem, atque interfice meſſis:
Ure ſata, et validam in vitis molire bipennem;
Tanta meae ſi te ceperunt taedia laudis.
At mater ſonitum thalamo ſub fluminis alti

360. *Begin to boil.*] Nothing can be expreſſed in a livelier manner, than this generation of the bees;

Interea teneris tepefactus in oſſibus humor.

Such lines as theſe on a low and indeed a groſs ſubject, ſhew Virgil's command of language; the two ſimiles at the end add an ornament and an elegance likewiſe to the paſſage. It muſt be obſerved, that inſects cannot be generated by putrefaction; carcaſes are only a proper *nidus* and receptacle for their young: and therefore the female parent chooſes there to lay her eggs, that the warmth of the fermenting juices may help to hatch them. See REDI de Inſectis.

The tainted juices, in this priſon pent,
Begin to boil, and thro' the bones ferment;
A wond'rous ſwarm ſtrait from the carcaſe crawls,
Of feetleſs and unfiniſh'd animals;
Anon their infant buzzing wings they try,
And more and more attempt the boundleſs ſky:
At laſt embody'd from their birth-place pour,
Thick as from copious clouds a ſummer-ſhow'r,
Or flight of arrows, when with twanging bows,
The Parthians in fierce onſet gall their foes.
What God, ye nine, this art diſclos'd to man,
Say whence this great experiment began?
Sad Ariſtaeus from ſweet Tempe fled,
His bees with famine and diſeaſes dead,
And at the ſpring of ſacred Peneus' flood,
Thus plaining to his ſea-green parent ſtood.
Mother, Cyrene! mother, you who keep
Your wat'ry court beneath this cryſtal deep,
Why did you bear me of a race divine,
Yet ſtain with ſorrows my celeſtial line?
If Phoebus be my ſire, as you relate,
Why am I doom'd the ſport of angry Fate?
How have I loſt, O how! your former love?
Why did you bid me hope to riſe to heav'n above?
Lo! all I gain'd, by cattle, fields and corn,
(Thoſe works which beſt this mortal ſtate adorn)
The fruits of toil and thought intenſe are loſt,
Tho' for my mother I a goddeſs boaſt!
Come then, with your own hand uproot my groves,
My ſtalls and ſtables burn, infect my droves,
My harveſts murder, cut each blooming vine,
Since at my riſing honours you repine.
His wondering mother heard the mournful ſound,
Low in the chambers of the waves profound.

Senſit. eam circum Mileſia vellera Nymphae
Carpebant, hyali ſaturo fucata colore :
Drymoque, Xanthoque, Ligeaque, Phyllidoceque,
Caeſariem effuſae nitidam per candida colla :
Neſaee, Spioque, Thaliaque, Cymodoceque,
Cydippeque, et flava Lycorias ; altera virgo,
Altera tum primos Lucinae experta labores ;
Clioque et Beroe ſoror, Oceanitides ambae,
Ambae auro, pictis incinctae pellibus ambae ;
Atque Ephyre, atque Opis, et Aſia Deïopea ;
Et tandem poſitis velox Arethuſa ſagittis.
Quas inter curas Clymene narrabat inanes
Volcani, Martiſque dolos, et dulcia furta :
Aque Chao denſos divôm enumerabat amores.
Carmine quo captae, fuſis dum mollia penſa
Devolvont, iterum maternas inpulit auris
Luctus Ariſtaei, vitreiſque ſedilibus omnes
Obſtupuere : ſed ante alias Arethuſa ſorores
Proſpiciens, ſumma flavom caput extulit unda.
Et procul : O gemitu non fruſtra exterrita tanto,
Cyrene ſoror ; ipſe tibi tua maxima cura
Triſtis Ariſtaeus Penei genitoris ad undam
Stat lacrimans, et te crudelem nomine dicit.
Huic percuſſa nova mentem formidine mater,
Duc age, duc ad nos ; fas illi limina divôm
Tangere, ait : ſimul alta jubet diſcedere late

395. *Ligea, Xantho.*] There are but eighteen nymphs mentioned by Virgil in this account of Cyrene's grotto; including Clymene and Cyrene herſelf; of which paſſage Mr. Dryden ſays, The poet here records the names of fifty river nymphs, and for once I have tranſlated them all.

POLYMETIS, page 316. note 46.

406. *Vulcan's fruitleſs cares.*] Some of the graver critics make an obſervation, which the ladies muſt needs think unjuſt and ſatyrical. When Dido gives a feaſt to Aeneas, her phyſician Iopas entertains the company, which were chiefly compoſed of men and ſtrangers, with a ſong on a philoſophical ſubject. But, ſay they, where Virgil introduces a nymph ſinging to her miſtreſs Cyrene, and to her fellow virgins, ſhe deſcribes to them

The nymphs around her plac'd, their ſpindles ply'd,
And ſpun Mileſian wool, in verdure deeply dy'd.
Ligea, Xantho, Drymo, Spio, fair;
Thalia, and Phyllodoce, whoſe hair
Wav'd o'er their ſnowy ſhoulders in the air;
Neſaea, Ephyre, with Opis, thee!
And, her that calms the waves, Cymmodoce;
The yellow maid, Lycorias, and the bride
Cydippe, who Lucina's pangs had try'd;
Clio, and Beroë, ſea-born both, behold,
Both clad in ſpotted ſkins and radiant gold;
Deïope, and Arethuſe, the chaſte,
No more intent to pierce the flying beaſt.
There Clymene ſung Vulcan's fruitleſs cares,
The luſcious thefts, and ſoft deceits of Mars;
And how from Chaos old, all-mighty Love
Had fill'd the boſom of each god above.
While thus they toil'd, enchanted with the ſtrain,
His voice alarm'd his mother's ears again;
The liſtening ſiſters heard unuſual groans
Amaz'd, and ſtarted from their cryſtal thrones:
But Arethuſe firſt heav'd her beauteous head
Above the waves; and, O Cyrene, ſaid,
Well might'ſt thou fear theſe echoing ſounds of woe,
Theſe ſorrows from thy Ariſtaeus flow;
Thy darling care mourns by thy father's flood,
And calls thee cruel, and complains aloud.
Pitying the youth, the fear-ſtruck mother ſaid,
My ſon, O quickly, quickly hither lead,
To him 'tis given the courts of Gods to tread.

them the loves of Mars and Venus: the *dulcia furta* were the ſubject that ſweetened their labours at the loom. The poet hints at the topics which employ the converſation of the ladies when they are alone by themſelves. The commentators, who make ſuch unfair reflections, muſt doubtleſs be a ſet of ill-bred, abuſive fellows, that know very little of the world, and leſs of the ladies.

Flumina, qua juvenis greſſus inferret. at illum
Curvata in montis faciem circumſtetit unda,
Accepitque ſinu vaſto, miſitque ſub amnem.
Jamque domum mirans genetricis, et humida regna,
Speluncique lacus clauſos, lucoſque ſonantis,
Ibat, et ingenti motu ſtupefactus aquarum,
Omnia ſub magna labentia flumina terra
Spectabat diverſa locis, Phaſinque, Lycumque,
Et caput, unde altus primum ſe erumpit Enipeus,
Unde pater Tiberinus, et unde Aniena fluenta,
Saxoſuſque ſonans Hypanis, Myſuſque Caïcus,
Et gemina auratus taurino cornua voltu
Eridanus: quo non alius per pinguia culta

423. *Rivers.*] The deſcent of Ariſtaeus into the earth, is founded on an ancient ſuperſtition of the Egyptians. Servius tells us, that on certain days ſacred to the Nile, boys born of holy parents, were delivered to the nymphs by the prieſts; who, when they were grown up, and returned back, reported, that there were groves under the earth, and an immenſe water containing all things, and from whence every thing is procreated.

432. *Deep.*] This is one of the moſt ſublime paſſages in Virgil. Nothing can ſtrike the imagination more ſtrongly, than to conceive a perſon entering the bowels of the earth, and at once hearing and ſeeing the moſt celebrated rivers in the world burſting forth from their ſeveral ſources. The rough and horrible ſcenes of rocks, caves, and waters which Ariſtaeus paſſes through, are at laſt finely ſoftened by the kind reception he meets with from his mother, and the graceful appearance of the nymphs ſpinning and ſinging the loves of the Gods. Fracaſtorius has a deſcent into the earth in ſearch of metals, where, no doubt, he had Virgil in his eye; and in which he has been followed by Dr. Garth, in the Diſpenſary.

438. *Eridanus—the Po.*] This paſſage cannot be better explained than by quoting the following words from Mr. Spence, in his Polymetis:

"But there is another thing in it, with which I am not yet ſatisfied: and that is, Virgil's calling the Po here, the moſt violent of all rivers. I know one of the moſt celebrated and moſt ingenious writers of our age has endeavoured to ſoften this, by underſtanding it only of the rivers in Italy. But (not to enquire at all whether the Po be really the moſt violent of all the rivers in Italy) how can Virgil be underſtood of the rivers

At once she bids the swelling rivers cleave,
Th' obedient floods an ample entrance leave;
Down thro' the deeps he goes, on either hand
The congregated waves like mountains stand.
Now wondering at the wat'ry realms he went,
At dashing lakes in hollow caverns pent,
His mother's palace, and the sounding woods,
And deaf'ning roar of subterraneous floods.
Amaz'd he saw, this spacious globe below,
Deep in its bed each mighty river flow,
Phasis, and Lycus, and the fruitful head, [spread;
Whence burst Enipeus' streams, whence father Tiber's
Whence Hypanis, that swiftly-pouring roars
With thundering billows on his rocky shores;
Whence Anio's and Caicus' copious urns,
Whence bull-fac'd Po adorn'd with gilded horns,

rivers of one country only, where he is expressly speaking of all the rivers of the world? and of one common point, from whence all their sources were anciently supposed to be derived?

"I am not quite clear as to that expression, replied Polymetis: but to answer you as far as I can, I must give you the opinion of a man whom you both know; and whose name I need not mention to you, when I have told you it is the person who understands Virgil in a more masterly manner, than perhaps any one in this age. It is his opinion, (with all that modesty, with which he generally offers his opinions) that the difficulty you mention may possibly be got over, by the expression joined with it; *per pinguia culta*. The most violent rivers in the world are such as run, or fall, through a chain of mountains; and (not to speak of any of the Apennine rivers, or rather torrents, in Italy itself) the Isar which we cross so often in the two or three last days journey before we enter Italy, is (in all that part of its course) much more violent and more disturbed than the Po: but the Po, you know, very soon after its source, flows on thro' the vale of Piedmont, and afterwards traverses all the rich vale of Lombardy. These are the *pinguia culta* which Virgil speaks of: almost the whole course of the Po is through such rich low ground: and perhaps there may not be any river in the world, which has almost all its course through so fat and rich a soil, which is so violent as the Po is."

POLYMETIS, Dial. 14. p. 232.

In mare purpureum violentior effluit amnis.
Poſtquam eſt in thalami pendentia pumice tecta
Perventum, et gnati fletus cognovit inanis
Cyrene ; manibus liquidos dant ordine fontis
Germanae, tonſiſque ferunt mantelia villis.
Pars epulis onerant menſas, et plena reponunt
Pocula. Panchaeis adoleſcunt ignibus arae.
Et mater, Cape Maeonii carcheſia bacchi :
Oceano libemus, ait. ſimul ipſa precatur
Oceanumque patrem rerum Nymphaſque ſorores,
Centum quae ſilvas, centum quae flumina ſervant.
Ter liquido ardentem perfudit nectare Veſtam :
Ter flamma ad ſummum tecti ſubjecta reluxit.
Omine quo firmans animum, ſic incipit ipſa :
Eſt in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates
Caeruleus Proteus, magnum qui piſcibus aequor
Et juncto bipedum curru metitur equorum.
Hic nunc Emathiae portus patriamque reviſit
Pallenen. hunc et Nymphae veneramur, et ipſe
Grandaevus Nereus. novit namque omnia vates,
Quae ſint, quae fuerint, quae mox ventura trahantur.
Quippe ita Neptuno viſum eſt : inmania cujus
Armenta, et turpis paſcit ſub gurgite phocas.
Hic tibi, gnate, prius vinclis capiundus, ut omnem
Expediat morbi cauſſam, eventuſque ſecundet.
Nam ſine vi non ulla dabit praecepta, neque illum
Orando vinces : vim duram et vincula capto
Tende. doli circum haec demum frangentur inanes.

454. *An hundred groves.*] I follow the ſenſe given to this paſſage in the *Arcadia del Sannazaro, Proſa* 10.

459. *Proteus.*] This fable of Proteus is imitated by Virgil, from the fourth book of the Odyſſey ; where Menelaus is ſent to conſult the ſame deity, by the advice and aſſiſtance of his own daughter Eidothea.

Than whom no river, thro' ſuch level meads
Down to the ſea with ſwifter torrents ſpeeds.
Now to the vaulted chamber was he come,
Where hanging pumice form'd an aweful dome;
When fond Cyrene aſk'd him of his woe,
And whence thoſe bitter tears began to flow.
The ſiſters, water from the pureſt ſpring,
And towels ſoft, with haſte officious bring;
Prepare full bowls, and heap up choiceſt meats;
The altars blaze with rich Arabian ſweets.
Of Lydian wine, ſhe cry'd, theſe goblets take,
To Ocean let us due libations make;
At once to Ocean old, in ritual lays,
Parent of all things, ſhe devoutly prays;
And to the ſiſter nymphs, whoſe gentle ſway
An hundred groves, an hundred ſtreams obey;
Thrice o'er the fire the liquid nectar throws,
Thrice to the ſhining roof the flames aroſe.
She thus, with that auſpicious omen fir'd;
In the Carpathian gulf there dwells retir'd
The prophet Proteus; o'er the wat'ry way,
Whoſe car the finny, two-legg'd ſteeds convey:
Now to his diſtant country he reſorts,
Emathia ſeeking, and Paliene's ports;
The ſea-nymphs this caerulean ſeer adore,
And him reveres ev'n hallow'd Nereus hoar;
All things he knows, tho' hid in time's dark womb,
What is, what long is paſt, and what ſhall come;
So Neptune will'd; whoſe monſtrous herds he keeps,
Of ſqualid calves, beneath the rolling deeps.
Him muſt thou chain, and force him to diſcloſe
The cauſe and cure of thy diſtracting woes.
Nought he'll unfold, except the god thou bind,
Nor prayers, nor tears can move his ſtedfaſt mind.
With force and chains, my ſon, his limbs ſurround,
Theſe can alone his treach'rous wiles confound.

Ipſa ego te, medios cum ſol accenderit aeſtus,
Cum ſitiunt herbae, et pecori jam gratior umbra eſt,
In ſecreta ſenis ducam, quo feſſus ab undis
Se recipit; facile ut ſomno adgrediare jacentem.
Verum ubi conreptum manibus vinciſque tenebis;
Tum variae eludent ſpecies atque ora ferarum.
Fiet enim ſubito ſus horridus, atraque tigris,
Squamoſuſque draco, et fulva cervice leaena:
Aut acrem flammae ſonitum dabit, atque ita vinclis
Excidet, aut in aquas tenues dilabſus abibit.
Sed quanto ille magis formas ſe vertet in omnis,
Tanto, gnate, magis contende tenacia vincla:
Donec talis erit mutato corpore, qualem
Videris, incepto tegeret cum lumina ſomno.
Haec ait, et liquidum ambroſiae diffundit odorem:
Quo totum gnati corpus perduxit. at illi
Dulcis conpoſitis ſpiravit crinibus aura,
Atque habilis membris venit vigor. eſt ſpecus ingens
Exeſi latere in montis, quo plurima vento
Cogitur, inque ſinus ſcindit ſeſe unda reductos;
Deprenſis olim ſtatio tutiſſima nautis.
Intus ſe vaſti Proteus tegit objice ſaxi.
Hic juvenem in latebris averſum a lumine Nympha
Conlocat: ipſa procul nebulis obſcura reſiſtit.
Jam rapidus, torrens ſitientis, Sirius, Indos
Ardebat; caelo et medium ſol igneus orbem
Hauſerat. arebant herbae, et cava flumina ſiccis
Faucibus ad limum radii tepefacta coquebant:
Cum Proteus conſueta petens e fluctibus antra

494. *Deep in the mountain.*] The reader may compare this deſcription of the cave of Proteus, with the following one in Spenſer.

His bowre is in the bottome of the maine,
Under a mighty rock, gainſt which do rave
The roring billows in their proud diſdaine;
That, with the angry working of the wave,
Therein

When the parch'd herbage fades with mid-day heat,
And fainting cattle to cool ſhades retreat,
Myſelf will lead thee to the cloſe abode,
Where ſtretcht in ſlumber, thou may'ſt ſeize the god.
Inſtant he'll try, eluſive of the rape,
The varied force of every ſavage ſhape;
Become a briſtly boar, or tyger fell,
Or like a ſcaly bloated dragon ſwell;
Like a gaunt lion ſhake a tawny mane,
Or in loud crackling fire eſcape thy chain;
Or while thou cloſely graſp'ſt thy fraudful prey,
Chang'd to a flowing ſtream glide ſwift away.
Yet ſtill retentive with redoubled might,
Thro' each vain fleeting form conſtrain his flight;
Till the ſame ſhape, all changes paſt, appear,
That ere the ſenior ſlept, thou ſaw'ſt him wear.
She ſpoke, and o'er him rich ambroſia ſhed,
With liquid odours bath'd his breathing head,
And thro' his glowing limbs celeſtial vigour ſpread.
Deep in the mountain lies a ſpacious cave,
Worn by the workings of the reſtleſs wave,
Whither vaſt waters drive before the wind,
And ſhatter'd ſhips commodious ſhelter find.
There, far within a grot, old Proteus dwells,
And draws a vaſt rock o'er his ſecret cells.
She plac'd her ſon beneath the darkſome roof,
Herſelf, involv'd in clouds, retires aloof.
Now rabid Sirius ſcorcht the gaſping plains,
And burnt intenſe the panting Indian ſwains;
In his 'mid courſe the ſun all fiery ſtood,
Parcht was the graſs; the rivers bak'd to mud;
When Proteus, weary of the waters, ſought
The cool retirement of his 'cuſtom'd grott;

Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
That ſeemes rough maſons hand with engines keene
Had long while laboured it to engrave.
F. Q. 3. C. 8. S. 37.

Ibat. eum vasti circum gens humida ponti
Exsultans rorem late dispergit amarum.
Sternunt se somno diversae in litore phocae.
Ipse, velut stabuli custos in montibus olim,
Vesper ubi e pastu vitulos ad tecta reducit,
Auditisque lupos acuunt balatibus agni,
Considit scopulo medius, numerumque recenset:
Cujus Aristaeo quoniam est oblata facultas;
Vix defessa senem passus conponere membra,
Cum clamore ruit magno, manicisque jacentem
Occupat. ille suae contra non inmemor artis,
Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum,
Ignemque, horribilemque feram, fluviumque liquentem.
Verum, ubi nulla fugam reperit pellacia, victus
In sese redit, atque hominis tandem ore locutus:
Nam quis te, juvenum confidentissime, nostras
Jussit adire domos? quidve hinc petis? inquit. at ille:
Scis, Proteu, scis ipse: neque est te fallere cuiquam.
Sed tu desine velle. deûm praecepta secuti
Venimus hinc labsis quaesitum oracula rebus.
Tantum effatus, ad haec vates vi denique multa
Ardentis oculos intorsit lumine glauco,
Et graviter frendens, sic fatis ora resolvit:
Non te nullius exercent numinis irae.
Magna luis commissa: tibi has miserabilis Orpheus
Haudquaquam ob meritum poenas, ni fata resistant,
Suscitat; et rapta graviter pro conjuge saevit.

509. *Spray.*] The circumstance of these monsters scattering the spray of the sea about them, greatly enlivens this beautiful sea-piece.

512. *Like a peasant.*] Virgil has imitated Homer so nicely in his adventure with Proteus, that he has not forgot this simile of the shepherd, in his copy. *Lupos acuunt* is wonderfully expressive, and short.

The finny race exulting round him play,
And in wild gambols daſh the bitter ſpray;
The ſcaly phocae, ſunk in ſleep profound,
Along the ſhore their guardian god ſurround;
He (like a peaſant ſkill'd the herds to keep,
When evening homeward warns the calves and ſheep,
When hungry wolves, with pleaſure liſtening, hear,
And mark for prey, the lambs that bleat from far)
With watchful eyes, high-ſeated on a rock,
Reviews and counts the numbers of his flock.
The lucky youth with this occaſion bleſt,
Juſt as the ſeer compos'd his limbs to reſt,
Ruſh'd on him with a mighty threatening ſound,
And faſt, the weary, ſlumbering ſenior bound.
He, every various art diſſembling tries,
And many a monſter's direful ſhape belies;
Roars horrid like a prowling ſavage, glows
Like crackling fire, or like a river flows;
But when no fraud could further his eſcape,
He ſpoke, return'd to human voice and ſhape:
Raſh youth! who bade thee to my court repair
With impious boldneſs? what thou ſeek'ſt, declare!
O Proteus! well thou know'ſt the cauſe, he cry'd,
Nought from thy piercing eyes, can mortals hide;
Obedient to the Gods, I ſeek to know
What fate decrees, and how to heal my woe.
The prophet, while his boſom boil'd with ire,
And while his green eyes ſhot indignant fire,
Gnaſhing his teeth, with fury in his look,
Compell'd, at length, the fates diſcloſing, ſpoke;
Thou ſuffer'ſt for atrocious crimes; on thee
Falls the juſt vengeance of a deity;
Unhappy Orpheus on thy guilt hath ſent,
And more doſt thou deſerve, this puniſhment;
And more ſhalt feel, unleſs by fate deny'd,
For ſtill he rages for his murder'd bride.

Illa quidem, dum te fugeret per flumina praeceps,
Inmanem ante pedes hydrum moritura puella
Servantem ripas alta non vidit in herba.
At chorus aequalis Dryadum clamore supremos
Inplerunt montis. flerunt Rhodopeiae arces,
Altaque Pangaea, et Rhesi Mavortia tellus,
Atque Getae, atque Hebrus, et Actias Orithyia.
Ipse cava solans aegrum testudine amorem,
Te, dulcis conjux, te solo in litore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.
Taenarias etiam fauces, alta ostia Ditis,
Et caligantem nigra formidine lucum
Ingressus, Manisque adiit, regemque tremendum,
Nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda.
At cantu conmotae Erebi de sedibus imis
Umbrae ibant tenues, simulacraque luce carentum:

548. *But with loud shrieks.*] Virgil does not at length describe the serpents stinging and killing Eurydice. This from the pen of a lower genius, would have taken up twenty lines. He contents himself with saying—*alta non vidit herba*; and adds immediately,

At chorus aequalis Dryadum.

554. *To thee.*] There are few things in the ancient poetry more moving than the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. It hath acquired new beauties by falling into the hands of the tender and passionate Virgil; and is told by him in so melting a strain, that some of the touches he hath given it can hardly be read without tears. When we are wrought up to such a temper, it naturally leads us to compassionate the hard fate of the unhappy lovers; and we begin to feel some indignation at the captious condition, upon which he was to possess his beauty, or lose her for ever: not to look at his loved Eurydice. Arbitrary and capricious! unbefitting the just brother of Jove, and unlike the bounties of a divine, unenvious nature: unless indeed there be something else understood than appears: some truth in life or morals that lies latent under this circumstance of the tale.

The great and unhappy Lord Verulam, who was sensible of the incongruity, has given an explication of the fable; but seems not to have hit upon the real meaning. What he says is entertaining

She from thy arms, by headlong fear miſled,
Swift o'er the river's verdant margin fled;
Nor at her feet the fated maid deſcry'd
The dreadful ſnake that kept its graſſy ſide.
But with loud ſhrieks her ſiſter-dryads moan'd,
And high Pangaea's utmoſt mountains groan'd;
Their cries to Rhodope and Thrace were borne,
The Getae, Hebrus, Orithyïa mourn.
He on the deſart ſhore all lonely griev'd,
And with his concave ſhell his love-ſick heart reliev'd;
To thee, ſweet wife, ſtill pour'd the piteous lay,
Thee, ſung at dawning, thee at cloſing day!
Ev'n hell's wide jaws he ventur'd to explore,
Deep gates of Dis, and Death's tremendous ſhore;
Down to the Manes went, and chearleſs plains,
The grove where horror frowns, and hell's dread monarch reigns;
Obdurate hearts! to whom unmov'd by woes
Pray'rs plead in vain, and ſorrow uſeleſs flows.
Struck with his ſong, from Erebus profound,
Light flitting ghoſts, and ſpirits flock'd around;

entertaining and beautiful: for he was a ſpirit of that high order that go ingeniouſly wrong, and who cannot err without inſtruction. But I incline to think that the moral of the fiction is rather to be learned at an ordinary muſic-meeting, or an unmeaning opera, than, where his lordſhip directs us, in the receſſes of an abſtruſe philoſophy.

Orpheus's miſtreſs was muſic. The powers of it are enchanting. It lulls the reaſon, and raiſes the fancy in ſo agreeable a manner, that we forget ourſelves while it laſts. The mind turns diſſolute and gay, and hugs itſelf in all the deluding proſpects and fond wiſhes of a golden dream. Whilſt every accent is warbled over by a charming voice, a ſilly ſong appears ſound morality, and the very words of the opera paſs for ſenſe, in preſence of their accompagnement. But no ſooner does the muſic ceaſe, than the charm is undone, and the fancies diſappear. The firſt ſober look we take of it breaks the ſpell; and we are hurried back with ſome regret to the common dull road of life, when the florid illuſion is vaniſh'd. BLACKWELL's enquiry concerning the life and writings of Homer, Sect. 11.

Quam multa in foliis avium se millia condunt,
Vesper ubi, aut hibernus agit de montibus imber:
Matres, atque viri, defunctaque corpora vita
Magnanimûm heroum, pueri, innuptaeque puellae,
Inpositique rogis juvenes ante ora parentum,
Quos circum limus niger, et deformis arundo
Cocyti, tardaque palus inamabilis unda
Adligat, et novies Styx interfusa coërcet.
Quin ipsae stupuere domus, atque intuma Lethi
Tartara, caeruleosque inplexae crinibus anguis
Eumenides, tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora,
Atque Ixionii vento rota constitit orbis.
Jamque pedem referens casus evaserat omnis,
Redditaque Eurydice superas veniebat ad auras,
Pone sequens; namque hanc dederat Proserpina legem:
Cum subita incautum dementia cepit amantem,
Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes.
Restitit, Eurydicenque suam jam luce sub ipsa
Inmemor, heu, victusque animi respexit. ibi omnis
Effusus labor, atque inmitis rupta tyranni
Foedera, terque fragor stagnis auditus Avernis.
Illa, Quis et me, inquit, miseram, et te perdidit, Orpheu?
Quis tantus furor? en iterum crudelia retro
Fata vocant, conditque natantia lumina somnus.

585. *He stopt—and cast.*] The philosophic goddess of Boethius having related the story of Orpheus, who, when he had recovered his wife from the dominions of death, lost her again by looking back upon her in the confines of light, concludes with a very elegant and forcible application; Whoever you are that endeavour to elevate your mind to the illuminations of Heaven, consider yourselves as represented in this fable; for he that is once so far overcome, as to turn back his eye towards the infernal caverns, loses, at the first sight, all that influence that attracted him on high.

Vos haec fabula respicit,
Quicunque in superum diem,
Mentem ducere quaeritis.
Nam qui tartareum in specus,

Victus

Thick as the birds to leafy groves descend,
When evening clouds, or wintry storms impend;
Mothers and husbands, heroes' aweful shades,
Sweet infant boys, and pure unmarried maids,
Youths whose fond parents saw their bloom expire,
And sorrowing plac'd them on the funeral pyre;
Whom black Cocytus' sullen waters bound,
Foul shores of mud with reeds unsightly crown'd,
And the nine streams of winding Styx surround;
Ev'n these dread mansions listen'd with amaze;
With awe, death's deepest dungeons heard his lays;
Struck were the snake-crown'd Furies; Cerberus shews
His jaws wide-gaping, yet in act to close;
A pause of rest the sad Ixion found,
His wheel stopt sudden at the powerful sound.
And now at length no farther toil remain'd,
The upper air Eurydice regain'd,
Behind she came, so Proserpine ordain'd:
When strait a frenzy the fond lover caught,
(Could Hell forgive, 'twas sure a venial fault)
Ev'n on life's confines, impotent of mind,
He stopt, alas! and cast one look behind.
Fell Pluto's terms he broke! his hopes were lost!
A groan thrice echoed o'er Avernus' coast.
Ah! who destroys us both, she sadly cry'd,
What madness, Orpheus, tears thee from thy bride?
The cruel fates force me again away!
My swimming eyes no more discern the day;

Victus lumina flexerit,
Quicquid praecipuum trahit,
Perdit, dum videt inferos. The Rambler, No. 178.

587. *Thrice echoed.*] ——— *Terque fragor stagnis auditus Avernis*, says the original very finely. A certain dismal and hollow sound was heard through the vaults of hell. Some imagine, but I think groundlessly, that it was the shout of ghosts rejoicing for Eurydice's return. Surely the other sense is far the more poetical and more forcibly imagined.

Jamque vale. feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Invalidaſque tibi tendens, heu non tua, palmas.
Dixit, et ex oculis ſubito, ceu fumus in auras
Conmixtus tenuis, fugit diverſa: neque illum,
Prenſantem nequidquam umbras, et multa volentem
Dicere praeterea, vidit: nec portitor Orci
Amplius objectam paſſus tranſire paludem.
Quid faceret? quo ſe rapta bis conjuge ferret?
Quo fletu Manis, qua numina voce moveret?
Illa quidem Stygia nabat jam frigida cymba.
Septem illum totos perhibent ex ordine menſis
Rupe ſub aëria deſerti ad Strymonis undam
Fleſſe ſibi, et gelidis haec evolviſſe ſub aſtris,
Mulcentem tigris, et agentem carmine quercus.
Qualis populea maerens philomela ſub umbra
Amiſſos queritur foetus; quos durus arator
Obſervans nido inplumis detraxit: at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque ſedens miſerabile carmen
Integrat, et maeſtis late loca queſtibus inplet.
Nulla Venus, nullique animum flexere hymenaei.
Solus Hyperboreas glacies, Tanaïnque nivalem,
Arvaque Rhipaeis numquam viduata pruinis
Luſtrabat, raptam Eurydicen atque inrita Ditis
Dona querens. ſpretae Ciconum quo munere matres,
Inter ſacra deûm, nocturnique orgia Bacchi,
Diſcerptum latos juvenem ſparſere per agros.
Tum quoque marmorea caput a cervice revolſum,
Gurgite cum medio portans Oeagrius Hebrus

610. *As Philomel.*] Is not Proteus too great a poet in this ſimile? But the lines are ſome of the moſt exquiſite in Virgil. To heighten the pathetic, the birds are not only *inplumis*, but taken from the neſt. Nor are they ſingly *taken*, but *dragged* out of the neſt; to which they *clung back*: which is ſtrongly implied by the word *detraxit*. The verſe cannot be read without laying a particular emphaſis on this word, as well as on *durus*.

Adieu! no longer muſt thou bleſs my ſight——
I go! I ſink! involv'd in thickeſt night!
In vain I ſtretch my feeble arms to join
Thy fond embrace; ah! now no longer thine!
Swift from his ardent gaze, while thus ſhe ſpoke,
She vaniſh'd into air, like ſubtile ſmoke,
And left him catching at her empty ghoſt,
Deſiring much to ſay, in ſpeechleſs ſorrow loſt:
The rigid ferryman of hell no more
Would deign to waft him to the gloomy ſhore:
What ſhould he do? where turn? how ſeek relief?
Twice loſt his conſort, how appeaſe his grief?
How move the Manes, with what doleful note?
She ſail'd, already cold, in Charon's boat.
For ſeven long months, by deſart Strymon's ſide,
Beneath a lofty rock, he mourn'd his bride,
And ſtretcht in gelid caverns, with his ſong
Made tygers tame, and drew hard oaks along.
As Philomel in poplar ſhades, alone,
For her loſt offſpring pours a mother's moan,
Which ſome rough ploughman marking for his prey,
From the warm neſt, unfledg'd, hath dragg'd away;
Percht on a bough, ſhe all night long complains,
And fills the grove with ſad repeated ſtrains.
No ſecond fair, no nuptial rites could move,
Nought ſoften his diſtracted mind to love:
The Hyperborean ice he wander'd o'er,
And ſolitary roam'd round Tanais' ſhore,
And Scythia's deſarts of eternal froſt,
Lamenting his loſt bride, and Pluto's favours loſt.
The Thracian dames enrag'd to be deſpis'd,
At Bacchus' midnight feaſts they ſolemniz'd,
Inſpir'd with frantic fury ſeiz'd the ſwain,
And ſtrew'd his mangled carcaſe o'er the plain:
His pale head from his ivory ſhoulders torn,
Adown Oeagrian Hebrus' tide was borne;

Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipſa et frigida lingua,
Ah miſeram Eurydicen anima fugiente vocabat:
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripae.
Haec Proteus, et ſe jactu dedit aequor in altum.
Quaque dedit, ſpumantem undam ſub vertice torſit.
At non Cyrene: namque ultro adfata timentem:
Nate, licet triſtis animo deponere curas.
Haec omnis morbi cauſſa: hinc miſerabile Nymphae,
Cum quibus illa choros lucis agitabat in altis,
Exitium miſere apibus. tu munera ſupplex
Tende petens pacem, et faciles venerare Napaeas.
Namque dabunt veniam votis, iraſque remittent.
Sed, modus orandi qui ſit, prius ordine dicam.
Quatuor eximios praeſtanti corpore tauros,
Qui tibi nunc viridis depaſcunt ſumma Lycaei,
Delige, et intacta totidem cervice juvencas.
Quatuor his aras alta ad delubra dearum
Conſtitue, et ſacrum jugulis demitte cruorem:
Corporaque ipſa boum frondoſo deſere luco.
Poſt, ubi nona ſuos Aurora oſtenderit ortus,
Inferias Orphi Lethaea papavera mittes,
Placatam Eurydicen vitula venerabere caeſa,
Et nigram mactabis ovem, lucumque reviſes.
Haud mora: continuo matris praecepta faceſſit:
Ad delubra venit; monſtratas excitat aras;
Quatuor eximios praeſtanti corpore tauros
Ducit, et intacta totidem cervice juvencas.

633. *He ſpoke.*] Though the epiſode of Orpheus and Eurydice be ſo admirable in itſelf, that we thank the poet for having introduced it at any rate; yet, after all, is it not ſtitch'd in a little inartificially? Is it to be conceived that Proteus, who, being made a priſoner, and ſpeaking by conſtraint, is in no very good humour, ſhould tell this long ſtory (which is not very material to the point neither) to entertain Ariſtaeus, who has offered that violence to him? Was it not enough to inform him, that his misfortune was occaſioned by Eurydice's death, without telling all theſe circumſtances conſequent of it? Perhaps it may be reply'd, that it is more material to the point

As in the rapid waves it roll'd along,
Ev'n then with faultering voice and feeble tongue,
To name his poor Eurydice he try'd,
Eurydice, with parting breath he cry'd,
Eurydice! the rocks and echoing ſhores reply'd.
He ſpoke; and 'mid the waves his body hurl'd,
About his head the foaming waters curl'd.
Not ſo Cyrene; to aſſwage his fears,
My ſon, ſhe cries, allay thy reſtleſs cares;
Behold the cauſe of all this dire diſeaſe;
The nymphs have ſent deſtruction on thy bees,
With whom Eurydice was wont t' advance,
And lead in lofty groves the ſacred dance.
Thou ſuppliant offer gifts, and ſue for peace,
The mild Napaeans will their anger ceaſe;
But hear me firſt in order due declare,
The means to ſooth their rage, and frame thy pray'r:
Select four large and beauteous bulls that crop
Thy verdant paſtures on Lycaeus' top,
Four heifers too, that ne'er have plough'd the field,
Four altars in the Dryads' temples build;
From the ſlain victims pour the ſacred blood,
And leave their bodies in the ſhady wood:
When the ninth morn o'er dewy hills ſhall ſpring,
To Orpheus' ghoſt Lethean poppies bring;
With a black ewe Eurydice adore,
And ſhed for her a victim-heifer's gore:
Reviſit then the grove. Without delay
He ſpeeds his mother's precepts to obey;
Haſtes to the temple, there his altars builds,
Four bulls, four heifers leads, that ne'er had plough'd the [fields:

point than is commonly imagined. Theſe conſequences greatly aggravate the guilt of Ariſtaeus; and ſo it was proper enough, if not abſolutely neceſſary, to recite them. Whether this anſwer be ſufficient, or not, I neither know, nor much care. Be it as it will, I would not loſe this epiſode, to be the author of all the beſt criticiſms that ever were, or ſhall be, written upon the claſſics. TRAPP.

Poſt, ubi nona ſuos Aurora induxerat ortus,
Inferias Orphi mittit, lucumque reviſit.
Hic vero ſubitum ac dictu mirabile monſtrum
Aſpiciunt, liquefacta boum per viſcera toto
Stridere apes utero, et ruptis effervere coſtis;
Inmenſaſque trahi nubes: jamque arbore ſumma
Confluere, et lentis uvam demittere ramis.
Haec ſuper arvorum cultu pecorumque canebam,
Et ſuper arboribus: Caeſar dum magnus ad altum
Fulminat Euphraten bello, victorque volentis
Per populos dat jura, viamque adfectat Olympo.
Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope, ſtudiis florentem ignobilis oti:
Carmina qui luſi paſtorum, audaxque juventa,
Tityre, te patulae cecini ſub tegmine fagi.

663. *Putrid bowels.*] Obſerve how the poet has varied his expreſſions on a ſubject ſo difficult to be ornamentally expreſſed as this birth of the bees, for

——liquefacta boum per viſcera toto——
——et ruptis effervere coſtis——

is quite newly expreſſed from what it was before in the paſſage above, *Interea teneris tepefactus in oſſibus humor.*

673. *Parthenope.*] There may be a propriety in this that is not generally remarked. Naples was a town of indolence and pleaſure, and was therefore, as ſome ſuppoſe, ſaid to have been founded by Parthenope one of the Sirens, who were goddeſſes of indolence and pleaſure:

Improba ſiren
Deſidia—— ——
Otioſa Neapolis. HOR.

This idea too makes the contraſt between Auguſtus and Virgil much the ſtronger. SPENCE.

At the ninth morning's dawn to Orpheus bears
Th' appointed gifts, and to the grove repairs:
When lo! a wond'rous prodigy they found,
An hoſt of bees ruſh'd forth with humming ſound,
By the ſlain bullocks' putrid bowels form'd,
From whoſe burſt ſides, in clouds immenſe they ſwarm'd;
Then from a tree's high top, conglob'd depend,
Whoſe branches with the bellying cluſter bend.
Thus have I ſung the labours of the ſwain,
Of trees, of flocks, of cattle, and of grain;
While mighty Caeſar to Euphrates bears
His conquering arms, the thunder of his wars;
To all the willing world new laws decrees;
And ardent preſſes on, th' Olympian heights to ſeize,
Then me, Parthenope's calm pleaſures bleſt,
And ſtudious leiſure and ignoble reſt;
Who bold in youth, once ſung the ſhepherds loves,
Sung thee, O Tityrus, ſtretcht beneath the beechen groves.

673. *Then me.*] I cannot forbear being of opinion that the four concluding lines of the Georgics, *illo Virgilium*, &c. &c. are of the ſame ſtamp and character with the four juſtly-exploded ones, which are prefixed to the Aeneid. *Audaxque juventa* is, I think, an expreſſion entirely unworthy of Virgil, and a mere botch. Beſides nothing can be a more complete and ſublime concluſion than that compliment to Auguſtus —*Viamque affectat Olympo.*

676. *Groves.*] Each book of Virgil's Georgics is in a different ſtile (or has a different colouring) from all the reſt. That of the firſt is *plain*; of the ſecond *various*; of the third, *grand*; and of the fourth *pleaſing*. HOLDSWORTH.

THE END OF THE FOURTH GEORGIC.

REFLECTIONS ON DIDACTIC POETRY.

THE ancients have left us no rules or obſervations concerning this ſpecies of poetry. Ariſtotle, chiefly intent on giving laws to dramatic writers, adviſes the true poet to diſappear as much as poſſible, to write only in dialogue, and never to ſpeak in his own perſon; becauſe, ſays he, it may be laid down as a general rule in this art, that when the poet ſpeaks in his own perſon, he is no longer an imitator. In conformity to this opinion, Caſtelvetro, the learned Italian commentator on Ariſtotle's Poetics, has declared, that if Virgil had written nothing but the Georgics, he ought not to have been enrolled among the number of the poets. For, ſays he, p. 29. not very much to the honour of the art he is teaching, phyſiology can never be the ſubject of poetry, which was invented not to inſtruct, but barely to amuſe and entertain the minds of the multitude. And what was the general opinion of the ancients on this ſubject, may be eaſily known from that ſtory of Socrates related in the Phaedon of Plato: who being admoniſhed in a dream to apply himſelf to muſic, began to compoſe an hymn to Apollo, whoſe feaſt was then celebrating. But upon afterwards

afterwards reflecting, that a perſon who would be a true poet, muſt make fables (muſt *create*) and not write mere diſcourſes in metre; he at once took a common fable from Aeſop, not having any inventive faculty himſelf. And 'tis obſervable, that Plutarch, after quoting this ſtory of Socrates, excludes Empedocles, Parmenides, Nicander, and Theognis, out of the number of legitimate poets; becauſe, adds he, we know there may be ſacrifices without muſic and dancing, but there can be no true poetry or imitation, without fiction and fables. This ſevere remark, which ſeems not to be founded on nature and truth, would effectually exclude all didactic and deſcriptive poetry. Surely the poet is an imitator, when he paints any object of univerſal nature, animate or inanimate, whether he ſpeaks in his own perſon or introduces ſpeakers; tho' indeed imitations of the latter ſpecies have not the ſame dignity or utility with thoſe of human manners, paſſions, and characters.

To render inſtruction amiable, to ſoften the ſeverity of ſcience, and to give virtue and knowledge a captivating and engaging air, is the great privilege of the didactic muſe; 'tis ſhe, who

——— *praeſpergens ante Viaï*
Cuncta coloribus egregiis, et odoribus opplet.

LUCRETIUS.

Profeſs'd teaching is highly diſagreeable to the natural pride of man, as it implies a ſuperiority of underſtanding over the perſon inſtructed. That precepts may gain an eaſy admiſſion into the heart, it is neceſſary to deliver them in a concealed indirect manner, diveſted of all pretenſions to a larger ſhare of reaſon, and of all dogmatical ſtiffneſs. A man who peruſes any ſyſtem, written in this modeſt unaſſuming method, and adorned moreover with ſtriking images and harmonious numbers,

—— *diſcit citius, meminitque libentius.* HOR.

As

As material objects are moſt ſuſceptible of poetical ornaments, ſo perhaps, the various employments, buſineſſes, and amuſements of life, together with the elegant arts and ſciences, are more proper ſubjects for didactic poetry, than ſuch as are purely ſpeculative and metaphyſical. Abſtract ideas admit but of few embelliſhments. All parts of natural philoſophy in particular, as being converſant about ſenſible images, ſeem the beſt calculated to ſhine in this way of writing;

——— *Coelique vias et ſidera monſtrent,*
Defectus ſolis varios, lunaeque labores:
Unde tremor terris, qua vi maria alta tumeſcant
Objicibus ruptis, rurſuſque in ſeipſa reſident;
Quid tantum oceano properent ſe tingere ſoles
Hyberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus obſtet.

We have ſome elegant but ſhort ſpecimens of this ſort in the *Muſae Anglicanae:* ſuch are the poems on a barometer, on the circulation of the blood, on the teleſcope, and on Dr. Hales's vegetable ſtatics.

In making choice of a proper ſubject, regard ſhould be had, to fix, if poſſible, upon one of an important and univerſal nature; and which may deeply intereſt all mankind. Such is Dr. Armſtrong's poem on the art of preſerving health. And after this intereſting ſubject is choſen, only ſuch rules relating to it ſhould be ſelected, as will bear to be delivered gracefully; and to be enlivened with poetical imagery. It is not required or expected of a poet, to enter into a minute detail of dry precepts, but to ſingle out thoſe precepts, that will entertain as well as inſtruct his reader.

——— *et quae*
Deſperat tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquit. HOR.

Mr. Addiſon obſerves, that there are ſeveral ways of conveying the ſame truth to the mind of man; and to chooſe the pleaſanteſt of theſe ways, is that which chiefly diſtinguiſhes

tinguiſhes poetry from proſe, and makes Virgil's rules of huſbandry pleaſanter to read than Varro's. Where the proſe writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in the deſcription, and repreſents his countryman performing the action in which he would inſtruct his reader. Where the one ſets out as fully and diſtinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth which he would communicate to us, the other ſingles out the moſt pleaſing circumſtance of this truth, and ſo conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the underſtanding.

The delicate addreſs of Virgil in this particular is worth our attention; of which the following inſtances may be given. Inſtead of telling his huſbandman plainly, that his crops will fail by bad management; he ſays,

Heu magnum alterius frustra ſpectabis acervum,
Concuſſaque famem in ſylvis ſolabere quercu.

Inſtead of ſaying, that elms by engrafting have borne acorns, he ſpeaks of that operation in this lively manner:

—— *Glandemque ſues fregere ſub ulmis.*

Inſtead of informing us that the farmers often root up an old foreſt, he adorns this proceeding with the following picturesque circumſtances:

Antiquaſque domos avium cum ſtirpibus imis
Eruit; illae altum nidis petiere relictis.

He does not call the plane a large tree, but ſays,

Jamque miniſtrantem platanum potantibus umbram.

And inſtead of ordering the farmer to water his grounds, what a landſcape does he preſent us with!

Ecce, ſupercilio clivoſi tramitis undam
Elicit: illa cadens raucum per laevia murmur
Saxa ciet, ſcatebriſque arentia temperat arva!

After this manner ſhould the didactic poet raiſe and enliven every precept he gives; he ſhould turn *rules* into

images; he ſhould deſcribe things by their effects; and ſpeak of them as already done, inſtead of regularly ordering the manner in which they ſhould be done; and throw in circumſtances and adjuncts, that may forcibly ſtrike the imagination, and embelliſh and conceal the dryneſs of the ſubject.

But altho' the poet delivers his precepts in the moſt artful manner imaginable, and renders them as palatable as poſſible, yet the reader will ſoon be diſguſted with a continued ſeries of inſtruction, if his mind be not relieved at proper intervals by pleaſing digreſſions of various kinds, naturally ariſing from the main ſubject, and cloſely connected with it. If Virgil had confined himſelf merely to agriculture, and had never inſerted in his poem the prodigies that attended the death of Julius Caeſar, the praiſes of Italy; the chariot-race, the Scythian winter-piece, the happineſs of a country-life, the loves of the beaſts, and the pathetic deſcription of the plague among the cattle; his Georgics, tho' abounding in moſt uſeful rules, delivered with dignity and grace united, would never have been the delight and admiration of his own, and all ſucceeding ages. His art is no where more remarkable than in thoſe paſſages, where, after ſeeming to have left his ſubject and his huſbandmen, he ſuddenly returns to them, and connects all he has been ſaying, though he appears to have wandered far from his purpoſe, by adding ſome rural circumſtance; thus having ſpoken of the battle of Pharſalia, he ſubjoins immediately with great addreſs,

Scilicet & tempus veniet cum finibus illis
Agricolae, incurvo terram molitus aratro
Exeſa inveniet ſcabra rubigine pila;
Aut gravibus raſtris galeas pulſabit inanes,
Grandiaque effoſſis mirabitur oſſa ſepulchris.

And again, after ſaying the world was diſtracted with many wars, he inſtantly adds,

——— *Non*

——— *Non ullus aratro*
Dignus honos —— ——

——— Thus Maro's muſe,
Thrice ſacred muſe! commodious precepts gives,
Inſtructive to the ſwains; not only bent
On what is gainful, ſometimes ſhe diverts
From ſolid counſels, ſhews the force of love
In ſavage beaſts; how virgin face divine
Attracts the hapleſs youth thro' ſtorms and waves,
Alone in deep of night; then ſhe deſcribes
The Scythian winter, nor diſdains to ſing
How under ground the rude Riphaean race,
Mimic briſk cyder with the brake's product wild,
Sloes pounded, hips, and ſervis' harſheſt juice.
PHILIPS's Cyder, B. 1.

This laſt mentioned author, among other claſſical beauties, hath cloſely copied Virgil in throwing many artful digreſſions into his poem. He opens his ſecond book with an addreſs to Lord Harcourt's ſon, then abroad upon his travels in Italy, and afterwards returns to his ſubject with great dexterity in the following lines:

Mean while (altho' the Maſſic grape delights,
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
Temper thy cups, yet) wilt thou not reject
Thy native liquors; lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the Britiſh vats
O'erflow with generous cyder. Book 2.

This poet, ſpeaking afterwards of the pernicious effects of drunkenneſs, and of the diſcords and quarrels ariſing from this vice, ſlides with great art and addreſs into a deſcription of the civil wars and diſſenſions that have frequently troubled the repoſe of this kingdom. And when he comes to mention the laſt great rebellion, very dexterouſly flings in the following line:

Yet was the cyder land unſtain'd with guilt.

This

This at once recalls the mind of the reader to the ſubject, which the author ſeemed to have forſaken, during ſo long a digreſſion. Of the ſame kind are his deſcriptions of the deſtruction of old Ariconium, the praiſes of Herefordſhire; the moral characters of the moſt celebrated poets, at the concluſion of the firſt, and the effects of the Union at the end of the ſecond book: where, after ſaying, that

——— Where'er the Britiſh ſpread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffuſive to the utmoſt bounds of this
Wide univerſe, ———

he concludes fully and appoſitely to his ſubject,

——— Silurian cyder borne,
Shall pleaſe all taſtes, and triumph o'er the vine.

But of all the various kinds of digreſſions, thoſe of a pathetic nature, if they can be introduced with propriety, will have the beſt effect. A moving tale, ſuch as the hiſtory of Orpheus and Eurydice in the fourth book of the Georgics, is moſt likely to render a didactic poem intereſting. A ſtroke of paſſion is worth a hundred of the moſt lively and glowing deſcriptions. Men love to be moved, much better than to be inſtructed. Suppoſing (ſays the Abbé du Bos) that the ſubject of a didactic poem is ſo exceedingly curious, as to induce you to read it once over with great pleaſure; yet you will never peruſe it a ſecond time with the ſame ſatisfaction you taſte even from an eclogue. The underſtanding feels no pleaſure in being inſtructed twice in the ſame thing; but the heart is capable of feeling the ſame emotion twice, with great pleaſure. This amiable and ingenious writer, who hath ſtruck out many new obſervations upon poetry, illuſtrates his opinion, that a poem abounding in the beſt-written deſcriptions will never deeply affect a

reader, except ſomething of the pathetic be added, by the following remarks on a ſiſter art.

" The fineſt landſcape of Titian or Carrache, does not intereſt the beholder more than would the real proſpect of a village in a diſagreeable or pleaſant country. There is nothing in ſuch a picture that ſpeaks to one, if I may be allowed the expreſſion. And as it does not touch the heart, it cannot gain the attention. The beſt painters were ſo well convinced of this truth, that they have very ſeldom given us landſcapes wholly deſert, and without human figures *. They have peopled their pictures; they have introduced into them perſons employed in ſome action capable of moving us, and by conſequence of engaging our attention. This is the conſtant practice of Pouſſin, Rubens, and the other great maſters, who do not think it ſufficient to place in their landſcapes a man paſſing on the road, or perhaps a countrywoman carrying her fruits to market. They introduce men agitated with paſſions, in order to excite ours, and by ſuch an emotion to intereſt us and engage our attention. In effect, the figures introduced in theſe pictures, are more frequently mentioned and talked of, than their trees or terraſſes.

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* This obſervation may be illuſtrated by that fine ſimile of Milton.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houſes thick and ſewers annoy the air,
Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn to breathe
Among the pleaſant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The ſmell of grain, or tedded graſs, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural ſight, each rural ſound;
If chance with nymphlike ſtep fair virgin paſs,
What pleaſing ſeem'd, FOR HER now pleaſes more;
She moſt, and in her look ſums all delight.
Paradiſe Loſt, B. 9. v. 445.

The beholder's delight is doubled, at the appearance of this living beauty.

The

The landſcape which Pouſſin painted ſeveral times over, and which is commonly called his Arcadia, would never have been ſo celebrated, if it had contained no human figures.'

Who has not heard of that famous country, which is ſaid to have been inhabited by the happieſt men that ever exiſted on earth? Men employed only on their pleaſures, and who knew no other diſquietudes, than thoſe which befel the imaginary ſhepherds in romances, whoſe condition is ſo much to be envied. The picture of which I am ſpeaking, repreſents a landſcape in this delightful country. In the midſt we ſee the monument of a young virgin, dead in the flower of her age: this we know by means of her ſtatue laid at length on her tomb after the manner of the ancients. The ſepulchral inſcription is but four Latin words: *and yet I lived in Arcadia. Et in Arcadiâ ego.* But this inſcription, ſhort as it is, gives occaſion for very ſerious reflections, to two young men and two young maidens, crowned with chaplets of flowers, who ſeem to have met accidentally with this mournful monument, in a place where they might well imagine no melancholy object was to be found. One of their company makes the reſt take notice of this inſcription, by pointing to it with his finger. And one may perceive, in the midſt of the affliction and pity that begin to ſpread themſelves over their features, ſomething of the remains of an expiring joy. We imagine we hear the reflections of theſe young perſons on the power of death, who ſpares neither age, nor beauty; and againſt whom the happieſt climates can afford no protection. We figure to ourſelves what touching things they would ſay to on another, when they recovered from their firſt ſurprize, and we apply theſe things to ourſelves, and to thoſe for whom we are concerned. It is in poetry as in painting; and the imitations which poetry makes of nature, touch and affect us, only in proportion to the impreſſion, which

the thing imitated would make on our hearts, if we ſaw it in reality.* "

Theſe obſervations, drawn from the art of painting, are as full of good taſte, as of ſolid reflection, and ſeem to be founded on a knowledge of the human heart; on which knowledge all true criticiſm muſt be founded. They ſufficiently evince that without ſomething of the pathetic, ſomething that comes home to our buſineſs and boſoms, no didactic poem can poſſibly be intereſting.

As to the ſtyle of a didactic poem, which comes next to be conſidered, it ought certainly to abound in the moſt bold and forcible metaphors, the moſt glowing and picturesque epithets; it ought to be elevated and enlivened by pomp of numbers, and majeſty of words, and by every figure that can lift a language above the vulgar and current expreſſions. One may add, that in no kind of poetry (nay not even in the ſublime ode) is a beauty of expreſſion ſo much to be regarded as in this. For the epic writer ſhould be very cautious of indulging himſelf in too florid a manner of expreſſion; eſpecially in the dramatic parts of his fable, where he introduces dialogue. And the writer of tragedy cannot fall into ſo nauſeous and unnatural an affectation †, as to put laboured deſcriptions, pompous

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* *Reflexions critiques ſur le poeſie & ſur la peinture*, Tom. 1. p. 55.

† It may not be improper to produce the following glaring inſtance of the abſurdity of introducing long and minute deſcriptions into tragedy. When Romeo receives the dreadful and unexpected news of Juliet's death, this fond huſband, in an agony of grief, immediately reſolves to poiſon himſelf. But his ſorrow is interrupted, while he gives us an exact picture of the apothecary's ſhop, from whom he intended to purchaſe the poiſon.

I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabout he dwells, whom late I noted,
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples: meager were his looks,
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones;

And

pompous epithets, ſtudied phraſes, and high-flown metaphors, into the mouths of his characters. But as the didactic poet ſpeaks in his own perſon, it is neceſſary and proper for him to uſe a more luſcious colouring of ſtyle, and to be more ſtudious of ornament. And this is agreeable to an admirable precept of Ariſtotle, which no writer in any kind of compoſition, be it proſe or poetry, ſhould ever forget,——that diction ought moſt to be laboured in the unactive, that is, the deſcriptive parts of the poem, in which the opinions, manners and paſſions of men are not repreſented; for too glaring an expreſſion obſcures the manners and the ſentiments. Την δε λεξιν δειδιαπονειν εν τοις αργοις μερεσι, και μητε ηθικοις, μητε διανοητικοις. αποκρυπτει γαρ παλιν η λιαν λαμπρα λεξις τα ηθη, και τας διανοιας. Poetics, chap. 24.

Accordingly Virgil hath uſed every poſſible method of exalting his ſtyle into dignity and grace, by bold metaphors, greciſms, ſtriking epithets, and poetical circumlocutions.

Hence it is that he will not ſay *quo tempore*, but *ſydere*, in the very firſt line of his poem. Hence he ſays, *ſcindimus æquor* for ploughing, and *Saturni dente* for the pruning hook. Hence is it that he aſcribes human properties and paſſions to plants and animals.

And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuft, and other ſkins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen-pots, bladders and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes,
Were thinly ſcatter'd to make up a ſhew.
Act 5. Scene 3.

I appeal to thoſe who know any thing of the human heart, whether Romeo in this diſtreſsful ſituation, could have leiſure to think of the alligator, empty boxes, and bladders, and other furniture of this beggarly ſhop, and to point them out ſo diſtinctly to the audience. The deſcription is indeed very lively and natural, but very improperly put into the mouth of a perſon agitated with ſuch paſſion as Romeo is repreſented to be.

Exuerint ſylveſtrem animam, cultuque frequenti,
In quaſcunque voces artes, haud tarda ſequentur.
Georg. ii. v. 51.

Moerentem abjungens, fraternâ morte juvencum.
Georg. iii. 518.

Miraturque novas frondes et non ſua poma.
Georg. ii. 82.

Et quis cuique dolor victo, quae gloria palmae.
Georg. iii. 102.

Tardaque Eleuſinæ matris volventia plauſtra.
Georg. i. v. 163.

'Tis after this manner Virgil judiciouſly conceals the nakedneſs and barrenneſs of his ſubject, by the luſtre of his language, and gives to Ceres the ceſtus of Venus. 'Tis thus (to uſe Addiſon's words) that he breaks the clods, and toſſes the dung about with an air of gracefulneſs. Or, as Boileau ſpeaks of another, it is thus that he turneth every thing he touches into gold.

I ſhall now endeavour to point the merit or imperfection of the moſt celebrated didactic poets, ancient and modern, by giving a ſhort and I hope impartial account of each. I ſhall begin with Heſiod, whoſe character has been drawn by Mr. Addiſon in the following words. "If we may gueſs, ſays he, at Heſiod's character from his writings, he had much more of the huſbandman than the poet in his temper: he was wonderfully grave, diſcreet and frugal; he lived altogether in the country, and was probably, for his great prudence, the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. Theſe principles of good huſbandry ran thro' his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandize, for the ſubject of that which is the moſt celebrated of them. He is every where bent on inſtruction, avoids all manner of digreſſions, and does not ſtir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method in deſcribing month after month with its proper

ſeaſons

ſeaſons and employments, is too grave and ſimple; it takes off from the ſurprize and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanack in verſe. The reader is carried through a courſe of weather, and may beforehand gueſs, whether he is to meet with ſnow or rain, clouds or ſun-ſhine, in the next deſcription. The deſcriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them; but then it is nature in her ſimplicity and undreſs. —— Nor has he ſhewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are ſown ſo very thick, that they clog the poem too much, and are often ſo minute and full of circumſtances, that they weaken and unnerve his verſe. But after all, we are beholden to him for the firſt rough ſketch of a Georgic, where we may ſtill diſcover ſomething venerable in the antiqueneſs of the work; but if one would ſee the deſign enlarged, the figures reformed, and the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finiſhed, we muſt expect it from a greater maſter's hand."

I cannot help thinking, but that Mr. Addiſon hath placed the merit of this venerable father of didactic poetry rather too low. There is a great beauty in his natural and artleſs way of writing; and ſuch primaeval ſimplicity, tho' it does not ſtrike us at firſt ſight ſo forcibly, as a more laboured and artificial ſtyle, yet is infinitely pleaſing to one of a juſt taſte, and to any real lover of nature. However Heſiod ſometimes riſes into great dignity of expreſſion, and has given many inſtances of true poetry. Of this kind is his account of the iron age, where the goodneſs of his heart appears in every line; and which concludes with the following admirable verſes, deſcribing with a lofty proſopopoeia, ENVY, like a conſtant companion following all the ſons of men, and MODESTY and NEMESIS, retreating from the earth.

Ζηλος δ' ανθρωποισιν οιζυροισιν ἁπασιν,
Δυσκελαδος, κακοχαρτος, ὁμαρτησει συγερωπης.
Και τοτε δη προς ολυμπον ἀπο χθονος ἐυρυοδειης,
Λευκοισιν φαρεεσσι καλυψαμενω χροα καλον,
Αθανατων μετα φυλον ιτην, προλιποντ' ανθρωπους,
Αιδως και Νεμεσις· τα δε λειψεται αλγεα λυγρα
Θνητοις ανθρωποισι· κακω δ' ου εσσεται αλκη.

Εργ. κ᾽ Ημερ. α. 194.

The four laſt of theſe lines, in which the goddeſſes Modeſty and Nemeſis are deſcribed as beautiful perſonages, arrayed in white robes, are I think more poetical than even Virgil's imitation of them,

——— *extrema per illos*
Juſtitia excedens terris veſtigia fecit. Georg. ii.

Neither hath Mr. Addiſon juſtly repreſented our author's deſcription of the cold in the month of January. "The wild beaſts, ſays he, run ſhivering through the woods with their heads ſtooping to the ground, and their tails clapt between their legs; the goats and oxen are almoſt flayed with cold." In this tranſlation of Mr. Addiſon the following fine deſcription of Boreas ruſhing from the kingdom of Thrace, throwing down the talleſt oaks, and ſpreading the valleys with uprooted beeches, is totally and unfairly omitted.

Οτε δια Θρηκης ἱπποτροφου ευρειᾶ παντω,
Εμπνευσας ωρινε· μεμυκε δε γαια και ὑλη.
Πολλας δε δρυς ὑψικομους, ελατας τε παχειας,
Ουρεος εν βησσης πιλνᾶ, χθονι πυκνοθειση
Εμπιπλων, και πασα βοᾶ τοτε νηριτος ὑλη.

As to the paſſage which Mr. Addiſon tranſlates, "The old men too are bitterly pincht with the weather;" I beg leave to think that the words in the original have great dignity, and that it is a ſtroke of nature, very artfully introduced into the deſcription.

——τροχαλον

——τροχαλον δε γεροντα τιθησι.

Εργ. κ̀ Ημερ. β. 135.

Our old poet's picture of the ſpring, and the pleaſures to be enjoyed at that delicious ſeaſon, is indeed not ſo highly finiſhed as Virgil's (Georg. ii. 323.) yet is very pleaſing to the mind, as it gives one ſo lively an idea of the ſimple and natural manners of thoſe early ages.

Αλλα τοτ' ηδη
Ειη πετραιη τε σκιη, και βιϐλινος οινος,
Μαζα τ' αμολγαιη, γαλα τ' αιγων σϐεννυμεναων,
Και βοος ὑλοφαγοιο κρεας μηπω τετοκυιης,
Πρωτογονων τ' εριφων· ἐπι δ' αιθοπα πινεμεν οινον,
Εν σκιη εζομενον, κεκορημενον ητορ εδωδης,
Αντιον ευκραεος ανεμȣ τρεψαντα προσωπον,
Κρηνης τ' ανεαȣ και απορρυτȣ, η τ' αθολωτος.

Εργ. κ̀ Ημερ. βιϐ. β. 206.

I ſhall conclude theſe remarks on Heſiod with his character, as drawn by Paterculus, lib. i. c. 7. *Vir perelegantis ingenii, et molliſſimâ dulcedine carminum memorabilis, otii quietiſque cupidiſſimus, ut tempore tanto viro [Homero ſcil.] ita operis auctoritate proximus.*

Empedocles flouriſhed about the 80th olympiad: he was a native of Sicily, and wrote a poem on the nature of things, and the four elements; the loſs of which, if we may judge from ſome few noble fragments that remain, we have great reaſon to regret. Even the ſevere Ariſtotle ſpeaks of him with great reſpect, and ſays, * that he was very Homerical in his manner; that his ſtyle was forcible, well laboured, and full of metaphors; and that he made uſe of all the proper methods that could conduce to the beauty of his poetry. One of his fragments is well

* Ὁμηρικος Εμπεδοκλης, και δεινος περι φρασιν γεγονε, μεταφορικος τε ων, και τοις αλλοις τοις περι ποιητικην ἐπιτευγμασι χρωμενος. Ariſtot. εν των περι ποιητικων. Diog. Laer.

worthy

worthy our attention, as it contains ſome of the moſt exalted and ſpiritualized notions of the Deity that are any where to be found in the poetry of the ancient Greeks. He ſeems to have been ridiculing the abſurd notions that prevailed of corporeal gods; and expreſsly affirms, that it is impoſſible God can have any parts or members, or any thing reſembling the human ſhape. I hope it will not be deemed pedantry to ſet down at length ſo extraordinary a fragment.

Ουτι γαρ ανδρομεη κεφαλη κατα γυια κεκαςαι,
Ου μεν απαι νωτων γε δυω κλαδοι αϊσσȣσιν,
Ου ποδες, ȣ θοα γȣν, ȣ μηδεα λαχνηεντα,
Αλλα φρην ἱερη, και αθεσφατος επλετο μȣνον,
Φροντισι κοσμον ἁπαντα καταϊσσȣσα θοησι.

But what may juſtly give us the higheſt idea of this poet, and of the loſs the learned world has ſuſtained by the want of his work, is the noble and affectionate character given of him by Lucretius, in a paſſage, in which the poetry and the panegyric are equally great. Where after ſpeaking of the wonders of Sicily in very ſublime terms, he adds, that nothing which that country had produced was ſo worthy of attention and admiration, or ſo truly valuable and illuſtrious as this incomparable man;

Quorum Acragantinus cum primis Empedocles eſt,
Inſula quem Triquetris terrarum geſſit in oris,
Quam fluitans circum magnis amfractibus aequor,
Ionium glaucis aſpergit virus ab undis;
Anguſtoque fretu rapidum mare dividit undis
Aeoliae terrarum oras a finibus ejus.
Hic eſt vaſta Charybdis, et hic Aetnea minantur
Murmura flammarum rurſum ſe colligere in iras
Faucibus eruptos iterum ut vis evomat ignes;
Ad coelumque ferat flammaï fulgura rurſum;
Qua, quem magna modis multis miranda videtur

Gentibus

Gentibus humanis regio, visendaque fertur,
Rebus opima bonis, multâ munita virûm vi;
Nil tamen hoc habuisse viro praeclarius in se,
Nec sanctum magis, et mirum, carumque videtur.
Carmina quin etiam divini pectoris ejus
Vociferantur, et exponunt praeclara reperta;
Ut vix humanâ videatur stirpe creatus.

LUCRETIUS, l. i. 717.

ARATUS, who flourished in the reign of Ptolomy Philadelphus, was the cotemporary and friend of Theocritus*: he composed an astronomical poem on the nature and motion of the stars. Cicero (not probably the most able judge of poetry, and who translated this work into Latin) says, he writes *ornatissimos atque optimos versus*; but he certainly wants spirit and elevation. Virgil has manifestly borrowed many of his prognostics in the first book, from this writer's phaenomena; and it may be no unpleasing amusement to see how the Roman has improved and heightened the images he took from the Greek.

The loud resounding of the sea-coasts, and the noise among the mountains, are mentioned as prognostics of wind by Aratus in the following lines;

Σημα δε τοι ανεμοιο, και οιδηνεσα θαλασσα
Γινεσθω, και μακρον επ' αιγιαλοι βοωντες,
Ακλαι τ' ειναλιοι, οποτ' ευδιοι ηχησσα
Γιγνονται, κορυφαι τε βομβειναι ὑρεος ακραι.

Which circumstances Virgil hath plainly borrowed;

Continue

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* Who addresses his sixth Idyllium to him;

Δαιμοτας και Δαφνις ὁ Βωκολος εις ἑνα χωρον
Την αγελαν ποκ' Αρατε;———

and is imagined to speak of his loves in the seventh. This is the poet whom the polite apostle St. Paul quotes to the Athenians, Acts xvii. 28. Τε γαρ και γενος εσμεν, *We are also his offspring.*

Continuo ventis ſurgentibus, aut freta ponti
Incipiunt agitata tumeſcere, et aridus alte
Montibus audiri fragor: aut reſonantia longe
Littora miſceri, et nemorum increbeſcere murmur.

It is obvious that the Roman poet hath added many beauties to his original: ſuch is, the heaving and ſwelling of the ſea, ſo ſtrongly expreſſed in words that riſe one above another like the waves;

——— *Freta ponti*
Incipiunt agitata tumeſcere ———

Such is the *aridus fragor*, not to be found in the Greek; and the ruſtling murmur of the woods, repreſented by *nemorum increbeſcere murmur*. Again, Aratus mentions the prognoſtic of the water-fowl ducking themſelves before rain:

Πολλακι λιμναιαι η ειναιλαι ορνιθες
Απληστον κλυζȣταί ενιεμεναι ὑδατεσσιν.

But ſee what lively and pictureſque circumſtances Virgil hath added of his own!

Certatim largos humeris infundere rores;
Nunc caput objectare fretis, nunc currere in undas;
Et ſtudio incaſſum videas geſtire lavandi.

Αυταρ ὁτ' εξ ευροιο και εκ νοτȣ αςραπτησιν
Αλλοτε δ' εκ ζεφυροιο, και αλλοτε παρ' βορεαο,
Δη τοτε τις πελαγει ενι δειδιε ναυτιλος ανηρ.

ARATUS.

At Boreae de parte trucis cum fulminat, et cum
Eurique Zephyrique tonat domus, omnia plenis
Rura natant foſſis, atque omnis navita ponto
Humida vela legit.

The expreſſions of *trucis*, of *Zephyri domus*, and *plenis rura natant foſſis*, are poetical additions. Even the celebrated deſcription of the crows is taken from Aratus.

Tum

Tum liquidas corvi preſſo ter gutture voces
Aut quater ingeminant; et ſaepe cubilibus altis,
Neſcio qua praeter ſolitum dulcedine laeti
Inter ſe foliis ſtrepitant; juvat imbribus actis
Progeniem parvam, dulceſque reviſere nidos.

And it muſt be granted that the Greek verſes are extremely good, and indeed little inferior to Virgil's:

Και κορακες μεγοι μεν, ερημαιοι βοωοντες
Διασακις αυταρ επειτα μεταβροα κεκληγοντες.
Πλειοτεροι δ' αγεληδον επην κοιτοιο μεδωνται,
Φωνης εμπλειοι, χαιρειν κε τις ωισσοιτο,
Οια τα μιν, βοοωσι, λιγαινομενοισιν ομοια.
Πολλα δε δενδρειοιο περι φλοον αλλοτ' επ' αυτοι,
Ηχι τε κειθσιν και ὑποτροποι απιερυονται.

But what Virgil adds is purely his own: when he accounts for this unuſual joy, by the various effects which the alteration of the air will have on their bodies, in the moſt perſpicuous and beautiful terms:

Haud equidem credo quia ſit divinitus illis
Ingenium, aut rerum fata prudentia major;
Verum, ubi tempeſtas et coeli mobilis humor,
Mutavere vias, et Jupiter humidus auſtris
Denſat, erant quae rara modo, et quae denſa relaxat:
Vertuntur ſpecies animorum, et pectora motus
Nunc alios, alios, dum nubila ventus agebat,
Concipiunt.

To expreſs ſuch abſtruſe notions with ſo much clearneſs and grace, is a great inſtance of Virgil's ſupreme maſtery of language.

On the whole, Aratus appears to have a great deal of nature, but not much dignity and vivacity in his manner. His character is ſo finely and ſo juſtly drawn by Quintilian, and is applicable to ſo many didactic poets, that I ſhall give it to the reader without apology for ſo many

quotations: *Arati materia motû caret, ut in quâ nulla varietas, nullus affectus, nulla persona, nulla cujusquam sit oratio; sufficit tamen operi cui se parem credidit.* Instit. Orat. L. 10.

I believe it is scarce possible for a passage of equal length to contain more taste and judgment in it than this: insomuch that there is hardly a fault, which a didactic poet can commit, that is not here hinted at.

OPPIAN lived in the beginning of Commodus's reign, and was afterwards greatly patronized by Severus. He wrote two didactic poems, one upon fishing, called Halieutica; the other on hunting, entituled Cynegetica. The former is the most celebrated of the two. Rapin tells us, he is a dry prosaic writer. But it is observable, that this critic seldom speaks favourably of the Greek authors: the reason of which may probably be, that like many a modern critic he did not understand that language; and M. Menage assures us he did not. Scaliger, a much abler * judge, says of Oppian, that he is an excellent poet; easy, eloquent, sublime and harmonious; that he not only far surpasses Gratius and Nemesianus, who have written on the same subject, but that he seems to have the very air of Virgil, whom he endeavoured particularly to imitate; and that he has given us the truest and liveliest image of that divine poet. Though the censures and praises of Scaliger are generally extravagant; and though in the present case, he seems to have bestowed his encomiums on Oppian a little too lavishly, yet I believe this writer is well worthy the learned reader's perusal, for many of his descriptions (for instance one of a horse and a battle of furious bulls) are well worked up and extremely natural and lively.

Thus

* The Jesuit *Vavassor*, in his famous treatise *de ludicrâ dictione*, greatly commends *Oppian*.

Thus much may ſuffice for the Greek didactic poets: as Nicander, who flouriſhed in the 158th olympiad, is but a flat and proſaic writer, in his Theriaca, though copied by Virgil.

——— *Major rerum mihi naſcitur ordo.*

For I am next to ſpeak of LUCRETIUS, whoſe merit as a poet has never yet been ſufficiently diſplayed, and who ſeems to have had more fire, ſpirit, and energy, more of the *vivida vis animi*, than any of the Roman poets, not excepting Virgil himſelf. Whoever imagines, with Tully, that Lucretius had not a great genius, is deſired to caſt his eye on two pictures he has given us at the beginning of his poem; the firſt of Venus with her lover * Mars, beautiful to the laſt degree, and more glowing than any figure painted by Titian; the † ſecond of the terrible and gigantic figure, the daemon of Superſtition, worthy the energetic pencil of Michael Angelo. Neither do I think that the deſcription that immediately follows of the ſacrifice of Iphigenia, was excelled by the famous picture of Timanthes on the ſame ſubject, of which Pliny ſpeaks ſo highly in the 35th book of his Natural Hiſtory: eſpecially the minute and moving circumſtances of her perceiving the grief of her father Agamemnon, and of the prieſt's concealing his ſacrificing knife,

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* ——— *in gremium qui ſaepe tuum ſe*
Rejicit, aeterno devinctus vulnere amoris;
Atque ita ſuſpiciens tereti cervice repoſtâ
Paſcit amore avidos inhians in te, dea, viſus;
Eque tuo pendet reſupini ſpiritus oris. L. i. 33.

† *Humana ante oculos foedè cum vita jaceret,*
In terris oppreſſa gravi ſub RELLIGIONE,
Quae caput e coeli regionibus oſtendebat
Horribili ſuper aſpectu mortalibus inſtans;
Primum Graius homo mortales tollere contra
Eſt oculos auſus ———

knife, and of the ſpectators burſting into tears, and her falling on her knees.

Cui ſemel infula virgineos circumdata comptus
Ex utrâque pari malarum parte profuſa eſt,
Et moeſtum ſimul ante aras aſtare parentem,
Senſit, et hunc propter ferrum celare miniſtros,
Aſpectuque ſuo lacrymas effundere cives;
Muta metû terram genibus ſummiſſa petebat.

Lib. i. 88.

Few paſſages even in Virgil himſelf are ſo highly finiſhed, contain ſuch lively deſcriptions, or are ſo harmonious in their verſification, as where our poet ſpeaks of the fruitfulneſs occaſioned throughout all nature by vernal ſhowers, lib. i. 251 to ver. 293; of the ravages committed by tempeſtuous winds, lib. i. 272 to ver. 295; of the difficulty of his undertaking, and of his affection to his patron Memmius, lib. i. 920 to ver. 950; where after mentioning the great obſcurity of his ſubject, he breaks out into that enthuſiaſtic rapture;

—— *Sed acri*
Percuſſit thyrſo laudis ſpes magna meum cor,
Et ſimul incuſſit ſuavem mi in pectus amorem
Muſarum, quo nunc inſtinctus mente vigenti
Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita ſolo; juvat integros accedere fontes, &c.

The ſecond book opens with a ſublime deſcription of a true philoſopher, ſtanding on the top of the temple of Wiſdom, and looking down with pity and contempt *on the buſy hum of men.* This is followed by a forcible exhortation to temperance of each kind, and by that account of the pleaſures of a country life (ver. 24 to ver. 36.) which Virgil hath exactly copied at the end of his ſecond book of the Georgics. The fears and the cares that

that infeſt human life are afterwards perſonified in the following manner.

Re veráque METUS *hominum,* CURAEQUE *ſequaces*
Nec metuunt ſonitus armorum, nec fera tela;
Audacterque inter reges, rerumque potentes
Verſantur, neque fulgorem reverentur ab auro.

Theſe images are ſurely far ſuperior to thoſe admired ones of Horace,

——*Nec* CURAS *laqueata circum*
Tecta volantes—
Scandit aeratas vitioſa naves
CURA——

I know not how to reſiſt the temptation of giving the reader the following landſcape of a diſtant mountain with flocks feeding on the ſide of it.

Nam ſaepe in colli tondentes pabula laeta
Lanigerae reptant pecudes, quo quamque vocantes
Invitant herbae, gemmantes rore recenti;
Et ſatiati agni ludunt, blandèque coniſcant,
Omnia quae nobis longè confuſa videntur,
Et veluti in viridi candor conſiſtere colli.

L. ii. 317.

And I could wiſh to have room to ſet down the deſcription that immediately follows, lib. ii. 324 to 330, of a field of battle, or the ſubſequent one of a cow's lamenting her calf that was ſacrificed. There is ſomething ſo truly pathetic, that I muſt treſpaſs on the reader's patience, and give it him.

At mater virides ſaltus orbata peragrans
Linquit humi pedibus veſtigia preſſa biſulcis,
Omnia conviſens oculis loca, ſi queat uſquam
Conſpicere amiſſum foetum, completque querelis
Frondiferum nemus adſiſtens; et crebra reviſit
Ad ſtabulum, deſiderio perfixa juvenci.

L. ii. 355.

In the beginning of the third book, which opens with the praiſes of Epicurus, is a paſſage that of itſelf, without alledging other inſtances, is ſufficient to ſhew the ſtrength and ſublimity of our author's imagination. At the ſound of thy voice (ſays he, addreſſing himſelf to the father of his philoſophy) the Terrors of the mind (here perſonified) fly away with fear and aſtoniſhment.

Nam ſimul ac † RATIO *tua coepit vociferari*
Naturam rerum haud divinâ mente coortam
Diffugiunt animi † TERRORES.

The walls of the world ſuddenly part aſunder! I look down into the immenſe void! and diſtinctly ſee all it contains!

——— *Moenia mundi*
Diſcedunt, totum video per inane geri res.

This image always puts me in mind of that exalted one in Milton, which is ſo ſtrongly conceived.

On heavenly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs
Outrageous as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And ſurging waves, as mountains to aſſault
Heav'n's height, and with the center mix the pole.
Par. Loſt, B. vii. 210.

Our poet adds, in lines as finiſhed and as ſmooth as Virgil's, that he there ſaw the happy and undiſturbed ſtate of the gods.

Apparet divum numen, ſedeſque quietae,
Quas neque concutiunt venti, neque nubila nimbis
Aſpergunt, neque nix acri concreta pruina
Cana cadens violat; ſemperque innubilus aether
Integit, et largè diffuſo lumine ridet:——
At contra nuſquam apparent Acheruſia templa.
L. iii. 25.

† Perſons.

On

On the perusal of this passage, can one forbear crying out with the author?

His tibi me rebus, quaedam divina voluptas
Percipit atque horror!

The descriptions of a person in a deep lethargy, lib. iii. ver. 465; of the effects of drunkenness, ver. 475; of the falling sickness, ver. 486; and the noble prosopopoeia, ver. 944, where Nature is introduced chiding her ungrateful sons for their folly and discontent, are equal to any thing in the Roman poesy; as is likewise the conclusion of this book, where the poet allegorizes all the punishments of hell, from ver. 991 to 1036. 'Tis hard to determine whether the poetry or impiety of this third book (where many weak arguments are brought against the immortality of the soul) be greatest.

In the fourth book our author hath painted the evils and inconveniences attending the passion of love in the liveliest terms. No poet seems to have felt more strongly than Lucretius. For this see the following description of jealousy, and observe the minute circumstances it enumerates.

Aut quod in ambiguo verbum jaculata reliquit,
Quod cupido adfixum cordi vivescit ut ignis;
Aut nimium jactare oculos, aliumve tueri
Quod putat, in vultuque videt vestigia risus.
L. iv. 1131.

I know not what apology to make to the reader for such a number of quotations: but I have always thought that general criticism, without producing particular passages, was both useless and unentertaining. Besides, I look upon the giving him these descriptions, to be like leading him through a gallery adorned with the most exquisite paintings. I am sure there is no piece by the hand of Guido or Carrache, that exceeds the following groupe of allegorical personages.

It Ver, et Venus, et Veneris praenuntius ante
Pinnatus graditur Zephyrus, vestigia propter.
Flora quibus mater, praespergens ante viai
Cuncta coloribus egregiis, et odoribus opplet.
Inde loci sequitur Calor aridus, et Comes una
Pulverulenta Ceres, et Etesia Flabra Aquilonum.
Inde Autumnus adit, graditur simul Evius Evan:
Inde aliae Tempestates, Ventique sequuntur,
Altitonans Volturnus, et Auster fulmine pollens:
Tandem Bruma nives adfert, pigrumque rigorem
Reddit, Hyems sequitur, crepitans ac dentibus Algus.
L. v. 736.

This fifth book concludes with a description of the uncivilized state of man, together with the origin and progress of government, arts, and sciences. The poetical beauties it contains are so many and so various, that they will merit a particular discussion; but intending to publish a translation of this part of Lucretius with critical observations, I wave all farther mention of it at present.

The sixth book is the least obscure and abstruse of any, being wholly taken up with describing the appearances of nature, and accounting for some seeming prodigies. The plague with which the whole poem concludes being more known and perhaps more read than any other part of it, I shall not point out any particular passages.

I could not forbear saying thus much of an author, whose fertile and strong imagination, whose nervous and forcible expression seem not sufficiently regarded. The arguments of impiety which the poem contains, are indeed so sophistical and weak, and have been so many times solidly confuted, that I do not see the danger some are apprehensive of from a diligent perusal of this noble work.

It were much to be wished that the cardinal de POLIGNAC had

had any of the force and fire of Lucretius, whom he has endeavoured to anſwer: his arguments are indeed ſtrong, but he has not a ſpark of poetry: his verſification is ſmooth, but not enough varied with different pauſes; and he is generally too verboſe and diffuſe. One merit muſt be allowed him, that of perſpicuity in expreſſing and explaining the moſt difficult ſubjects: for perhaps there are few accounts of the nature of free-will ſo clear and convincing, as what he has given us in the fifth book of his Anti-Lucretius, ver. 1164 et ſeq. 'Tis great pity he did not follow the ſound philoſophy of Newton, inſtead of that of his whimſical countryman. Why, ſays Voltaire, ſhould we ſtill continue to ſubſtitute the reveries of Deſcartes, in the place of the reveries of Lucretius? *Oeuvres de Voltaire, tom.* 10. 304.

So much hath already been ſaid of VIRGIL (who ſhould next be mentioned) both in theſe reflections, in the foregoing notes, and particularly in the prefatory dedication, that any farther obſervations on him in this place are ſuperfluous.

HORACE's Epiſtle to the Piſo's, commonly called his Art of Poetry, ſeems never to have been ſo fully underſtood, and ſo judiciouſly explained, as lately by the author of Notes and a Commentary upon it. He hath endeavoured to prove, that there is an artful concealed method obſerved throughout the whole; and that it is not a general ſyſtem of poetry, as hath uſually been imagined, but is confined merely to the ſtate and defects of the drama in the age of Auguſtus. The Romans ſeem to have ſtood in need of ſuch an inſtructor, for they had no extraordinary talents or taſte for the ſtage. *In comoediâ maxime claudicamus*, ſays the impartial Quintilian: notwithſtanding Varro's opinion, that if the Muſes were to ſpeak Latin, they would ſpeak in Plautus's language; notwithſtanding our forefathers talk ſo highly of Caecilius;

cilius; and notwithstanding Terence's writings were attributed to Scipio Africanus. He adds the reason with his usual elegance; *Vix levem consequimur umbram, adeo ut mihi sermo ipse Romanus non recipere videatur, illam solis concessam Atticis Venerem, quando eam ne Graeci quidem in alio genere linguae obtinuerint.* Instit. Orat. lib. 11. And as to tragedy the Romans have made no considerable figure in it; but Quintilian assures us (and in this one instance I can with difficulty give credit to him) that the Thyestes of Varius was comparable to any tragedy of the Greeks; and that the Medaea of Ovid evidently shewed, how much he could have excelled, if he had chosen to restrain, rather than give a loose to his genius. Inst. Orat. l. 11. The unnatural and affected Seneca cannot be mentioned without distaste. It is needless to add what almost every school-boy is acquainted with, that the precepts of Horace are chiefly drawn from Aristotle's Poetics, are indeed the most useful commentary on that inestimable treatise, and will best enable us to judge of the ancient stage: but he hath likewise inserted many precepts, peculiarly adapted to the use of his countrymen; and hath delivered the whole with that graceful negligence that ought to be the predominant quality of epistolary writings both in verse and prose; while they should

——— familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire:
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.

POPE's *Essay on Criticism*, ver. 656.

Under this head (in which I shall include all the writers on this subject) it will be unpardonable to omit MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA, one of the first restorers of

of polite literature and juſt criticiſm. His Poetics have been always deſervedly read and admired as a fine didactic poem, and conſidering the time in which he wrote, were of great uſe in diffuſing a good taſte among his countrymen; and from thence over all Europe. The higheſt panegyric he ever received was from Mr. Pope in the following paſſage, which gave occaſion to the reading and publiſhing him in England, where formerly he was but little known:

But ſee! each Muſe in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins ſpread,
Shakes off the duſt and rears his reverend head;
Then Sculpture and her ſiſter arts revive,
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With ſweeteſt notes each riſing temple rung,
A Raphael painted, and a Vida ſung.
Immortal Vida! on whoſe honour'd brow,
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

The characteriſtics of Vida ſeem to be elegance, perſpicuity, and purity; but he frequently wants majeſty and force. He riſes however into poetry at the end of his firſt book, and in the middle of his ſecond, where he deſcribes the poet under the influence of inſpiration returning upon him powerfully after a languid interval, and an abſence of the poetic inclination:

——— *Unde haec tam clara repente*
Tempeſtas? Deus, ecce Deus! jam corda fatigat,
Altius inſinuat venis, penituſque per artus
Diditur, atque faces ſaevas ſub pectore verſat.
Nec ſe jam capit acer agens calor, igneaque intus
Vis ſaevit, totoque agitat ſe corpore numen.
Ille autem exultans jactat jam non ſua verba,

Oblituſque hominem mirum ſonat: haud potis ignem,
Excutere, invitum miratur ſe ire, rapique
Praecipitem, te Phoebe vocans, te Phoebe frementem
Vociferans, plenuſque Deo, ſtimuliſque ſubactus
Haud placidis; non ille dapum, non ille quietis,
Aut ſomni memor hanc potis eſt deponere curam.

Whence ſhot this ſudden flaſh that gilds the pole?
The god, the god comes ruſhing on his ſoul;
Fires with aethereal vigor every part,
Thro' ev'ry trembling limb he ſeems to dart,
Works in each vein, and ſwells his riſing heart.
Deep in his breaſt the heav'nly tumult plays,
And ſets his mounting ſpirits on a blaze.
Nor can the raging flames themſelves contain,
For the whole god deſcends into the man.
He quits mortality, and knows no bounds,
But ſings inſpir'd with more than human ſounds.
Nor from his breaſt can ſhake th' immortal load,
But pants and raves impatient of the god;
And, rapt beyond himſelf, admires the force
That drives him on reluctant to the courſe.
He calls on Phoebus, by the god oppreſt,
Who breathes exceſſive ſpirit in his breaſt;
No force of thirſt or hunger can controul
The fierce, the ruling tranſport of his ſoul.

PITT's *Tranſlation of Vida*, p. 49. 2d Edit.

The precepts of Vida principally reſpect the Epopoeia, but are moſt of them applicable to every other ſpecies of poetry. In his third and laſt book he hath treated of poetical ſtyle in general; hath examined the force and propriety of every figure of ſpeech with great accuracy and true taſte; hath laid down ſome judicious rules, on that difficult and delicate taſk, correction; and concludes with a panegyric on the poems of Virgil. It ought to

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be obſerved, that all ſucceeding writers on this ſubject are more indebted to Vida, than he was to his predeceſſors in the ſame way.

Boileau's Art of Poetry has a brevity in its precepts, a perſpicacity in its obſervations, and an energy in its ſtyle, ſeldom to be found in the diffuſive writings of his countrymen. He hath delivered rules for every ſpecies of poetry in its regular gradations from the paſtoral to the epic: only 'tis obſervable that he ſpeaks not a ſyllable of the didactic. We have in this highly-finiſh'd work*, which however conſiſts but of four ſhort canto's, all that could be expected from a man of ſtrong ſenſe and keen obſervation (tho' perhaps of no warm poetical genius) who had ſpent his life in ſtudying and defending the ancients, had formed his taſte upon the Greek and Roman models alone, and therefore always practiſed and recommended a manly ſimplicity of ſtyle and ſentiment.

I chooſe to ſpeak of Mr. Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm in the words of his friend and commentator. "When the reader conſiders the regularity of the plan, the maſterly conduct of each part, the penetration into nature, and the compaſs of learning ſo conſpicuous throughout, he ſhould at the ſame time know it was the work of an author who had not attained to the twentieth year of his age."

Altho' there are ſome ſenſible obſervations, and perhaps a few ſparks of poetry in the Duke of Buckingham's Eſſay on Poetry, and in that of Lord Roscommon on tranſlated verſe, yet I muſt preſume to think, that the reputation they have gained, is in a great mea-

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* *Ou Corneille eût trouvé beaucoup à apprendre*, ſays M. de Voltaire. Louis xiv. T. 2. 187.

ſure

ſure owing to the rank of their authors, and to the age in which they were written; when criticiſm had not ſpread ſo widely, nor was ſo well underſtood, as apparently it hath been ſince their times.

I am doubtful whether I ought to mention OVID's Art of Love in this liſt of didactic poems, from the libertine nature of its ſubject. With reſpect both to his ſtyle and matter, one may apply to him what Quintilian ſays of another, *abundat dulcibus vitiis.*

There is great diſpute among the critics, whether MANILIUS wrote his aſtronomical poem in the age of Auguſtus, as he himſelf affirms he did. Many inſtances of ſuch language, and ſuch verſification as cannot be met with in any other poet of that time, may be found in his work: for which the curious reader may ſee the third dialogue of Mr. Spence's Polymetis, page 25. Whatever uſe his poem may be of to aſtronomers, who are inclined to conſider the ſyſtems of the ancients, 'tis certain that there is not a grain of genius or poetical ſpirit to be diſcovered throughout the whole, tho' on a ſubject ſo ſuſceptible of poetry. And indeed, what could one expect from a writer who made the following cold declaration at the very beginning of his work, and which he ſtrictly verifies in the courſe of it:

Ornari res ipſa negat, contenta doceri.

At the reſtoration of literature under the glorious pontificate of Leo X. ſeveral true geniuſes aroſe. Among the reſt FRACASTORIUS, who wrote the *Syphilis.* He was unfortunate in the choice of a ſubject, very difficult to be treated in an ornamental manner; yet 'tis ſurprizing to ſee how he has enlivened ſo unpromiſing a theme by the beauty and dignity of his language. See how he hath deſcribed a blooming and beautiful youth, labouring under this dreadful diſtemper:

Paulatim

Paulatim ver id nitidum, flos ille juventae
Diſperiit, vis illa animi; tum ſqualida tabes
Artus (horrendum!) miſeros obduxit, et altè
Grandia turgebant faedis abſceſſibus oſſa.
Ulcera (prole divum pietatem!) informia pulchros
Paſcebant oculos, et diae lucis amorem,
Paſcebantque acri corroſas vulnere nares.
Illum Alpes vicinae, illum vaga flumina flerunt,
Illum omnes Ollique Deae, Eridanique puellae
Fleverunt, nemorumque Deae ruriſque puellae;
Sebinuſque alto gemitum lacus edidit amne.

Syphilis, L. 1.

The ſtyle of Fracaſtorius * is not made up of ſhreds and patches, and ends of lines collected from Virgil and Horace; (as are ſeveral copies of verſes in our *Muſae Anglicanae)*; but it is one continued thread equally woven thro' the whole piece. There is a good deal of imagination in the third book, where he deſcribes the manner of finding the Hyacus in America. In a word, the *Syphilis* is perhaps the beſt conducted and moſt finiſhed of modern didactic poems in Latin verſe. It doubtleſs eminently exceeds the Silk-worms of his countryman and cotemporary Vida†, (who hath too cloſely and ſervilely copied the Bees of Virgil) and the Gardens of Rapin, of whom

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* See his beautiful epiſtle to Baptiſta Turianus of Verona, concerning his way of life and method of paſſing his time with his family; together with that to J. Turrianus on the death of his ſons. The two books of his JOSEPH are not equal to the *Syphilis*.

† However the following lines are elegant and pretty, on the worms being turned into butterflies.

Haerent attonitae rerum novitate, nec audent
Remigio alarum ſe aperto credere coelo,
Diſſimileſque ſui tacitè nova corpora ſecum
Mirari, formâ nec ſeſe agnoſcere in illâ;
Cornua mirantur fronti, mirantur et alas,
Et vires nil ſupra audent tentare priores
Diffiſi, memoreſque ſui.——

the French after their manner boaſt ſo highly; who is a feeble and flegmatic poet, and hath filled his work, under the notion of digreſſions, with many puerile and extravagant fables, the *Caricatura's* of Ovid; whoſe idle turns and witticiſms he hath likewiſe frequently imitated. "There is more pleaſure, ſays Addiſon, in the little platform of a garden which Virgil gives us about the middle of the fourth Georgic, than in all the ſpacious walks and water-works of Rapin."

The art of painting ſeems to be the fineſt and fruitfulleſt ſubject for a didactic poem. What FRESNOY has written on that ſubject is exceedingly dry, proſaic, and unentertaining; for he has only given the mechanic rules of a painter; it is to be wiſhed that ſome true genius would undertake to treat it as a poet.

The *Praedium Ruſticum* of the Jeſuit VANIERE, is a long and languid production; but from the labour of the writer, who has collected ſome curious particulars relating to the management of the farmers of his country, it may perhaps anſwer one peruſal.

The Italians boaſt much of a poem on Agriculture, *La Coltivazione di Luigi Alamanni*. He wrote it in France under the protection of Francis I. It is in ſix books, and in blank verſe; and is eſteemed pure Italian. But the ſubject is very little diverſified with digreſſions, and not very poetically treated.

They have likewiſe a didactic poem on the management of bees, but it is little more than a tranſlation of Virgil's fourth book, omitting the ſtory of Ariſtaeus, with a few additional precepts of the author. It was written by GIOVANNI RUCCELLAI, and ends with an addreſs to his intimate friend Triſſino, the author of that cool and inſipid epic poem, *Italia Liberata*; but whoſe memory ought to be reverenced for having given us the

firſt

firſt regular modern tragedy, in blank verſe, his *Sophoniſba*; as *Ruccellai* himſelf produced the ſecond that was ſeen in Italy, entituled, *Roſmunda*.

Before I conclude theſe reflections, it will, I preſume, be expected that I ſpeak a few words on the didactic poets of our own nation.

PHILIPS's Cyder is a very cloſe and happy imitation of the Georgic, and conveys to us the fulleſt idea of Virgil's *manner:* whom he hath exactly followed in a pregnant brevity of ſtyle, in throwing in frequent moral reflections, in varying the method of giving his precepts, in his digreſſions, and in his happy addreſs in returning again to his ſubject; in his knowledge and love of philoſophy, medicine, agriculture and antiquity, and in a certain primaeval ſimplicity of manners, which is ſo conſpicuous in both.

If there be any fault in Philips, it is, perhaps, his inſertion of many images that excite laughter, and are contrary to the majeſty of the didactic Muſe; and his having uſed too many eliſions, exotique and antique expreſſions, and tranſpoſitions, under the notion of ſtrengthening his verſe, and of reſembling Milton; who, by the way, is not ſo uniformly obſolete and difficult in his diction, as is ſometimes imagined; but makes uſe of theſe uncommon and unfamiliar phraſes chiefly when he is deſcribing things that lie out of the compaſs of nature, and that are marvellous and ſtrange, ſuch as hell, chaos, and heaven.

SOMERVILLE in his CHACE, writes with all the ſpirit and fire of an eager ſportſman.

Farewell, Cleora! here deep ſunk in down
Slumber ſecure with happy dreams amus'd——
————Me other joys invite,
The horn ſonorous calls, the pack awak'd
Their mattins chant, nor brook my long delay.
My courſer hears their voice; ſee there with ears

And

And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his red'ning eyes,
And boils in every vein.—— B. ii. 84.

The descriptions of hunting the hare, the fox, and the stag, are extremely spirited, and place the very objects before our eyes; of such consequence is it for a man to write on that which he hath frequently felt with pleasure. He neglects his versification sometimes, and there are doubtless great inequalities, both with respect to harmony and expression, in the poem. He hath failed in describing the madness that sometimes rages among hounds, and particularly in his account of the effects of the bite of a mad dog on a man.

To describe so difficult a thing, gracefully and poetically, as the effects of a distemper on the human body, was reserved for Dr. ARMSTRONG; who accordingly hath nobly executed it, at the end of the third book of his Art of preserving health, where he hath given us that pathetic account of the sweating-sickness. There is a classical correctness and closeness of style in this poem, that are truly admirable, and the subject is raised and adorned by numberless poetical images. What can be more pleasing than his description of a healthy situation for a house?

See! where enthron'd in adamantine state,
Proud of her bards imperial Windsor sits;
There choose thy seat, in some aspiring grove
Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where
Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats;
(Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise
Rural or gay). O from the summer's rage
O wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham.

This ends with a well-conducted prosopopoeia.

Green

Green riſe the Kentiſh hills in chearful air;
But on the marſhy plains that Eſſex ſpreads
Build not, nor reſt too long thy wand'ring feet.
For on a ruſtic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there preſides; a meagre fiend
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compreſs'd the ſlothful Naiads of the fens.

B. i. 108.

In how lofty a manner hath he introduced his precepts concerning drinking water!

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead!
Now let me wander through your gelid reign;
I turn to view th' enthuſiaſtic wilds
By mortal elf untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thundering o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the ſtreams renown'd in ancient ſong.
Hence from the deſart down the rumbling ſteep
Firſt ſprings the Nile; here burſts the founding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the Eaſt;
And there in Gothic ſolitude reclin'd
The chearleſs Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What ſolemn twilight! what ſtupendous ſhades
Enwrap theſe infant floods! Thro' every nerve
A ſacred horror thrills; a pleaſing fear
Glides o'er my frame! B. ii. 352, &c.

In ſhort, this author hath evidently ſhewn, that there is no ſubject but what is capable of being exalted into poetry by a genius.

There is a ſublimity of ſentiment *, an energy of diction,

* See particularly Ep. i. ver. 267 to the end. If there be any fault in this poem, it is perhaps the mixing droll and burleſque

diction, a ſpirit unextinguiſhed by correctneſs and rhyme; to be found in Mr. POPE's Eſſay on Man, that will ever render it the honour of our nation and language. And it is not my province at preſent to determine, what ſome are apt to diſpute, Whether or no this poem (in the words of Dr. Warburton) "hath a preciſion, force, and "cloſeneſs of connection, rarely to be met with even "in the moſt formal treatiſes of philoſophy?"

The PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION are, in their very nature, a moſt proper and pregnant ſubject for a didactic poem. The amiable author who happily fixt on theſe as his ſubject, it muſt be allowed by the ſevereſt critic, hath done them ample juſtice; whether we conſider his glowing and animated ſtyle, his lively and pictureſque images †; the graceful and harmonious flow of his numbers; or the noble ſpirit of poetical enthuſiaſm, which breathes through his whole work. But that I may not loſe myſelf in a wide field of panegyric, I will produce the following three paſſages, in which images of Greatneſs, Wonderfulneſs, and Beauty (from the perception of which all the pleaſures of poetry and the imagination principally flow) are thus nobly exemplify'd.

1. GREATNESS.

—— The high-born ſoul
Diſdains to reſt his heav'n aſpiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal ſcene, ſhe ſprings aloft
Through fields of air; purſues the flying ſtorm;

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burleſque images with ſerious doctrines: ſuch is that line (taken from Charron, Book 1. on Wiſdom)

"See man for mine, replies a pamper'd gooſe."

† See particularly the deſcription of PLEASURE, VIRTUE, and PAIN, Book ii. 409, &c. of a ſolemn wood, and particularly ver. 290. B. iii. and of a poet at the time of his firſt conceiving ſome great deſign, B. iii. ver. 373.

Rides

Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heav'ns;
Or yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blaſt,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high ſhe ſoars
The blue profound, and hov'ring o'er the ſun
Beholds him pouring the redundant ſtream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting ſway
Bend the reluctant planets and abſolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her ſwiftneſs up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning ſigns
Exulting circles the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the ſtars,
Whoſe blended light, as with a milky zone,
Inveſts the orient. Now amaz'd ſhe views
Th' empyreal waſte, where happy ſpirits hold,
Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whoſe unfading light
Has travell'd the profound ſix thouſand years,
Nor yet arrives in ſight of mortal things;
Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates th' eternal depth below;
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong ſteep
She plunges; ſoon o'erwhelm'd and ſwallow'd up
In that immenſe of being. There her hopes
Reſt at the fated goal.——

2. WONDERFULNESS.

—— What need words
To paint its power? For this, the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove: the penſive ſage
Heedleſs of ſleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the ſickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with inchanted ſtep,
The mazes of ſome wild and wond'rous tale

From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dreſs that ſtole
The wiſhes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence finally, by night
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suſpends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing aſtoniſhment! of witching rhymes,
And evil ſpirits of the death-bed call
To him who robb'd the widow and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet ſouls
Ris'n from the grave to eaſe the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of ſhapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell about the murd'rer's bed.
At ev'ry ſolemn pauſe the croud recoil
Gazing each other ſpeechleſs, and congeal'd
With ſhiv'ring ſighs: till eager for th' event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

3. BEAUTY.

——— Brighteſt progeny of heav'n!
How ſhall I trace thy features? where ſelect
The roſeate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haſte then, my ſong, thro' nature's wide expanſe,
Haſte then and gather all her comelieſt wealth,
Whate'er bright ſpoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing Autumn to th' Atlantic iſles
And range with him th' Heſperian field and ſea,
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches ſhoot with gold; where'er his ſtep
Marks the glad ſoil, the tender cluſters glow
With purple ripeneſs, and inveſt each hill

As with the bluſhes of an evening ſky?
Or wilt thou rather ſtoop thy vagrant plume,
Where, gliding thro' his daughter's honour'd ſhade,
The ſmooth Penéus from his glaſſy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleaſant ſcene?
Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of ſylvan pow'rs,
Of nymphs and fauns; where in the golden age
They play'd in ſecret on the ſhady brink
With ancient Pan, while round their choral ſteps
Young hours and genial gales with conſtant hand
Shower'd bloſſoms, odours, ſhower'd ambroſial dews,
And Spring's Elyſian bloom.

I muſt beg the reader's leave to lay before him one paſſage more, with which I ſhall conclude, both becauſe it is a proper inſtance of our author's genius, and becauſe it contains a ſtrong and ſeaſonable exhortation to the ſtudy of the Grecian literature, which is at preſent ſo ſtrangely neglected among us, that perſons are not wanting who ſet up for ſcholars and critics, without even pretending ever to have peruſed the Greek claſſics.

Genius of ancient Greece! whoſe faithful ſteps
Well-pleas'd I follow thro' the ſacred paths
Of nature and of ſcience; nurſe divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair deſires!
O! let the breath of thy extended praiſe
Inſpire my kindling boſom to the height
Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Preſumptuous counted, if, amid the calm
That ſoothes this vernal evening into ſmiles,
I ſteal impatient from the ſordid haunts
Of ſtrife and low ambition to attend
Thy ſacred preſence in the ſylvan ſhade,
By their malignant footſteps ne'er profan'd.
Deſcend, propitious! to my favour'd eye;
Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,

As when the Perſian tyrant, foil'd and ſtung
With ſhame and deſperation, gnaſh'd his teeth
To ſee thee rend the pageants of his throne;
And at the lightning of thy lifted ſpear
Crouch'd like a ſlave. Bring all thy martial ſpoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphant ſongs,
Thy ſmiling band of arts, thy godlike fires
Of civil wiſdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the ſchools of glory. Guide my way
Thro' fair Lyceum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where oft enchanted with Socratic ſounds,
Iliſſus pure devolv'd his tuneful ſtream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming ſtore
Of theſe auſpicious fields, may I unblam'd
Tranſplant ſome living bloſſoms, to adorn
My native clime: while far above the flight
Of fancy's plume aſpiring, I unlock
The ſprings of ancient wiſdom; while I join
Thy name, thrice honour'd! with th' immortal praiſe
Of nature; while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy ſons,
And tune to Attic themes the Britiſh lyre.

Book i. ver. 567.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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